The Saturday Evening
POST
November 14, 1959 — 15¢

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Hollywood Lawyer
JERRY GIESLER
Tells His Own Story

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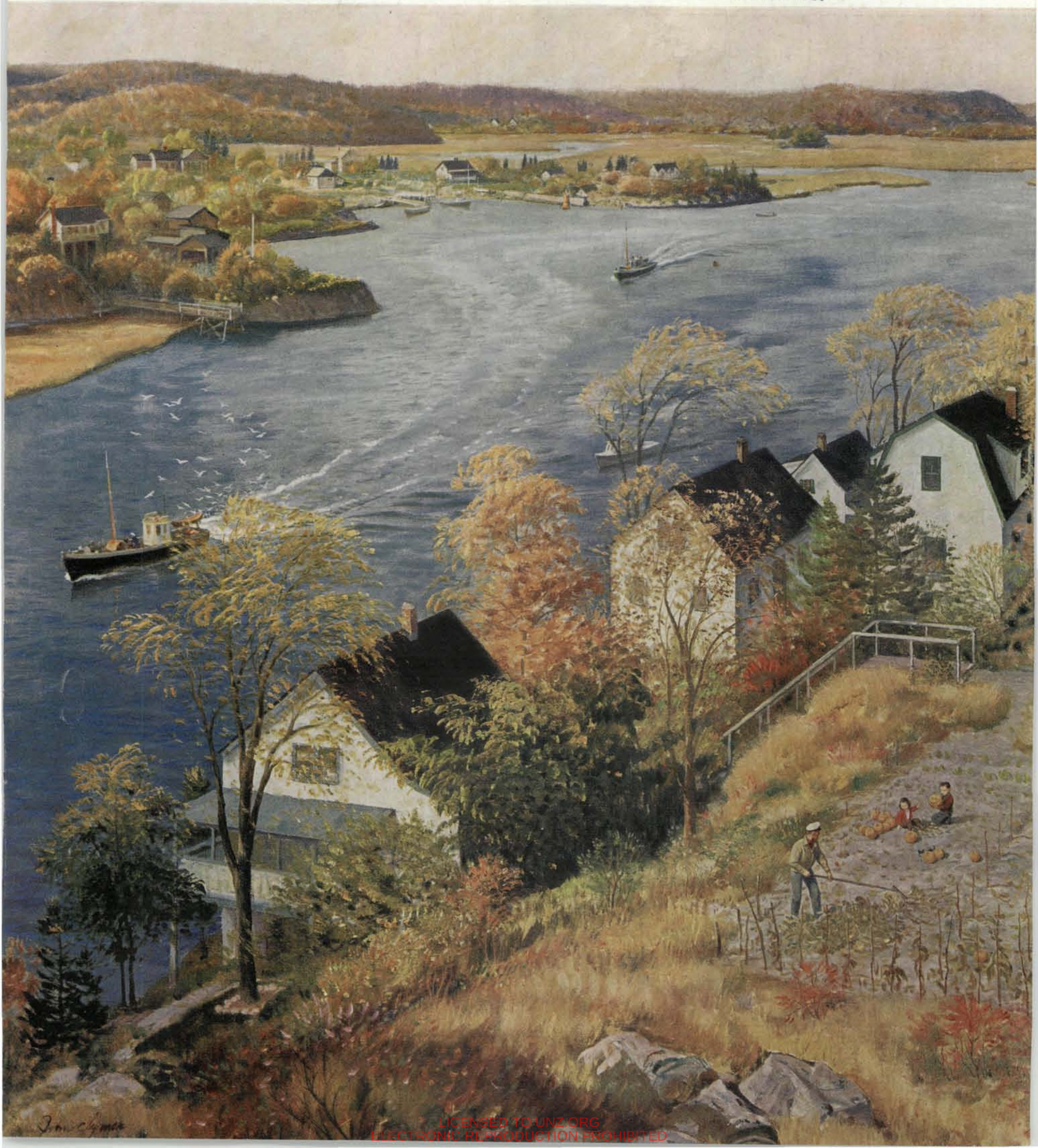

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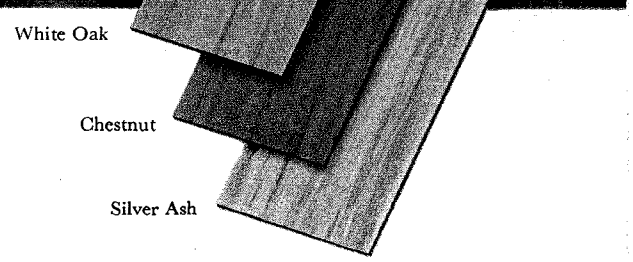

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... morning and night, every time you brush your teeth

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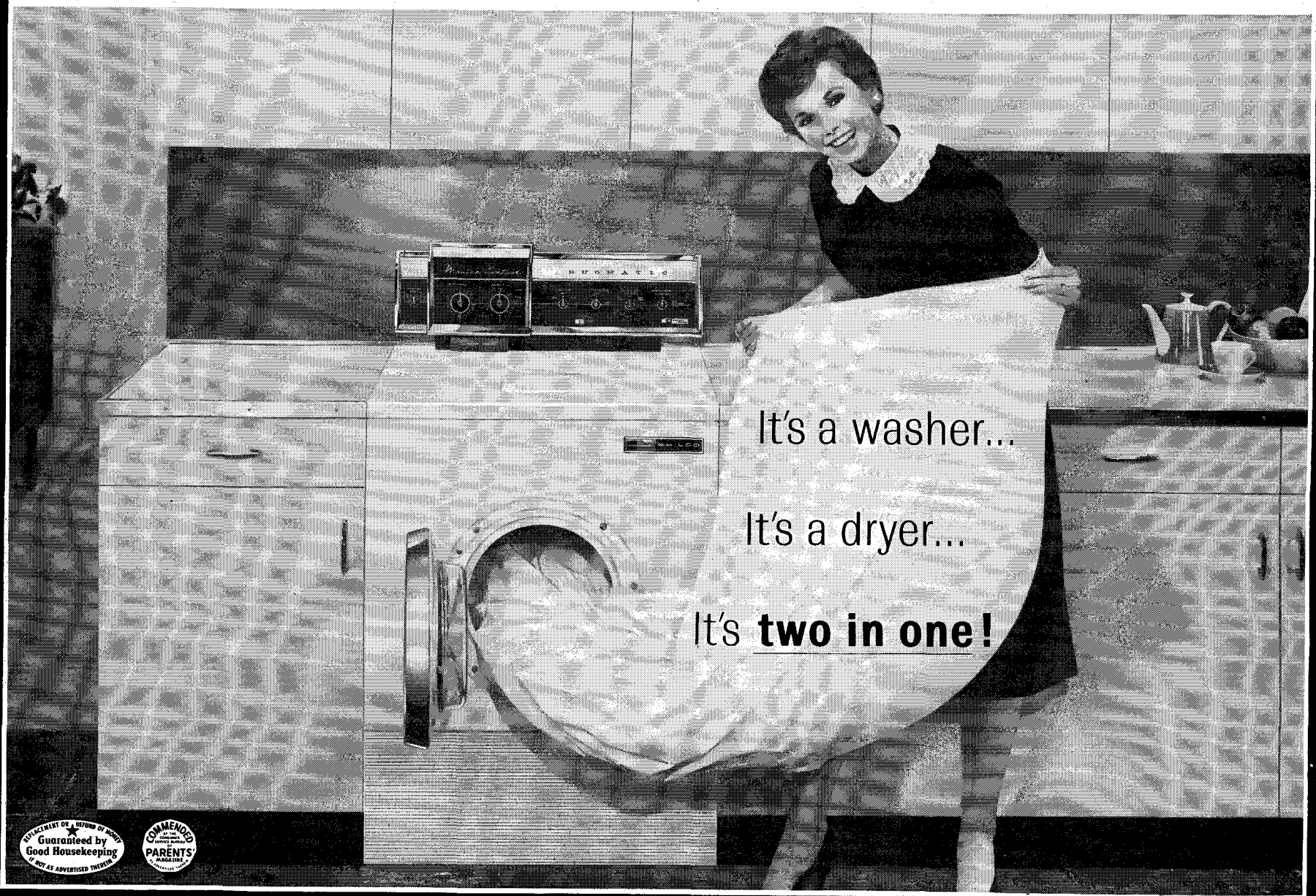

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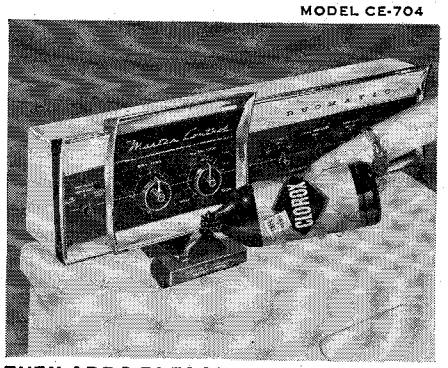

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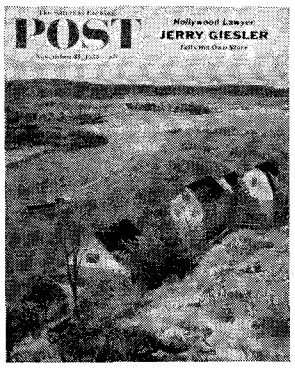

THE COVER

John Clymer's coverscape takes you to Massachusetts' tidelands, where the frost is on the pumpkin and the red and gold are on the trees. Gloucester harbor and the inlets roundabout—for three centuries this haven has been the home port of renowned and valiant fishermen. They were the *Captains Courageous* of Rudyard Kipling, the heroes of Longfellow's *The Wreck of the Hesperus* and of James B. Connolly's tales of the sea. Today Gloucester's captains roam from Greenland to Virginia, providing countless landsmen with delectable fillets of cod, haddock, halibut, mackerel and, ah, those ocean perch! That chap in the garden could be a nonancient mariner, a belated summer colonist or a weekday commuter to Boston, singing on a weekend, "Yo-ho-ho and a yardful o' punkins!"

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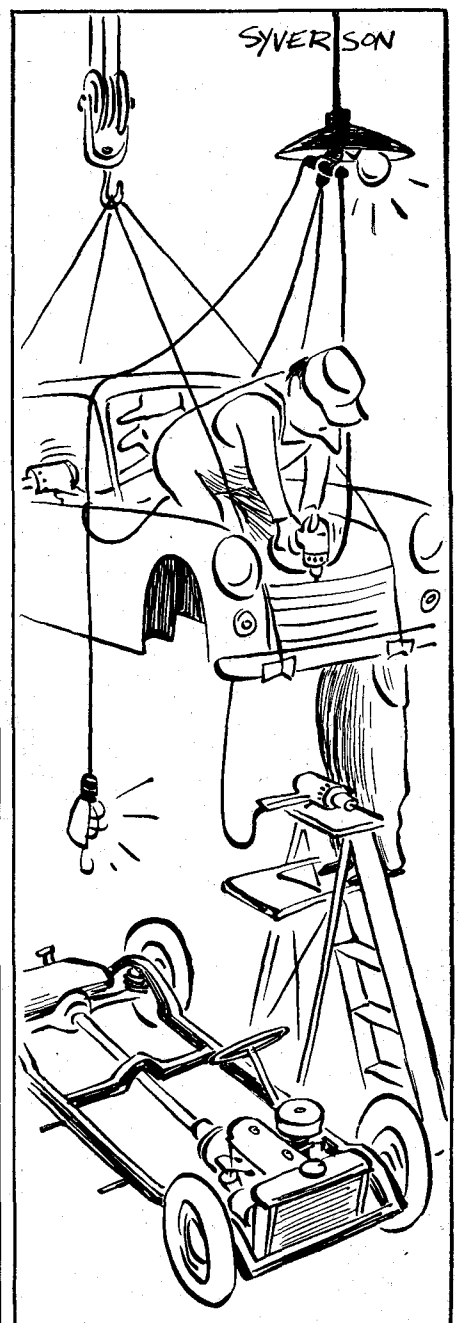

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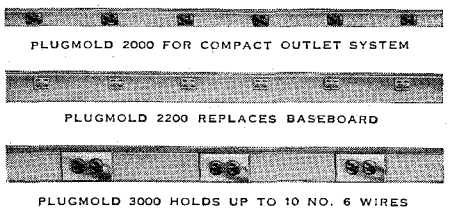

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"he wants to be a Mayflower mover!"

● That's really what a customer wrote us about her son. Here's exactly what she said in telling us about her recent Mayflower move:

"*Your operator was very efficient, courteous and cooperative. My son is thrilled every time he sees your van and he wants to be a Mayflower mover when he grows up.*"

What a fine compliment!

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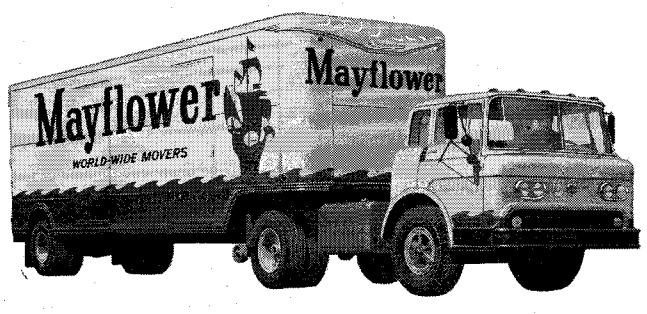

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Mayflower does all the work

Takes over the whole job! Moves you out and in, re-settles your new home completely as you want it.

Letters

Sex and Morals

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations for the ADVENTURES OF THE MIND series that you are printing.

I was impressed especially by the latest: SCIENCE AND SEX ETHICS, by Dr. George W. Corner [Oct. 10]. It should be required reading in all medical and theological colleges!

REV. ERNEST O. NORQUIST
First Presbyterian Church
Bloomington, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

A diabolically phrased pagan love song.

LEONARD L. MCEVOY, D.D.S.
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

An enlightened and wholesome document. . . . Sex is as integral a part of an unfragmented life as eating and sleeping. It is indeed fortunate that our boys and young men are no longer tortured by the moralistic buncombe of the nineteenth century.

HOWARD T. LAKEY
Newburgh, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Since the eminent embryologist, Dr. George W. Corner, has written an article for you on the subject of sexual morality, perhaps you might be interested in having me write you an article on playing golf. Of course, I've never

played golf, but I have a college degree, speak five foreign languages, and I'm pretty good at checkers.

GEORGE D. SHEEHAN
Teaneck, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Let's leave moral theology to theologians. Let the scientist contribute facts.

JOY T. KLEBES
Berkley, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

Your recent article by Dr. Corner impresses me as one of the most admirable that I have read in *The Post* in the more than forty-five years I have known it. You and he are to be most cordially congratulated.

WILLIAM VOGT, *National Director*
Planned Parenthood Federation of America, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Doctor Corner attacks as dogmatic the morality supplied by religion, as though it were shoved autocratically on the world in a "prescientific era" by a few bearded prelates who had no conception of man's drives and desires. He gives no indication that he believes that the sexual morality of Christianity is based on revealed truths of God.

But what has Doctor Corner found in science that invalidates God's plan for keeping order? He has found simply that there are methods an individual can employ to avoid venereal disease and unwanted children while enjoying sexual freedom unchecked. . . .

Those very discoveries make a rigid moral code more vital as a means of saving marriage and family life.

LAWRENCE S. CONNOR
Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

If it's possible to have poetry-in-science, Doctor Corner has achieved it. And if ever we humans are to become as innately good as we seem to want to be, it will surely be as Doctor Corner suggests, through individual discipline, rather than law or moral code. The lesson in his treatise can be applied not only to sex ethics but to every phase of human life.

PHYLLIS P. UPHAM
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

His statement that the Roman Catholic Church has ruled that the physician must *always* protect the life of the unborn infant, even at the risk of the mother's life, is incorrect. . . . A moral physician must recognize that a fetus has all the human rights any of the rest of us have, be it just born or still within the uterus. The physician must thus do his best to save both. When a fetus has no chance of surviving [because a serious pathological condition threatens the mother's life], it can be removed. . . . However, the physician cannot dogmatically destroy one life with a bird-in-the-hand philosophy. If this is such a horrible problem, I ask the doctor to compare the maternal mortality statistics of any Catholic hospital with those of any other hospital . . . .

Society must be on guard lest we begin thinking that we are responsible only to ourselves and our own conveniences. When we do that we are in danger of making our God to fit ourselves, rather than ourselves to fit God.

MILTON C. BERGEON, M.D.
Mason, Mich.

P.S. Don't—repeat, don't—cancel my subscription.

Dear Sirs:

To quote the late Pius XII, "If the saving of the life of the future mother, independently of her pregnant state, should urgently require a surgical act or other therapeutic treatment which would have as an accessory consequence, in no way desired nor intended but inevitable, the death of the fetus, such an act could no longer be called a direct attempt on an innocent life. Under these conditions the operation can be licit, like other similar interventions."

MRS. ANN FINN
Stamford, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

Doctor Corner states, "The Roman Catholic Church . . . holds that an infant dead before baptism is forever denied access to the throne of grace . . . and must dwell forever in limbo, outside the gates of heaven."

Unlike her teachings on heaven and hell, which have explicit references in the Scriptures and have been formally defined as official teaching, the doctrine of limbo has always been theological opinion *only* and never formally defined as a part of Catholic dogma. Many theologians reject the idea completely.

JOHN M. GEHL III
New Orleans, La.

(Continued on Page 6)

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The Ventura Sports Coupe for 1960

Three's a romance when one is a Pontiac

Sometime soon, see the special glow of a couple who share the enchantment of a Pontiac.

Watch them arrive some place, for example. They're proud, always, for the clean, sharp styling of Pontiac introduces them as people of taste. (And watch them steal a final glance at their car before they leave it. This is a common impulse of Pontiac owners who have a real affection for genuine beauty.)

Or notice the look of complete enjoyment on the faces of the next couple you see *riding* in a Pontiac. They're appreciating the driving thrill that never wears off—Wide-Track Wheels, designed to give Pontiac perfect poise, precision maneuverability, reassuring control.

Quietness, too, is part of the spell cast over any couple cruising in a Pontiac. New, more calculated use of insulation soaks up every unpleasant sound that could mar a relaxing, rewarding ride.

Talk it over with the object of your affections this week. Then, just the two of you, visit your Pontiac dealer. A great matchmaker, he'll provide you with the Pontiac to make you a handsome threesome, a happier twosome.

NARROW TRACK
PONTIAC'S WIDE-TRACK
Wider stance gives you swayless stability, solid comfort. You maneuver with skillful sureness, accurate control. It's the most rewarding driving you've ever felt!
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PONTIAC THE ONLY CAR WITH WIDE-TRACK WHEELS

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"My car had me in a tailspin!" the Flight Captain roared.

The day the airline pilot almost flew off his beam

Pilot: Mister, my car was a washout. Engine performance took a nose dive, and driving was like cruising with the flaps down! So give me Pennzoil with Z-7 before I land on you full throttle!

Attendant: Don't fly off the beam, Captain. I read you loud and clear when you ask for Pennzoil.

Pilot: Seemed like every time I took off for a drive, I ended up in a dead-stick approach to the nearest garage for a tune-up job. And mileage was low . . . power was poor . . . couldn't depend on my engine to get me anywhere!

Attendant: Pennzoil ends all that trouble, Captain. Puts dependability back under your hood. Improves gas mileage. Cleans your engine so it revs up smooth and powerful. When you know Pennzoil . . . *that's all you need to know about engine care.*

Pilot: Right. Good engine performance is vital in flying. And I demand it in my car, too. That's why I'm getting to be a "nut" on the subject of Pennzoil with Z-7!

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MEMBER PENN. GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSN., PERMIT NO. 2, OIL CITY, PA.

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Hardly Anybody Is Neutral About the Roosevelts

Dear Sirs:

[My Father F.D.R., by James Roosevelt, as told to Sidney Shalett, Oct. 10-Nov. 7] is a "dud" of the first magnitude. Have you run out of good material? . . . .

It is certainly unimportant how the Roosevelt progeny learned the "facts of life."

W. JEFFERSON DAVIS
Counselor at Law
La Jolla, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I believe I speak for thousands in this area when I say stop tormenting us with stuff about this tribe.

It will take 150 years to liquidate the backwash of what he and his brainless braintrusters bequeathed this nation.

DAVID MCK. FERGUSON
Ohio Senate
Cambridge, Ohio

P.S. Of course I don't have to read it . . . and I didn't.

Dear Sirs:

F.D.R. was not only a wonderful father to his own family but he was also father to millions of Americans. . . . May his beloved memory live on forever.

WILLIAM KIRSCH
San Fernando, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

It was bad enough to have had to endure the Roosevelt family regency for nearly twenty years without having Jimmy Roosevelt sounding off in five installments in one's favorite paper. . . .

From the fact that you have found it necessary to pen a refutation of the first installment on your editorial page [If Hoover Was Less Than Cordial to F.D.R. on March 3, 1933, He Had Some Reasons] it is evident that [the articles] are not even accurate.

CHARLES F. GOODRICH
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial contends that Hoover was justifiably indignant at Roosevelt because Roosevelt had declined to work with Hoover in stopping the banking crisis. The editorial concedes that Hoover sought to exact certain pledges from Roosevelt. It then quotes me as writing that the attempt to exact these pledges meant that "in the name of co-operation Hoover proposed that Roosevelt repudiate the New Deal." The editorial denies this interpretation, arguing that Hoover's pledges could not have required Roosevelt to repudiate the New Deal, since there then was no New Deal to repudiate.

The Post should be addressing its argument, not to me, but to Herbert Hoover. On February 20, 1933, Hoover wrote Sen. David Reed of Pennsylvania, "I realize that if these declarations be made by the President-elect, he will have ratified the whole major program of the Republican Administration; that is, it means the abandonment of ninety per cent of the so-called New Deal." Unless *The Post* wants to assume that Hoover was lying, his statement to Reed makes it clear beyond dispute that his intention was to get Roosevelt to repudiate the New Deal. . . .

The Post also repeats the myth that the Roosevelt campaign of 1932 did not forecast the New Deal. Actually, as Ernest Lindley wrote the next year, "With one exception, every important venture of the New Deal was forecast in Mr. Roosevelt's campaign." Lindley's exception was evidently the NRA, and even this was forecast in general terms in Roosevelt's speech of October 6, 1932, about planning and regularizing production.

Yours for fewer myths and more facts.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER JR.
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

I'm sure that if Mr. Roosevelt loved his 1932 Plymouth P.B. Phaeton as much as I did mine, he would feel very poorly to have you call it a Ford as you did [in a picture caption] on page 30 of the Oct. 17 issue of *The Post*.

However, it was a very interesting article and I enjoyed it very much.

ASA BARTLETT
Worcester, Mass.

● *We erred. Over the years F.D.R. drove four specially equipped cars—three Fords and a Plymouth—at his Warm Springs, Ga., home. At Hyde Park he drove two Fords and a DeSoto. Our picture showed the Plymouth, which the Chrysler Corporation identifies as a 1931 model.* —ED.

Plymouth Phaeton.

Model A Ford.

Dear Sirs:

"Father was imperturbable and betrayed no irritation. It was easy to see, however, that he did not like it."

Is Mr. James Roosevelt psychic—or just guilty of a *non sequitur?*

MARY DE LOURDES
Academy of Our Lady of Good Counsel
White Plains, N.Y.

● *Good question.—ED.*

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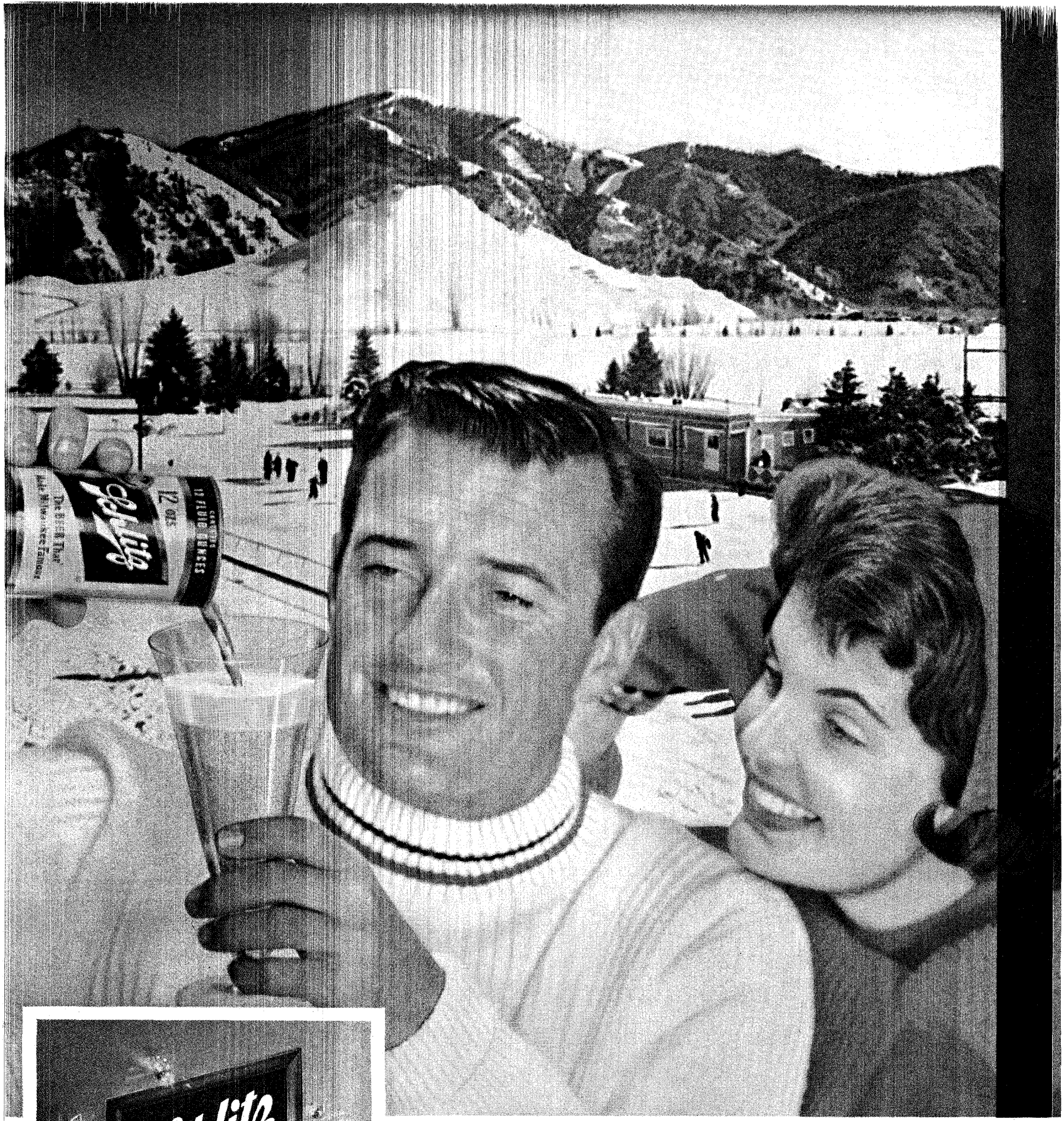

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Schlitz goes with good times like joy goes with good living. Light, sparkling, delicate to the last sip—with a flavor born of just the kiss of the hops. Why not make your move now—to the beer so good it made a city famous.

Watch Ray Milland as "MARKHAM" on CBS-TV—*See local listings for time and station.*

Move up to quality...move up to Schlitz!

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Get satisfying flavor...
So friendly to your taste!

NO FLAT
"FILTERED-OUT"
FLAVOR!

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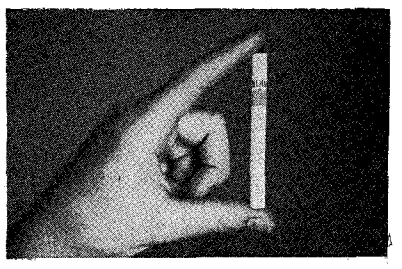
SEE HOW Pall Mall's famous length of fine tobacco travels and gentles the smoke —makes it mild—but does not filter out that satisfying flavor!



HERE'S WHY SMOKE

1 You get Pall Mall's famous length of the finest tobacco money can buy.

Outstanding...and they are Mild!

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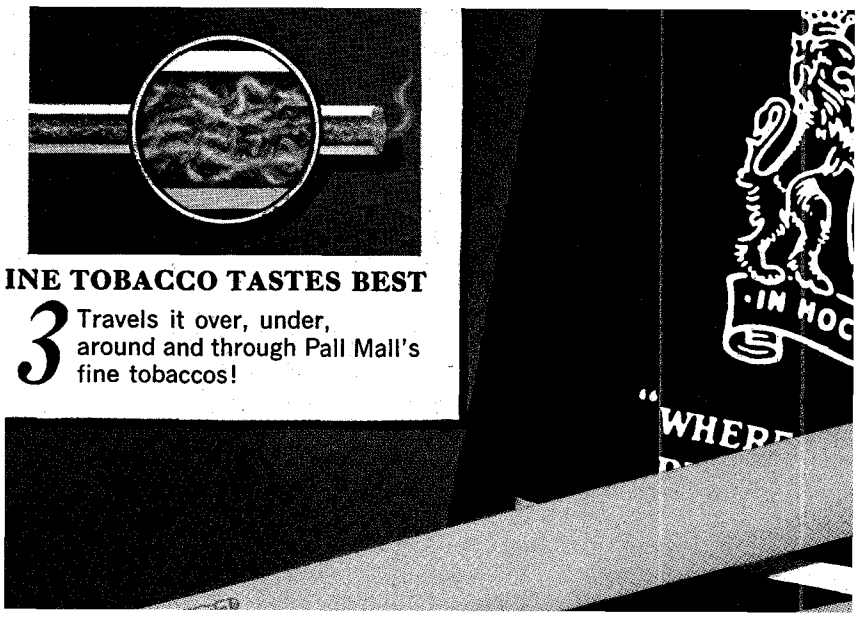

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Editorials

Our Liberals Still Won't Face the Facts About Red China

There are many romanticists, including Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, who imagine it would be realistic for the United States to get chummy with Red China. India's leader Nehru, whose borders are threatened by Chinese Communist raiders, still wants Red China admitted to the UN.

Americans who urge recognition of Red China use some strange arguments to support their views. "Why not recognize that Red China is a fact?" they ask triumphantly. Of course Red China is a fact—a powerful and dangerous fact. But that is no reason why the United States should recognize the Red Chinese regime by an exchange of ambassadors and other officials, and to favor its admission to the United Nations. Such recognition would make Red China more dangerous and aggressive than ever.

Walter S. Robertson, a United States delegate to the UN and former Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, recently addressed the United Nations and explained why it would be dangerous to seat Red China. Here are some of his arguments:

Violence and psychological warfare are the fundamentals of Red China's strategy. Its war minister has given this explanation of the off-again, on-again bombardment of Quemoy and Matsu: "Ours is a policy of fight-fight, stop-stop, half-fight, half-stop." In other words, frazzle the opponents until they have a nervous breakdown and give up.

Again, the top Chinese Communist, Mao Tse-tung, has stated the rock-bottom policy: "Every Communist must grasp the truth that political power grows out of the barrel of a gun. . . . In this sense we can even say that the whole world can be remolded with the gun."

During this remolding, Red China has murdered 18,000,000 mainland Chinese in its first ten years. "Within the past year," Robertson said, it has "imposed a brutal commune system, destructive of all family life, upon 120,000,000 families." More recently it has massacred thousands of Tibetans, and it is now threatening all its neighbors in the Himalayas.

Ah, but what about "universality"—meaning that all governments, no matter how bad, should be in the United Nations? Mr. Robertson pointed out that the concept of universality was debated when the UN was founded in 1945; and the decision was made that "universality was not to be the test of membership. . . . A member must be peace-loving. The Soviet Union at that time strongly supported this view." Of course, the Reds have their own definition of "peace-loving," but aren't we entitled to stick to ours?

Peace-loving Red China "has promoted six foreign or civil wars—Korea, Tibet, Indochina, the Philippines, Malaya and Laos." It has committed atrocities against thousands of prisoners of war, including Americans.

Another argument—that "no other place (than the United Nations) exists in which to negotiate with them." This is obviously untrue. For eight years the United States has negotiated with them in many places—in Korea, in Poland and in Switzerland. But the Red Chinese always arrogantly insist on surrender.

Suppose a big-shot murderous gangster moves into your neighborhood. You may "recognize" him by his big bulletproof car and his bodyguards. But do you then think it realistic to invite him to join the P.T.A. or ask him to dinner? Isn't it safer to stay as far from him as you can, and keep your eyes wide open?

Schiller, the Poet of European Liberation, Deserves a Hand on His 200th Birthday

By FELIX WITTMER

A century ago, during the week of November tenth, the 100th anniversary of the birth of Friedrich von Schiller, Germany's classical poet of freedom and brotherhood, was celebrated throughout the United States. Citizens of German extraction, especially the refugees of the '48 revolution, staged Schiller's plays and organized memorial parades in our big cities.

William Tell, dramatization of the Swiss pioneer struggle for democracy, was performed in Columbus, Ohio; *Don Carlos*, crystallization of man's fight for his inalienable rights, in Hoboken, New Jersey, and *The Bride of Messina*, in Yorktown, Texas, Milwaukee, Chicago, New Orleans, New York and Philadelphia. There were centenary festivals in several other cities.

In view of the fact that Schiller's views on civilization and government coincided with those of our great Americans from George Washington and John Adams to Lincoln and our own time, why is it that this year, the second centenary of his birth, is far less widely observed than in 1859? The answers to this question appear obvious. The festivities of a century ago were not American, but German. We were busy with the approaching Civil War. The good Germans, who in the halls of their *Gesangvereine* applauded such songs of Schiller as *Die Bürgschaft* and *Der Taucher*, with music by Schubert, or Robert Schumann's *Overture to the Bride of Messina*, were probably indulging in a bit of "me-tooism," demonstrating that zeal for liberty and fraternity was not any one nation's monopoly.

Today, in 1959, the German element has been absorbed into American life, and Americans with names like Schmidt, Muller, Wedemeyer, Schurtz or Eisenhower, unfamiliar with the German tongue, are more likely to quote the Gettysburg Address than Schiller's *Song of the Bell*. The language barrier prevents us from realizing how much the great German thinker and poet belongs to us and the world.

However, if freedom and brotherhood are to mold the civilization of the future, Schiller will remain a world figure of eminence. He is undoubtedly the greatest dramatist of liberty in the world. The idealists of the early French Revolution hailed him, along with Kant and Beethoven, as a "benefactor of mankind," and the Legislative Assembly, on August 26, 1792, less than a month before the Bourbon monarchy was abolished, voted him an honorary citizen of France.

Although he welcomed the liberation of the French from the tyranny of absolute monarchy, Schiller had no use for the excesses of the Terror. He prepared to write a treatise in defense of the captive Louis XVI and also brilliantly castigated the lawlessness of the unbridled mob in the famous collection of epigrams which he coauthored with Goethe, the *Xenien*. Schiller championed checks and balances.

The men who founded the German republic after the first World War convened at Weimar; for it was there that Germany's two giants of thought and verse, Goethe and Schiller, exchanged their views. But the Nazi flood swept away the Weimar constitution; Schiller and Goethe, for the duration, were forgotten.

Some weeks after Hitler's advent to power Schiller's *Don Carlos*, that magnificent dramatic protest against intolerance, brutality and obscurantism, was staged in a theater of Hamburg. When Schiller's character, the Marquis of Posa, protagonist of Schiller's own ideas, defiantly demanded of the sinister dictator-monarch, Philip II, "Sire, give us liberty of thought," the entire audience rose in a demonstrative ovation which lasted well over ten minutes.

After the Hamburg performance there were no further performances of *Don Carlos* in Nazi Germany. Hitler and Schiller are not compatible.

We Americans, who have done so much to aid the liberation of the oppressed from the fascist yoke, have good reason to honor this fighter for human decency and dignity on the second centenary of his birth. Someday a sensitive and flexible translator may yet succeed in making some of Schiller's works truly available for us. Beethoven chose Schiller's *Ode to Joy* as the text for the mighty chorus which he included in the finale of his last, and perhaps greatest, symphony, the *Ninth*. The triumphant marching rhythms of this fourth movement, supreme expression of man's aspirations to secure his inalienable rights, have rekindled for millions the vision of freedom.

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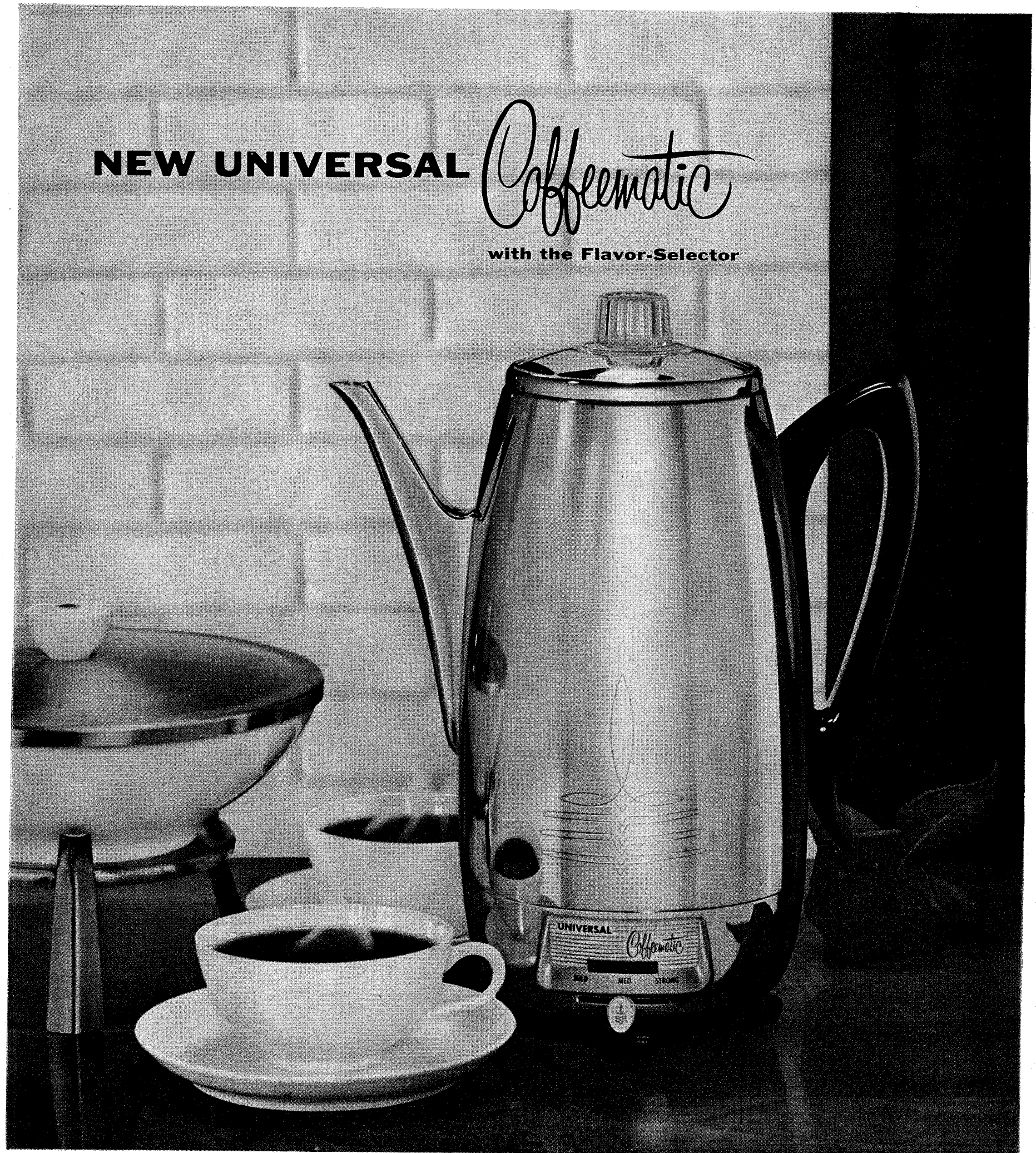

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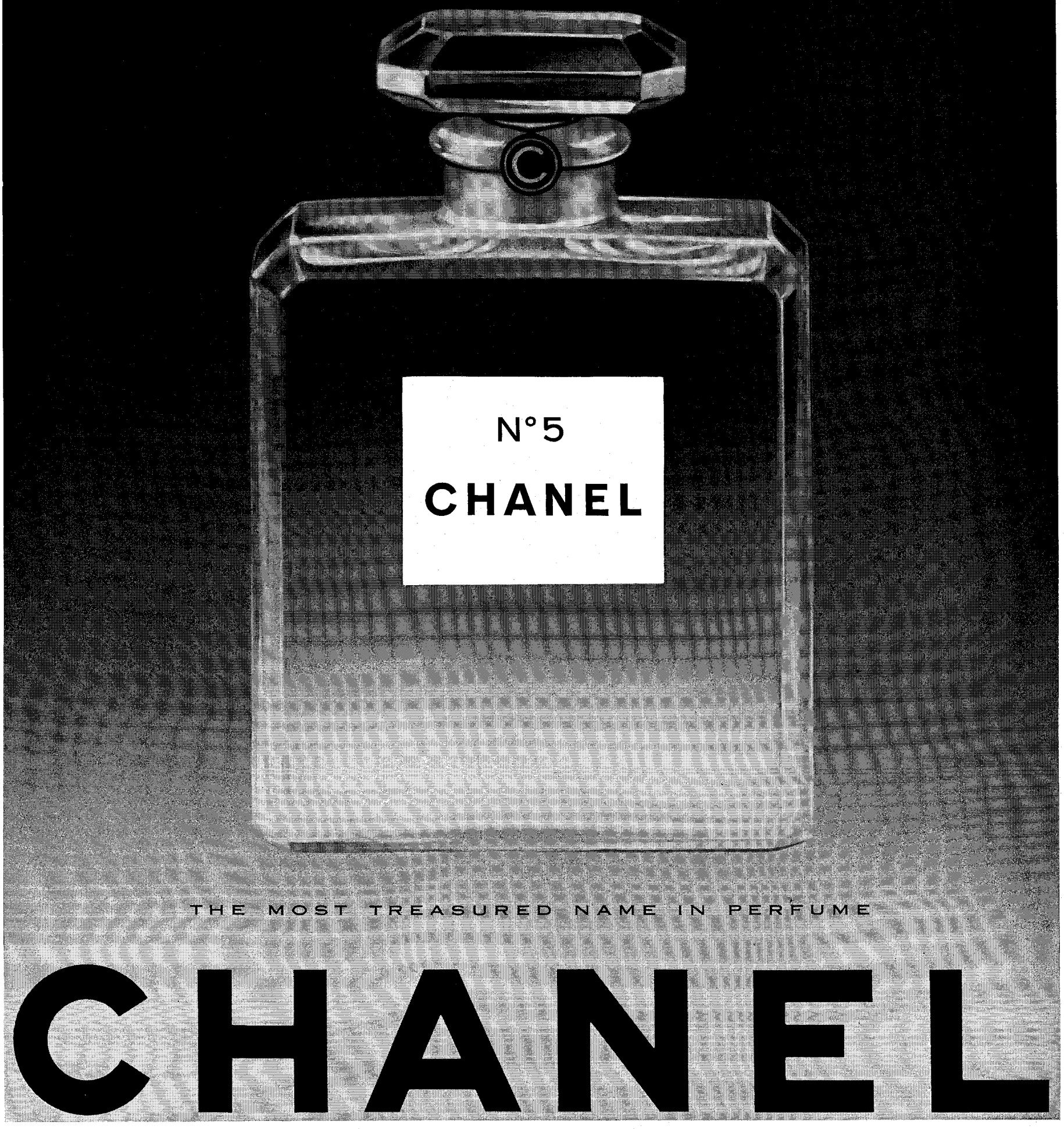

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDER

The New Standard of Basic Excellence.

NEW 1960 RAMBLER CUSTOM FOUR-DOOR SEDAN offers big room for six 6-footers in a car that's even easier to turn, park and garage. Six or Rebel V-8 for balanced performance, economy.

Ahead by 10 years and 25 billion owner-driven miles

A new motoring concept is at your Rambler dealer's today—the new standard of basic excellence. Come discover what it means to you.

Come see America's most advanced Compact* cars—proved by 10 years and 25 billion happy owner miles. See styling that is entirely new and classically Rambler in its fresh, clean design. See completely new models no American car has offered before. See brand-new features—new improvements for 1960.

See the new cars with better balance: fine performance balanced with top economy . . . big car room balanced with small car handling . . . high quality balanced with low price.

Try exclusive Personalized Comfort—separate front seats that glide back and forth individually . . . reclining seatbacks . . . adjustable headrests.

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ONLY RAMBLER GIVES YOU THE BEST OF BOTH:

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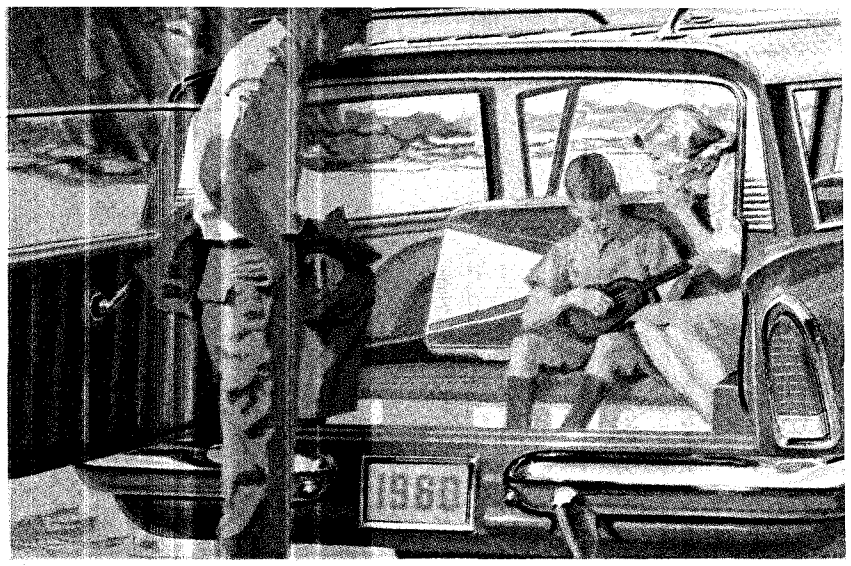
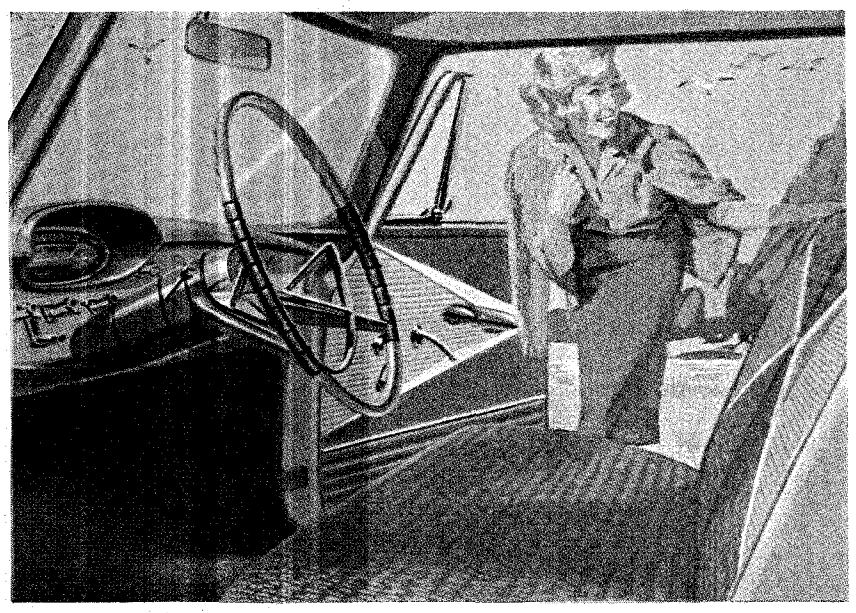
At top right is the brilliant new Rambler Custom Four-Door Sedan for '60.



3 WIDE SEATS, 5 BIG DOORS—Lots of room for the biggest families. The tailgate is a fifth-door with positive outside key lock, so children can't open from inside. Rear passengers step in easily without having to scramble over tailgate or seats. Easier to load, too.

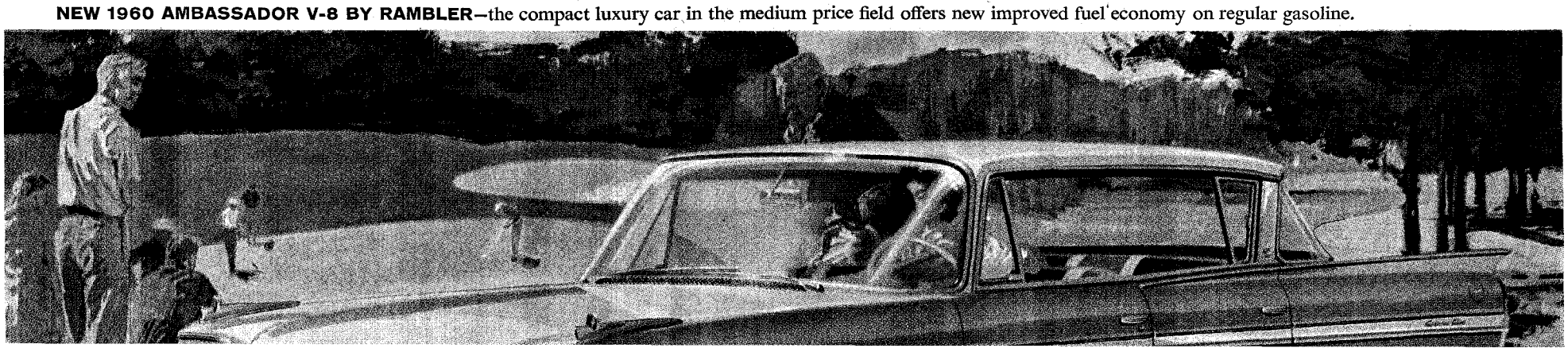


EASY TO ENTER. Rambler's high, wide doors let you *step* in, not *stoop* in. Interior is completely new for 1960—stunning new fabrics, colors. The new instrument panel is beautiful, too, and provides greater safety . . . easy-to-see dials and easy-to-reach controls.

OF COMPACT CARS ANNOUNCES

NEW RAMBLER FOR '60

NEW 1960 AMBASSADOR V-8 BY RAMBLER—the compact luxury car in the medium price field offers new improved fuel economy on regular gasoline.



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By popular demand **A BRAND-NEW RAMBLER AMERICAN 4-DOOR SEDAN FOR 1960.** The family sedan thousands of motorists asked for.

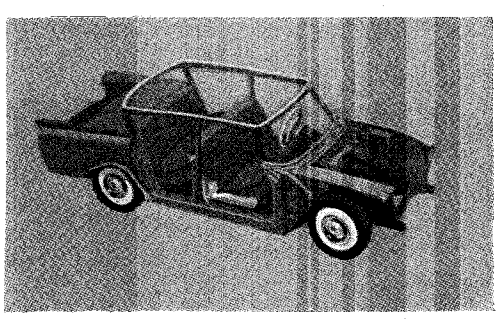
AMERICA'S MOST IMITATED CAR: COMPACT

Airliner Reclining Seats make a "nap couch" to rest children or tired adults.

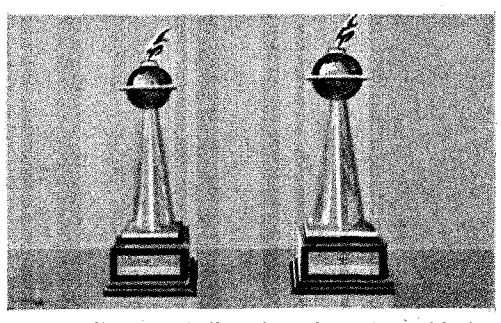
Personalized Comfort! Front seats glide back and forth individually. New headrests, too!

The New Standard of Basic Excellence

Brings You Balanced Value Through and Through

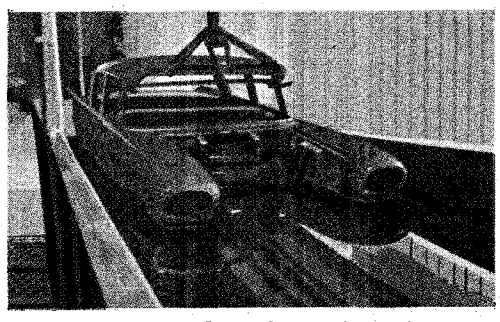


Airplane-Type Single Unit Construction*, rattleproof, lasts longer.



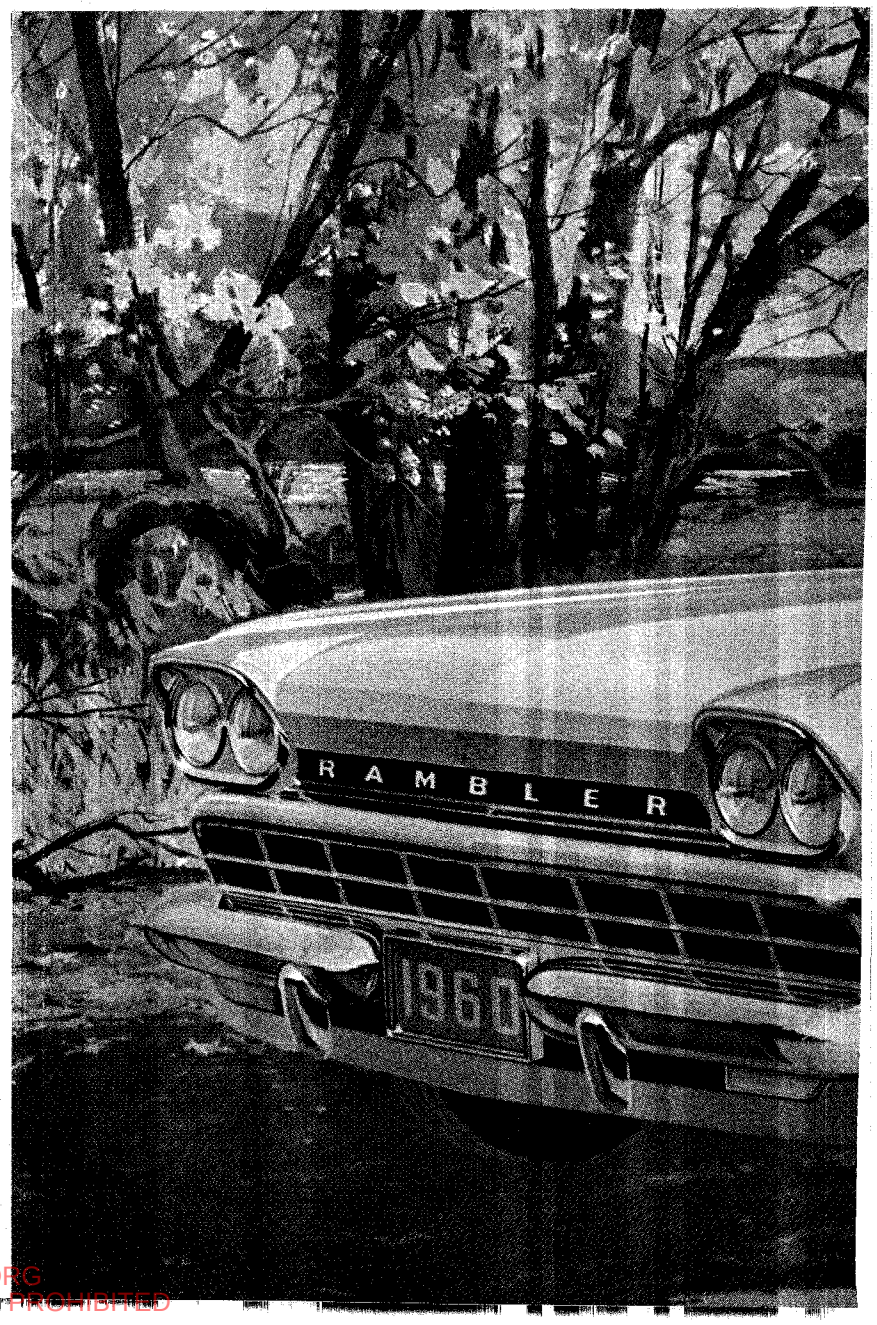
Most Miles Per Gallon Awards and trophies! Other cars "talk" economy, Rambler proves it.

Easier Handling. Rambler makes U-turns up to 5 feet smaller than most cars.



Deep-Dip* rustproofing resists rust better, longer. Another Rambler "First" that means higher resale.

NEW 1960 RAMBLER COUNTRY CLUB HARDTOP.



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NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME

A new Rambler American Four-Door Sedan

Add four-door convenience to America's official economy champ and you've got the brand-new 1960 Rambler American four-door sedan. It's the happiest combination of glamor and thrift on the road . . . a roomy family sedan with easy entrance and comfortable headroom. Available with power steering, fully automatic transmission.

Get behind the wheel and discover the perfect balance of features that makes the 1960 Rambler the new standard of basic excellence. See why Rambler is the most imitated car in America. See the world's most complete line of compact cars—two and four-door sedans; two and four-door station wagons; glamorous hardtops and three-seat station wagons—at your Rambler dealer.

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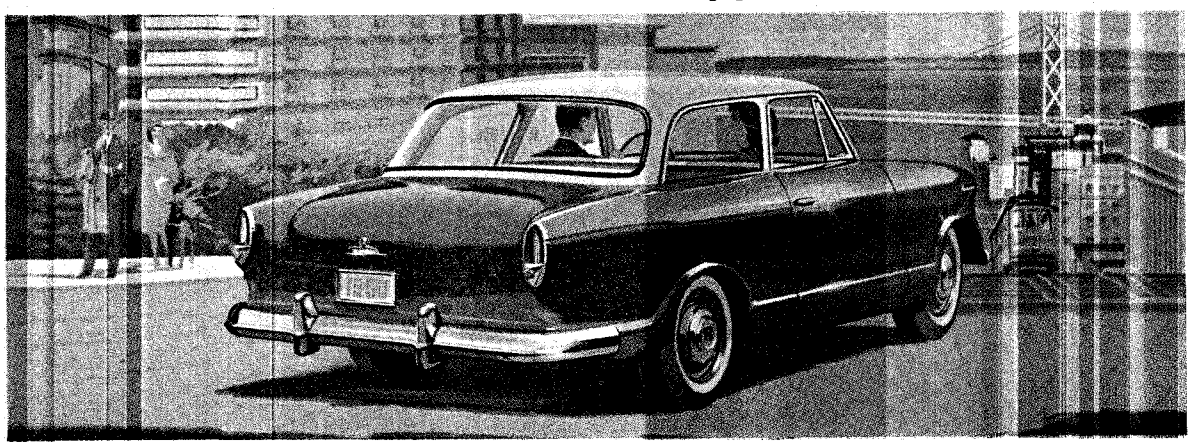
THE NEW STANDARD OF BASIC EXCELLENCE

YOUR RAMBLER DOLLAR IS A BIGGER DOLLAR

NEW 1960 RAMBLER AMERICAN STATION WAGON. Most popular compact 2-door Wagon.



ECONOMY KING. Rambler American 2-door Sedan most M.P.G. in '59 Mobilgas Run.

RAMBLER FOR '60

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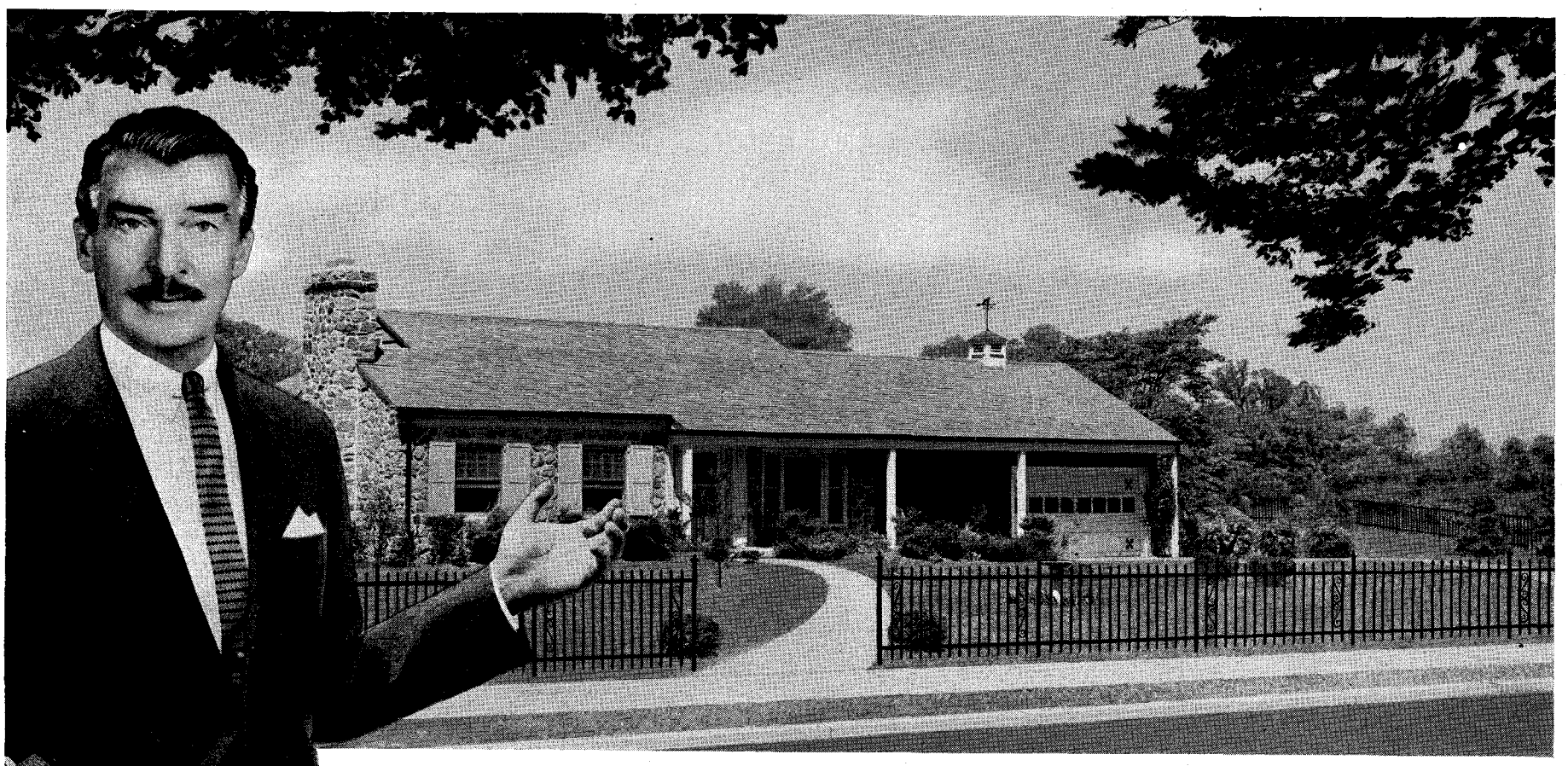

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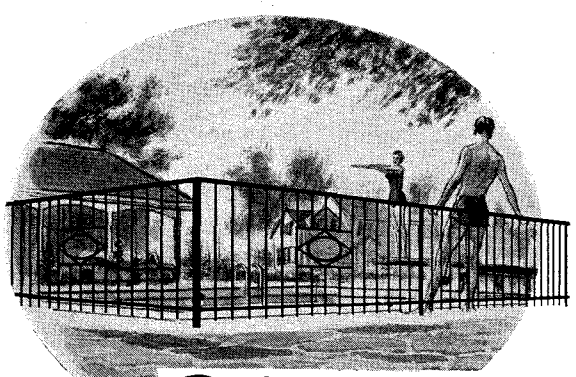
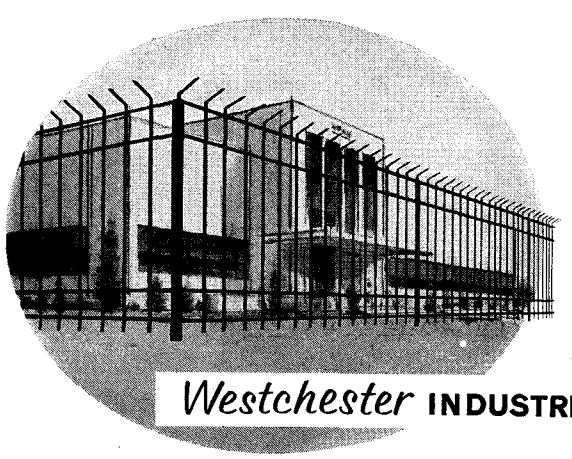


Berkeley **GUARDIAN**



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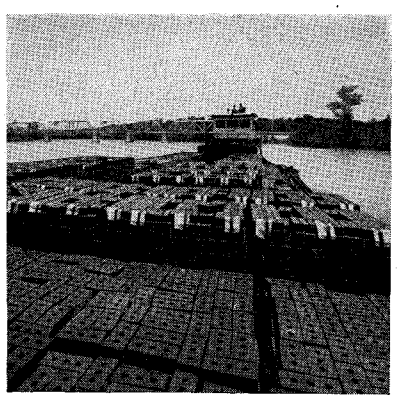
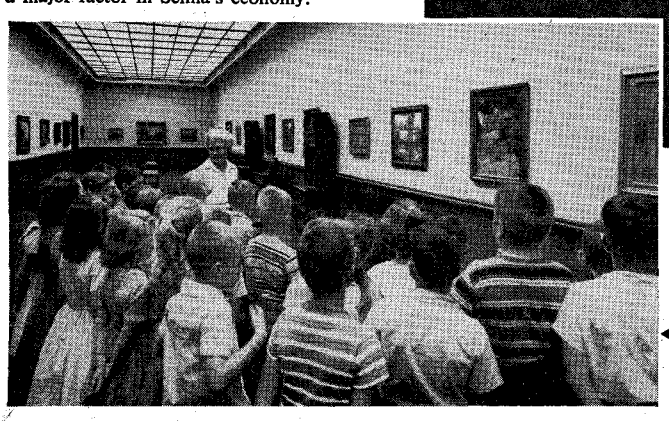


ENOUGH BRICK TO BUILD 15 six-room, brick veneer houses is push-towed down the Savannah River from Augusta, Georgia, by Merry Shipping Company's tug, "Capt. Reggie M. Dales." Upon completion of a $3½ million channel improvement project, there will be increased use of the waterway by several large, new manufacturers currently locating in the Augusta area.

THE GULFARIUM at Ft. Walton Beach, Florida, features trained porpoises and other marine specimens. One of many flourishing regional attractions, it is seen by 250,000 visitors annually, including about 400 school tours. Since 1940, Ft. Walton Beach has increased in population from 90 to 10,000!

ALMOST 12,000 "MILES" OF CIGARS are turned out annually at the Selma, Alabama plant of Bayuk Cigars, Inc. An example of Southern industrial diversity, the cigar plant is one of three in Alabama. This plant has an $800,000 yearly payroll which is a major factor in Selma's economy.



IN DYNAMIC DIXIE...Pleasant Living is in the Pattern of Progress!

SPANISH MOSS, hanging from 400-year-old oak trees, makes picturesque shelter for the seven members of the Edward J. Robeson family in the yard of their home on Escambia Bay, near Pensacola, Florida. Ed Robeson is Coordinator of Yarn Process Improvement at the huge Chemstrand Corporation plant, which is only a few minutes' drive from his home.

FINE PAINTINGS in Laurel, Mississippi, are shown to a class of third graders at Lauren Rogers Library and Museum of Art, as part of regular school curricula in the Laurel area. Two of six galleries of the museum are being used regularly for circulating exhibitions of fine art.

In the South pleasant living has been woven into the pattern of progress. Tremendous strides are continuing in culture, education, research, recreation and other fields that contribute to a full way of life.

From a business standpoint, the South wound up 1958 with record highs in most lines of activity . . . and is continuing to outdistance the rate of growth of the nation as a whole. In the four-state "growth-core"—Alabama, Florida, Georgia and Mississippi – over 14,000 new businesses were established . . . bank deposits went up over the previous year by 14.9% . . . and cash receipts from farm marketing were up 14%!

The great Southern growth cycle has been aided by a paralleling increase of electric power. To meet requirements of industries, homes and farms in their four-state service area, the operating affiliates of The Southern Company have expanded steadily. Alabama, Georgia, Gulf and Mississippi Power Companies, and Southern Electric Generating Company are currently participating with The Southern Company in a half-billion dollar program in the next three years alone.

The last half of the twentieth century belongs to the South!

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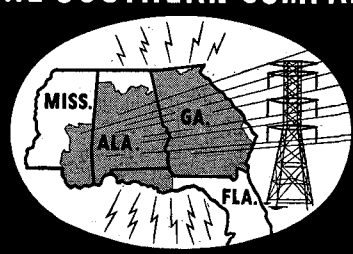

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He's taking out flood insurance for you

Chances are you don't know this man. He probably lives many miles from you. Yet, your home may escape a flood, safe and dry, because of him.

You see, he had the initiative to get a sound program for soil and water conservation started in his watershed area. Now, many farm and city people are working together for its success. Here, for example, they have brought in big Caterpillar machines to construct a farm pond.

When the next storm hits, this pond will hold back thousands of gallons of rainwater. Precious topsoil will be saved. And the water will be released slowly, providing needed irrigation, keeping reservoirs full.

Some day soon there must be enough ponds —and grass waterways, dikes, levees and dams— to give us complete control over this precious resource. A nation that will add 60 million people in the next 15 years can't afford the devastating cycle of flood and drought.

It will be a big job. One that requires initiative and a lot of people on farms and cities working together. But preparing for our nation's future needs *is* a job for all of us. After all, if we don't do it . . . who will?

Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.

CATERPILLAR

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Diesel Engines • Tractors • Motor Graders
Earthmoving Equipment

MACHINES THAT BUILD
FOR A GROWING AMERICA

Robert is one month old. *When he is 16 our nation must have . . . tens of thousands of miles of new highways · almost double our present water supply · 20 million new homes · 20% of our present housing rebuilt · 2½ times more oil · 60% more lumber production and double today's pulpwood production · 55% more metal ores · soil conservation on 1,159,000,000 farm acres · 123,300 new dams, 1,200 miles of levees · double our present hospital facilities · triple our electric power*

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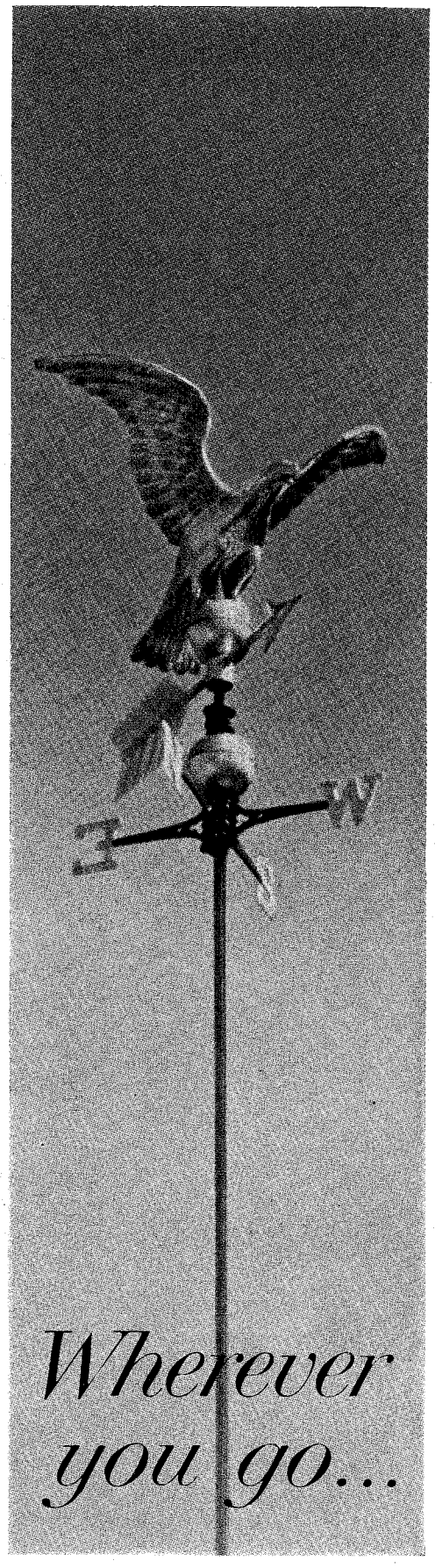

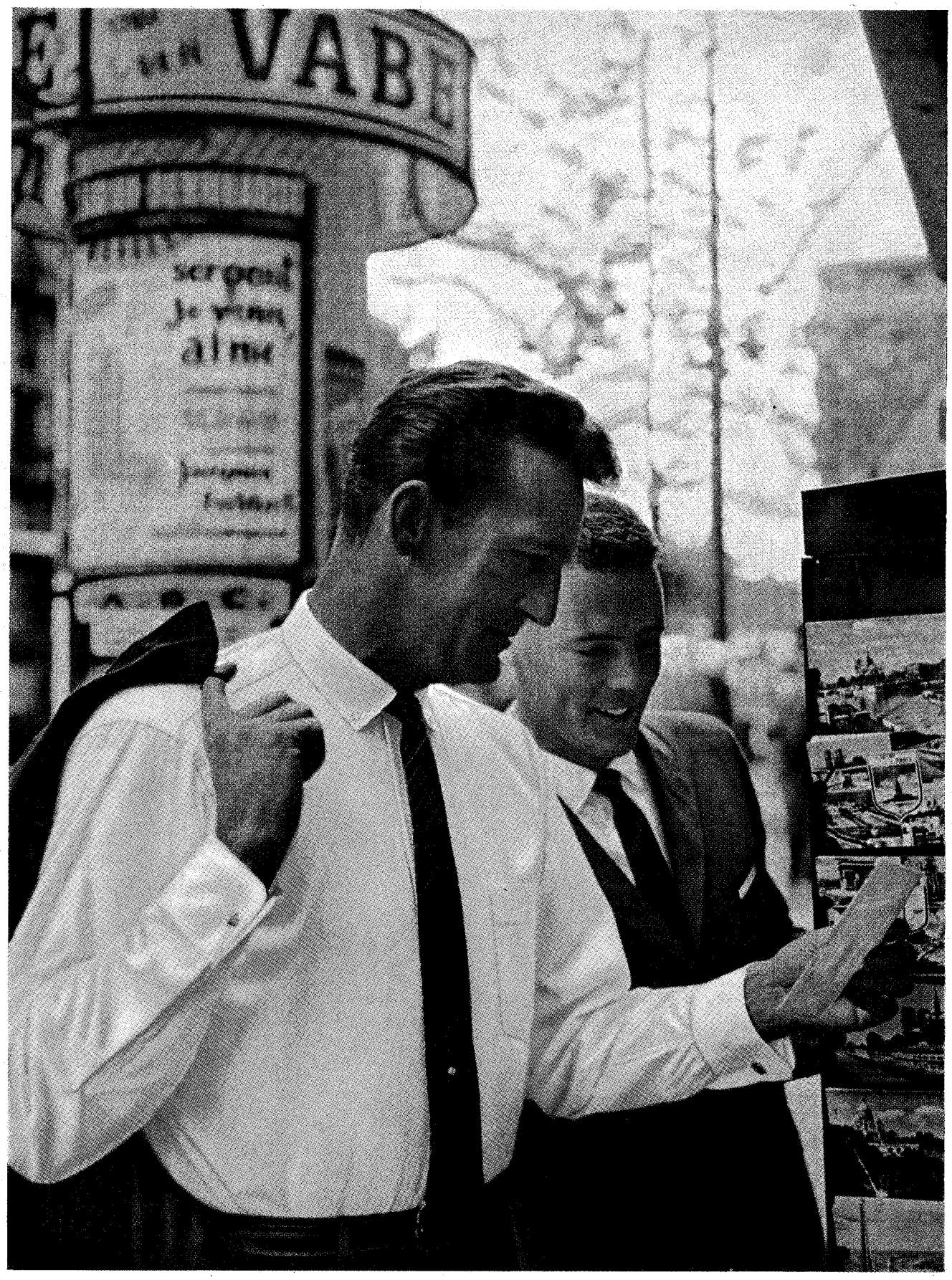

...you look better in an Arrow shirt

Americans in Paris come to the conclusion rather quickly that Arrow wash and wear shirts are *ideal* for traveling. It's easy to understand why:

The rich fabric is amazingly comfortable . . . never scratchy . . . but soft, porous, smooth and luxurious. The collar stays neat—*even without ironing*. The cuffs are convertible. They can be buttoned, or worn with links for dressier occasions. Yes, you stay fresh-looking all day—no matter how strenuous the activity.

The Arrow wash and wear shirt at left is the *Glen*—with moderately spread, short-point collar that buttons down. At right, the Arrow *Whip*, with soft collar and permanent stays.

See these two Arrow shirts, $4.25, Arrow all-silk ties, $2.50, at your Arrow retailer.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Saturdays, see NCAA college football, brought to you by Arrow on NBC-TV. See your newspaper for time and channel.

ARROW

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PART ONE

Hollywood Is My Client

The famous defender of celebrities in trouble describes some of his most exciting cases and discusses the big names who have employed him, including Lana Turner and Charlie Chaplin.

By JERRY GIESLER as told to Pete Martin

First, I'd like to get this straight. The first syllable of my surname is pronounced "geese"; it does not rhyme with "ice," as many people would have you believe.

In the second place I'd like to tell who I am. Others have described me as "Jerry Giesler, the man who beats the rap" . . . "Jerry Giesler, the man who handles the film capital's troubles from peccadillo to perjury, including pot shots at Pooh-Bahs" . . . "The miracle man who invariably gets his clients off the hook" . . . "The magnificent mouthpiece." These are only a few samples of the exaggerated, and often lurid, labels that are pinned to my name.

What all this means is that I am a criminal lawyer by trade, although that phrase is wrongly worded. If a lawyer is a criminal, he should be clapped into jail just like any other offender. What I really am is a defense lawyer.

I overheard a cynic say one day, "If it's murder, they call Jerry Giesler first. Then they call the doctor. Then they call the police."

October, 1954: The author with a tearful divorce client, Marilyn Monroe, after she and her second husband, Joe DiMaggio, split up.

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Giesler and Clients—

One of Giesler's most sensational legal victories was his successful defense of the late Errol Flynn (center), accused of the statutory rape of two teen-aged girls. One of them, Peggy Satterlee, is shown above behind Giesler and Flynn at the preliminary hearing in 1942 and below aboard the actor's yacht, *Sirocco*, scene of the alleged assault.

"Charlie Chaplin (above right) was the best witness I've ever seen in a law court," says Giesler, who in 1944 cleared the famed comedian of a morals charge brought by Joan Berry.

That cynic was referring to the case of Lana Turner, her daughter Cheryl, and Johnny Stompanato, the man Cheryl killed defending her mother. The wisecrack, however, was inaccurate. Lana called both the police and the doctor before she called me. And she called them in this order: the doctor, the police, her former husband, Stephen Crane, then me.

I grew up with Hollywood. I was working in Los Angeles before there was a Hollywood. I've known Hollywood people for years, and they've known me. When they get into trouble, they naturally think of me—although many of my most fascinating cases have not involved Hollywood at all. This is the reason why when one feature writer was assigned to write a series about me she used some such opening as: "If a Hollywood glamour boy runs afoul of the law, his first reaction is 'Get me Giesler!'"

People who have read that kind of stuff and then see me in the flesh often do a double take. I know why. Many criminal lawyers

THE ETHICAL QUESTION

In telling his story, Jerry Giesler has withheld nothing except those "privileged communications"—from client to attorney—which a lawyer is bound to hold confidential. The basic facts of these case histories have appeared in public records—but without the colorful and lively details which Mr. Giesler has supplied here.

—THE EDITORS

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Hollywood Stars in Real-Life Dramas.

1948: On Giesler's advice, film star Robert Mitchum (far right) refused to enter a plea during his trial for a narcotics violation. He went to jail, one of the few Giesler clients to do so. The two blondes are Lila Leeds (left) and Vickie Evans, who were arrested with Mitchum.

June, 1958: Cheryl Crane, 14 (above left), with her mother, actress Lana Turner, and Giesler. Cheryl killed her mother's boy friend, Johnny Stompanato, but Giesler, "the springer," won the girl her freedom without a criminal trial.

have been colorful-looking. I'm not. I am, I hope, a kindly-faced man, but my hair is thinning, my taste in clothes runs to conservatively cut suits, and when I read I peer through horn-rimmed glasses.

No motion-picture producer or director would think of casting me as a criminal lawyer in a film; yet I have served some of the biggest stars in the business as a flesh-and-blood advocate. And I might add right here that it's the hardest kind of work. Although I am not a big man, I lost almost fifteen pounds defending Charlie Chaplin against a charge of transporting a woman from one state to another state for immoral purposes. No matter what anyone thinks of Chaplin now—or what he thinks of us—it is the fair thing to say that he was the best witness I've ever seen in a courtroom. I'll tell who the second-best one was later.

If, in my story, I seem to talk about a good many sex cases, there's nothing much I can do about that if I try to tell the story of my life the way it happened, without pulling any punches. Sex is not only one of the facts of life; with me it has been the most prevalent fact of legal strife. I will not be telling these cases because of their sex content, but because they also involve interesting legal points and various aspects of court tactics and strategy.

I have been extremely proud to have had two of my defendants, Robert Mitchum and Walter Wanger, found guilty and sentenced to serve time in jail. If anybody wonders why a defense lawyer regards that as a triumph, I think he'll agree with me before he's finished this story.

I was the advocate for the defense in a trial when the jury set a new record by staying out ninety-nine hours. I was the defense attorney when another jury set another record by staying out one minute.

I was acting for the defense in one case in which the district attorney failed to show up, and the judge met the situation by wearing two metaphorical hats. First he wore his judge's hat, then took it off, did the examination, cross-examination and summing up for the prosecution. Then he put his judge's hat back on and delivered his instructions to the jury. I don't honestly expect anyone to believe this, but it happened.

Not all of my law practice has been criminal, of course. I have been involved in some of the most sensational civil cases in Southern California. I was in Shelley Winters' corner when she sued Vittorio Gassman for divorce. I fronted for Zsa Zsa Gabor in her suit against George Sanders. I represented Marilyn Monroe in her parting from Joe DiMaggio. But my most fabulous experience in connection with a suit for divorce was representing Barbara Hutton in her suit against Cary Grant. Not only did Miss Hutton retain me as her lawyer; she moved into my home for six weeks with two chauffeurs, her personal maid and her private telephone. Incidentally, before I'm through I want to tell you my private and personal convictions about the chief cause of divorce and the kinds of divorce suits I refuse to handle under any circumstances and why.

I have defended clients I like personally, such as Busby Berkeley, who killed three persons and maimed a fourth with his auto, and Edward G. Robinson Jr., who was accused by two cabbies of holding them up for money. I was able to win freedom for both of these men, although in the Berkeley case it took three grinding, grueling trials to do it; and in the Edward G. Robinson Jr. case it took a *bar mizvah* ring that wouldn't come off to win my client's freedom.

Berkeley was the target for public animosity of the most virulent kind. There was an almost hysterical bitterness against him. He was pictured as a drunken Hollywood director who was charged with killing three ordinary, unwealthy, unfamous citizens and maiming a fourth because, it was charged, he had been criminally stupid enough to drive while crocked.

I liked Norman Selby—otherwise known as Kid McCoy, a former world's-championship prize fighter—in spite of the fact that he did everything possible—and some things almost impossible—to land himself in the death chamber. I saved him from that, but I'm not sure he appreciated it. He was hoping the law would kill him to save him the trouble of committing suicide.

I have defended hoodlums and dipsomaniacs given to maniacal rages, and men whom I didn't like at all. In fact, I looked upon some of these clients with loathing, but I believe that every man has a right not only to a defense but also to a good defense. As Alexander Woollcott said in the profile of the famous advocate Lloyd Paul Stryker, "The disposition in this country seems to imply that whereas even a Bruno Hauptmann is entitled to the services of a lawyer, when he is on trial for his life, he is surely not entitled to the services of a *good* lawyer."

When I went with Chaplin to the Federal Building to have (Continued on Page 119)

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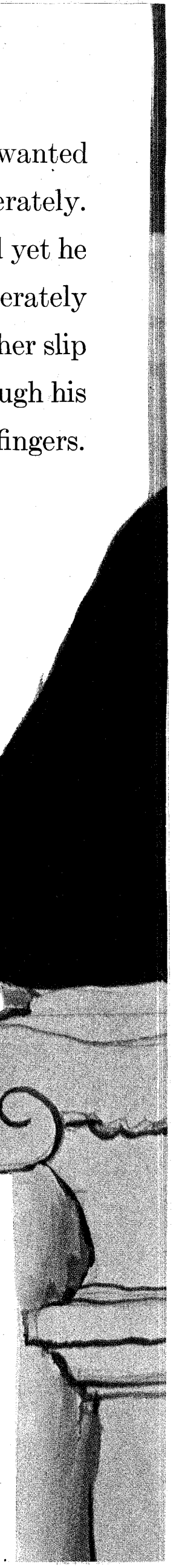
LAST CHANCE FOR LOVE

By N. J. CRISP

He wanted her desperately. And yet he was deliberately letting her slip through his fingers.



Charles Murray came out of Milan station. He had two hours to kill before the train left for Basel. He crossed the road and walked through the gardens, brilliant with flowers. He paused to glance up at the tall tower of the Pirelli office building and struck off down another road at random.

It was hot. The sky was a sheet of metallic blue; the pavement burned like the grill of an oven. He felt sticky and uncomfortable in his English clothes, ill chosen for this part of the journey. He stopped at the first pavement café he came to, sat down gratefully under the awning and ordered an iced drink.

Two hours to wait. Milan to Basel, change at Basel, pick up the sleeper. Overnight across France to Boulogne. Then the cross-channel steamer to Folkestone, back to England, cool, green England. "Anything to declare?"

"Two hundred cigarettes and a bottle of brandy."

The swift chalk scrawl. "Next please. Anything to declare?"

"Yes. I fell in love with a girl called Maria."

Nonsense, Charles thought. Two hundred cigarettes, a bottle of brandy, a bottle of expensive perfume. Pay duty on the perfume, board the boat train for London. In London, thankfully struggle clear of the horde of returning holiday makers, taxi to Paddington, catch the train for Cheltenham.

Back to being his uncle's assistant, back to building up the bank balance that was to set up his home, back to routine, talking to clients, rough sketches, drawings, more talks; back to reality, back to sanity. Back to Janet. Give Janet the perfume. Tell her all about the holiday.

All? Well, not quite all. In fact, Charles thought, if he left out Maria there would be precious little to tell.

Perhaps he would tell her about Maria later on, much later on. One winter's evening, years hence, when they were reminiscing, he would mention Maria. He would make it an amusing story, a charming holiday romance, told light-heartedly, with a nostalgic smile for the tender follies of youth.

Charles Murray stared miserably at his glass and lighted a cigarette. Would he tell her also of Maria's face as she stood on the railway station this morning? How she smiled as she said, "Good-by, Charles," drawing out the *a* as was her way. Smiled at him with her lips, while tears fell from her eyes, and she ignored them, pretending they were not there. How she moved along the platform with the train, and he leaned out of the window, watching her figure recede, stop moving, raise her hand in a last farewell, until a curve in the track took her out of his sight, out of his life. How he went to his seat and said bitterly, "Damn everything," to the surprise of the others in the compartment.

Yet if he didn't include that, the story was a lie. Charles stood up, took off his jacket and slung it over a chair. Even under the awning, the air still glowed hot. In the road, trams jammed with people rattled by, a string of taxis scudded toward the station.

He must be rational, use his common sense. He had met a girl on holiday, liked her, spent a pleasant four weeks with her. That was all, must be all. The rest—he could put that down to the hot sun, the holiday atmosphere, Maria. It would pass—these things did pass. In time he would look back on it tolerantly, with mild amusement.

Charles Murray didn't really believe that, but it had to be so. He had to be sensible. He was set as firmly on his path through life as a train upon its rails. In a year or two now his uncle would retire and hand over

(Continued on Page 109)

Illustrated by Joe De Mers

"So you go," she said. "Tomorrow."

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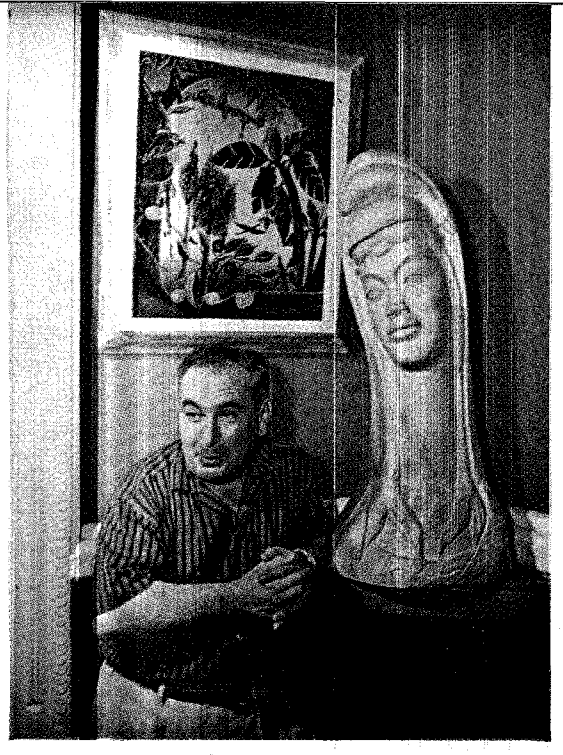


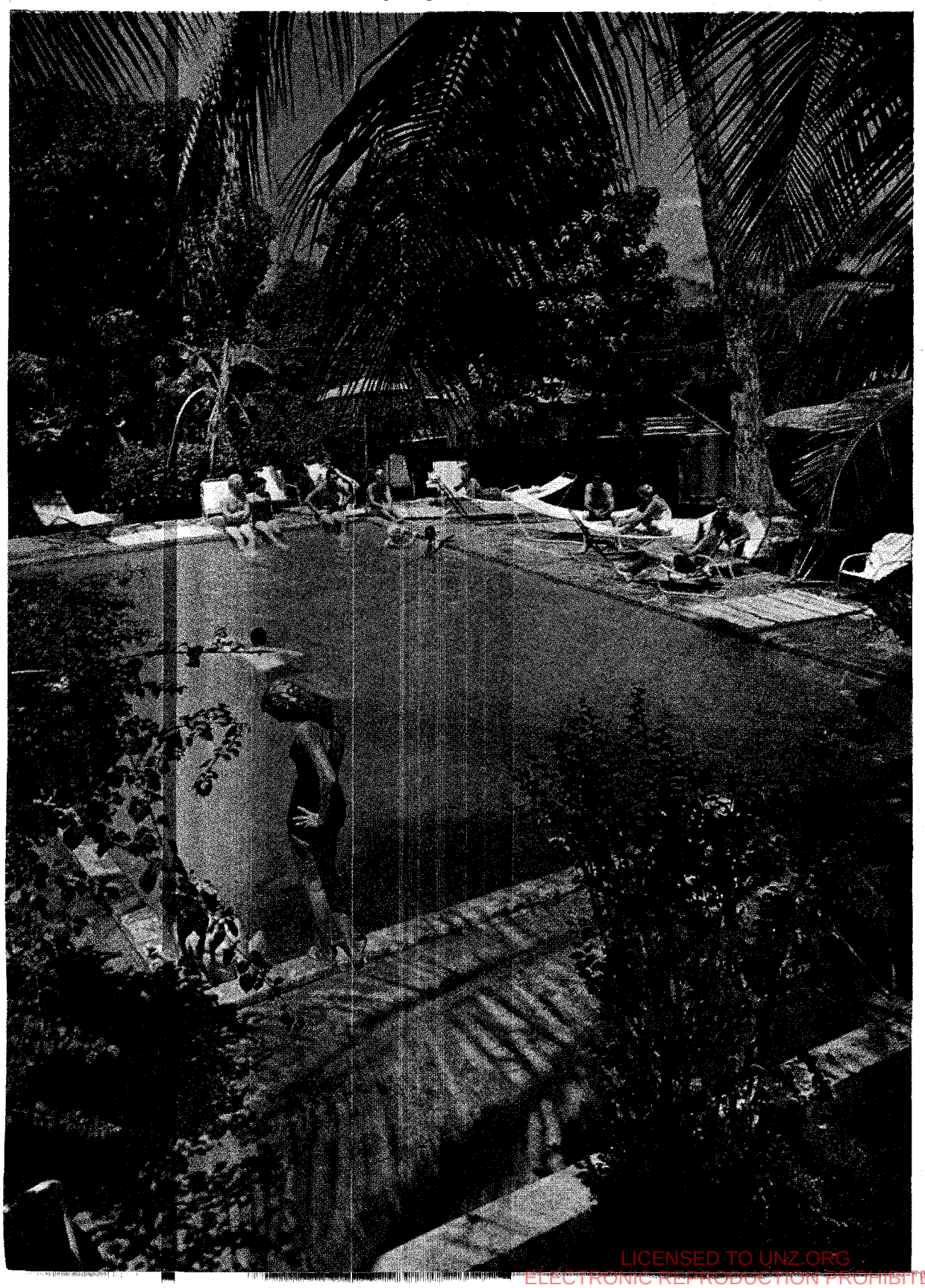
Proprietor Coster, here with some of his Haitian *objets d'art*, was formerly a New York fashion photographer.

Haven for the Uninhibited

By JOHN KOBLER

Haiti's cockeyed château has such bizarre charms that conventional tourists wouldn't dream of staying there—much to the relief of the owner and his regular guests.

The Oloffson's pool, set in a lush tropical garden, overlooks the harbor of Port-au-Prince.



The Grand Hotel Oloffson, a nineteenth-century relic overlooking the Haitian capital of Port-au-Prince, holds scant appeal for tourists who crave the Miamiesque splendors in which the Caribbean abounds. After a cursory glance they are likely to hurry on up into the surrounding hills where half a dozen glittering pleasances proffer the standard amenities. Rising two stories above chaotic clusters of tropical flora, the Oloffson embodies every architectural fantasy dear to the Victorian heart. Dadoes and scrolls festoon its sweeping white façade; lacy cupolas, spires and turrets crown its multiple gables. It has a swimming pool, but of comparatively modest dimensions. Few of its forty-four rooms—which in winter rent from fourteen dollars a day, single occupancy, to thirty-six dollars, double, meals included, and in summer from nine dollars to twenty-six dollars—are air-conditioned, and only two have bathtubs, although all have showers. There is no push-button service, no souvenir shop, no night club and but one bar.

Yet, despite these privations, the gingerbread palace thrives. Operated since 1954 by a naturalized American of Franco-Russian extraction named Roger Coster and his beauteous Haitian wife, Laura, it has become a haven for vacationers of unorthodox tastes, many of them prominent in the theater, letters and art. "Ze Gran' 'otel h'Oloffson," says Coster, a short, round, ebullient man of forty-six, who speaks a wondrously mangled English, "eez ze Greenwheech Veellage of ze tropeek." Happiest himself (Continued on Page 89)

The cuisine is Haitian-French. This waiter's tray offers melon, papaya, pineapple, grapefruit and sliced orange—all home grown.

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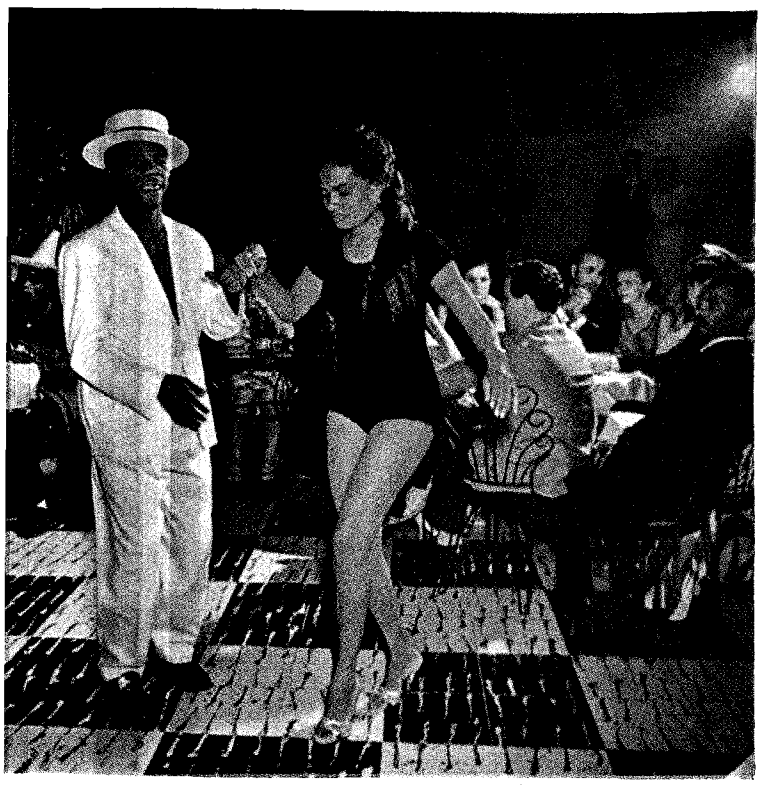
or a Haitian president, the hotel served as a maternity hospital for U. S. marine officers' wives during World War I. The corner above is the "Gielgud suite."



ılights of Port-au-Prince night life is the Oloffson's uninhibited Monday-night nich Coster produces himself. It includes erotic Haitian voodoo dances.

On his daily trips to Port-au-Prince's Iron Market to buy provisions, Coster is accompanied by a woman who carries his purchases in a basket on her head.

Photographs by Frank Ross

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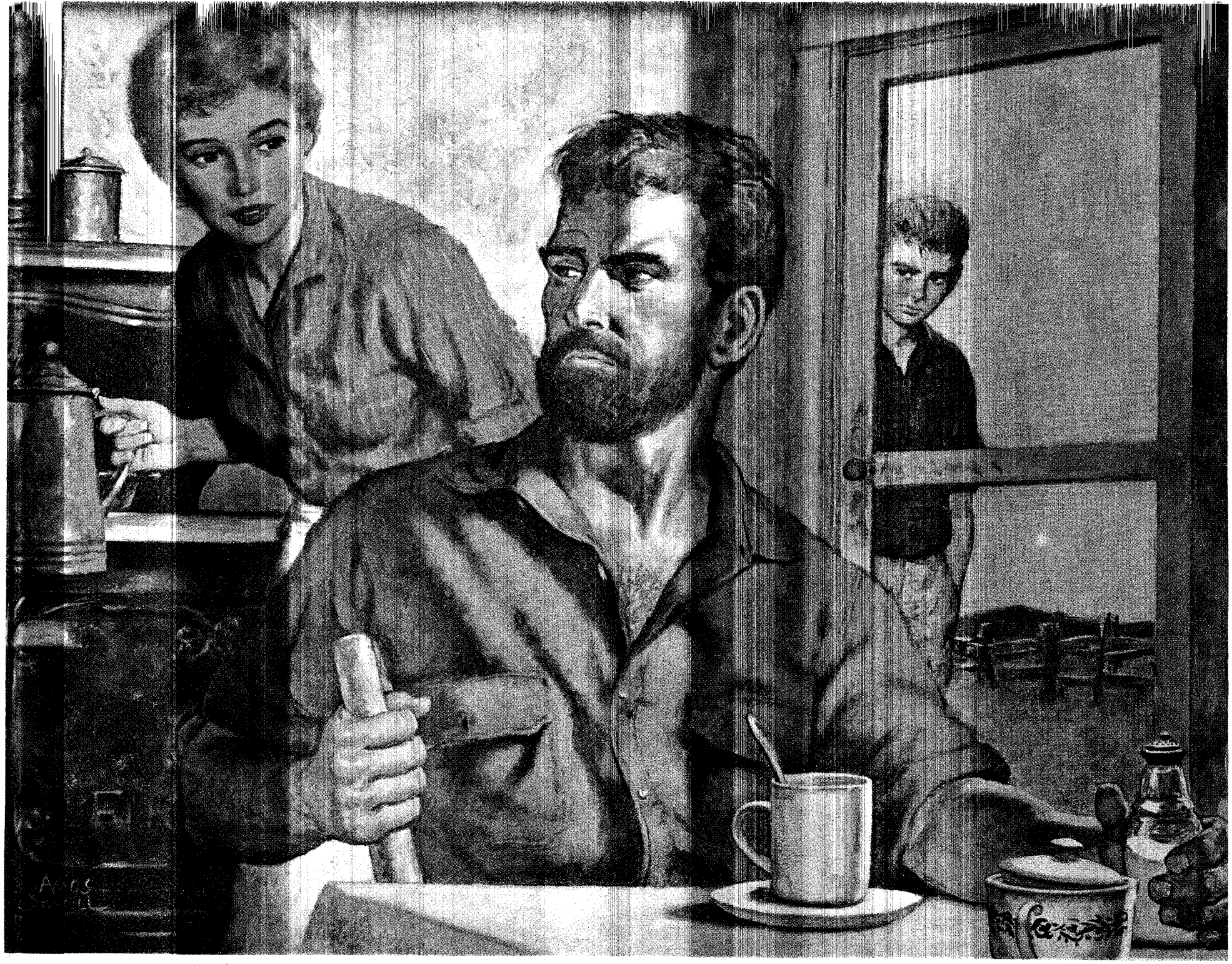

"Isn't there any laughter in you?" she said. "We were a happy family once."

THE HARD MAN

He didn't know how to give his family the one thing they needed.

By VERNE ATHANAS

The thing was, I'd figured Patrick would be the entire day grubbing brush off that sandy hill, so I wasn't expecting to see him at all. But when I came around the corner of the barn, there he was, big as life and twice as ugly, staring me right in the eye.

I was acutely conscious of the shotgun I held in one hand and the sage cock dangling in the other. I hated his guts, with that special feeling a fourteen-year-old puts into his hatred. He said, "Thought your job was to hoe corn."

He had a tenor voice. To me it had a rasping quality. Pa's voice had been a deep baritone.

"Yuh," I said and started around him.

"Then why were you out hunting?"

I stopped, but I didn't look at him. "We needed the meat," I said.

"Who said so?"

I looked at him then. I was as tall as he was—taller, maybe. I said, "I guess I can tell."

I started away again. He caught me by the arm. He wasn't very big, but it always surprised me how strong he was. "Don't walk away when I'm talking to you," he said.

I jerked away. That is, I tried to jerk away, but he didn't give worth a hoot. Suddenly I was standing with my back tight up against the fence. I lost my grip on the shotgun and it toppled over in the dirt. That was pa's gun, a Parker double with fine Damascus barrels. I swung the sage cock at Patrick's head like a club.

Then something bright flashed by, and I was flat on my back alongside the shotgun, and Patrick was standing with his pale blue eyes blazing down at me. He wore a beard, rusty brown, cropped off something like the pictures of General Grant; all that showed was a stubborn jaw (Continued on Page 78)

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HELP FOR HOMEOWNERS

Now a new kind of service organization furnishes its members with prompt and fair-priced assistance for just about every conceivable kind of household emergency.

By STANLEY FRANK

Three Detroit families were beset recently by the kind of trouble that suddenly adds to the expense and headaches of owning a house.

A huge bat invaded Ray Daneman's basement at midnight, terrifying his wife and children.

A crystal chandelier in Mrs. Peter Jameson's dining room broke from the ceiling fixture and dangled by live wires, threatening to shatter on a valuable mahogany table.

The fifteen-year-old son of Nathan H. Siegel, secretary of the Detroit Steel Corporation, was robbed on a Saturday night of a master key to the palatial home which his parents expected to leave locked and unoccupied the next day.

The only connection linking those emergencies is that all three families dialed the same phone number—BRoadway 3-7007—for help. The calls went to the National Home Owners Club, one of 300 firms that have sprung up throughout the country during the last two years to handle any unusual problem or routine repair involved in the safe, efficient management of a house. The Danemans' bat was dispatched within an hour, an electrician answered Mrs. Jameson's SOS in eight minutes, and the club performed a small miracle by getting a man to change the locks on the Siegel residence at nine o'clock on a Sunday morning.

For many of America's 31,000,000 homeowners, a service that furnishes reliable contractors for everything from a leaky faucet to a major renovation is the greatest convenience since the invention of installment buying. This year more than $7,000,000,000 will be spent on the maintenance of residences, and another $16,000,000,000 will go for expanding and modernizing existing dwellings. It is safe to predict that no other family expenditures will provoke more outraged howls or lingering vexation.

The National Association of Better Business Bureaus reports that it received 31,937 complaints concerning home repairs in 1958, and 30,955 complaints about service calls for appliances. Abuses in these two categories have topped the BBB list for the last four years, and officials estimate that the number of complaints lodged with them reflects only 1 per cent of the total. With the figures projected, it seems that the public is dissatisfied with about 6,000,000 repair and construction jobs annually on three counts—(1) exorbitant prices, (2) incompetent workmanship and (3) intolerable delays in responding to service calls and in completing jobs.

Not all the gripes are justified, of course. Some people forget that a TV technician's time is worth four dollars an hour and that the going rate for plumbers is six dollars. Some complain, with good reason, that too many mechanics lack the training or skill to cope with the complicated equipment in the average home.

The tizzies caused by breakdowns of washing machines, TV sets and the like made such an impression on two Europeans not long ago that they originated the idea of setting up a clearinghouse to provide qualified technicians for every conceivable need. These thinkers, Dr. Louis Leck, a Swiss oceanographer, and R. Steengracht Van Moyland, a Dutch pilot, launched the United Home Services in Los Angeles in 1954, with the financial backing of James C. Hoover and Nathaniel Willis.

The plan gained such ready acceptance—UHS now has 34,000 members—that similar projects have spread to virtually every metropolitan center. The Home Service Club of Dallas, Texas, signed 2740 subscribers in nine weeks last spring, the Mr. Service Club of Chicago enrolled 1000 in seven months and Allied Homeowners, of Roslyn, Long Island, doubled its roster of 1500 customers in a year. One of the most enterprising outfits, the National Home Owners Club, lists 7400 members in Detroit, and has sold franchises in twenty-six cities since last April. It is estimated that there are 250,000 families in the United States who have bought round-the-clock protection against mechanical failures in their homes.

All the successful clubs—we'll get to the washouts in a moment—operate along the same lines. For a fee ranging from five dollars to twelve dollars a year, a member is serviced by a panel of contractors who have been screened for reliability, workmanship and reasonable prices in about seventy-five different trades. The club guarantees every job and examines the bills to make certain they conform to an approved schedule of labor charges and material costs. Emergencies endangering health or property are met within the hour. Other calls, if received before noon, are answered the same day. Members can arrange to pay bills once a month by passing an ordinary credit investigation.

The club also collects fees from the contractors for directing them to new customers and guaranteeing the payment of their bills—a 10 per cent commission on jobs up to $1000, 7.5 per cent for bigger work.

Critics object that commission deals invite unscrupulous clubs and contractors to pad bills and to hustle clients for elaborate home improvements. Fly-by-night firms have been guilty of those practices, of course; guilty, too, of neglecting calls involving minimum service charges, and of brushing off complaints of slipshod work.

On the other hand, rapidly expanding membership lists indicate that most clubs are doing a conscientious job for their customers. The Detroit Better Business Bureau reports that it had not received a single complaint against the National Home Owners Club in the first thirteen months, a situation as unprecedented as a large department store's exchanging no gift ties the day after Christmas. It is true, though, that some firms have folded after going through the motions for a few months. The home-service field, like all new ventures, has attracted a few sharpshooters who see a chance to make a fast buck, then pull up stakes; but most of the failures can be blamed on poor organization and insufficient financing.

Reputable service clubs require franchise seekers to have a capitalization of $25,000. In new territory competition is so keen that almost half the initial investment must be earmarked for advertising. The Home Service Club spent $30,000 in a promotion campaign in Dallas, bucking eighteen rivals. The most time-consuming phase in getting a club off the ground is a thorough screening of contractors, the key to a good operation. One branch of the National Home Owners Club, located in Irvington, New Jersey, investigated 1300 electricians before selecting three.

"I expect the clubs to become firmly established all over the country in the next five years, because they fill a vital need," says Don Moore, executive director of the Home Improvement Council. "Before buying a membership, though, a homeowner should ask his local chamber of commerce or Better Business Bureau about the financial stability of the people behind a club. If he doesn't check, he may be left high and dry in an emergency."

(Continued on Page 95)

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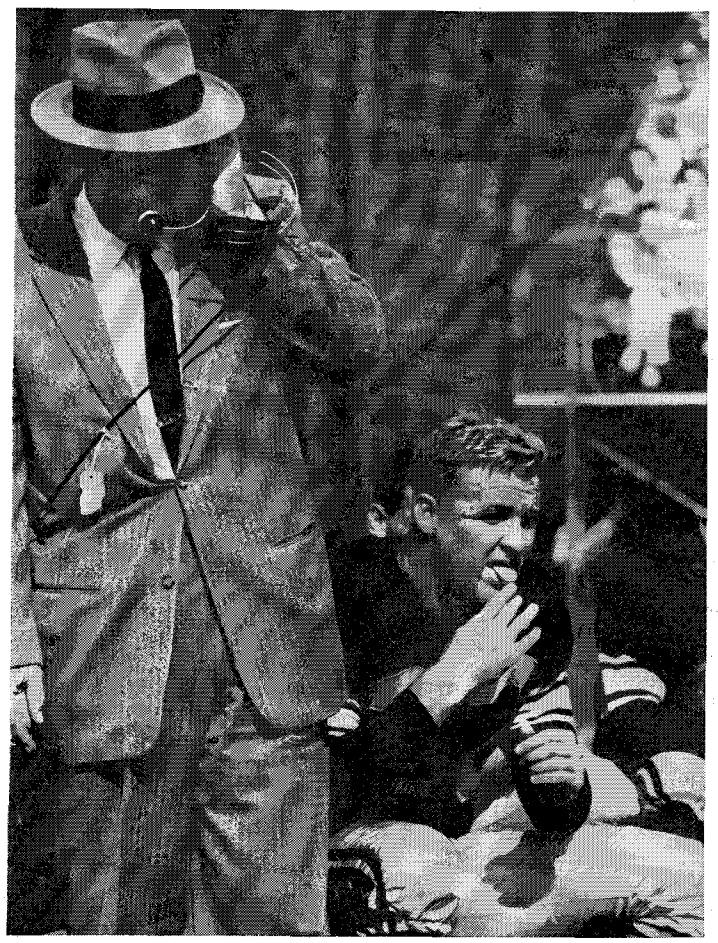
This Is No Game for Kids

After eleven years as a pro, Pittsburgh Steelers quarterback Bobby Layne tells what he thinks about restrictive training rules, night life and his role as a field general.



"Winning in football is more than just a matter of playing ability," says Layne, here fidgeting on the side lines next to Steelers' coach Buddy Parker during a game with the Redskins last month.

By BOBBY LAYNE as told to Murray Olderman

It's not hard to find me on a football field. I'm the fellow who stands behind the center. I have my hands out for the ball, and my mouth is open and barking. And when that ball comes back you'll generally see me trying to unload it in a hurry and get out of the way of those 250-pound monsters charging across the line of scrimmage.

I'm a professional quarterback—the field boss of the Pittsburgh Steelers of the National Football League. That doesn't make me any more important to the Steelers than the ten big brothers who are out there with me. I can't win a game by myself, any more than they can. But the moves I make can easily lose us a game.

I happen to like being a pro quarterback. I have my own ideas about what the job requires. Not everybody agrees with the things I do—and don't do. Anyway, it's been my life for eleven years, going on twelve. I've got a lot to show for it, including a broken leg, a couple of dents in my head, some tooth marks here and there and a few miscellaneous gouges. I've also acquired a little potbelly from good living, and a little pride in my performance.

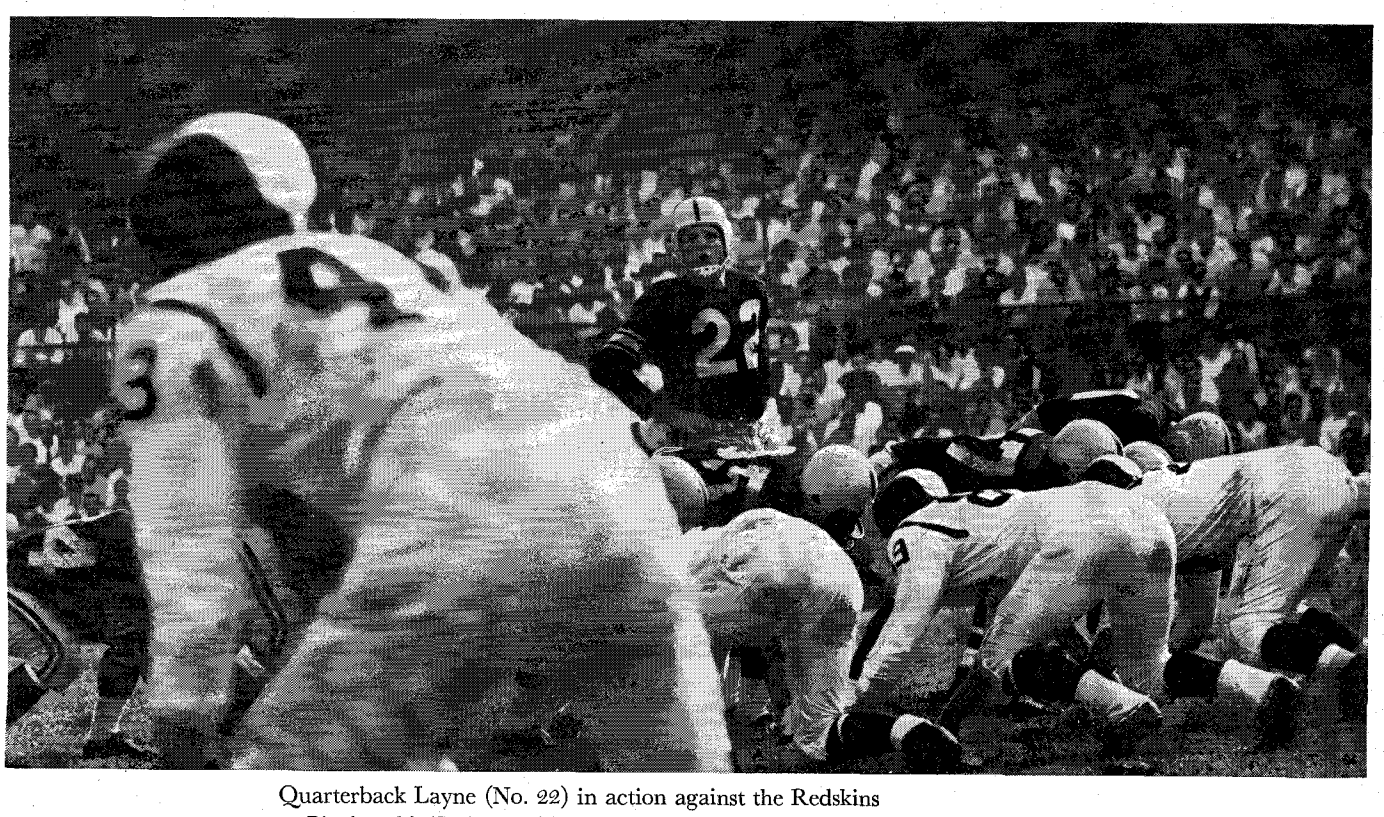
Because of my pride there was a point last season when I temporarily got fed up. I was so tired and disgusted that I called my wife at home in Lubbock, Texas, and told her I was quitting football. I was playing for the Detroit Lions then. I had been with them eight years, and in that time we had won four Western Division titles and three league championships, and had finished second twice.

Now I was suddenly a bum. In the second game of the season the Green Bay Packers tied the Lions, 13–13, and it was all my fault. I was blamed for missing an extra point and for not doing various other things to win the game. The coaching staff criticized me openly, and some of the Detroit sports writers got on my back.

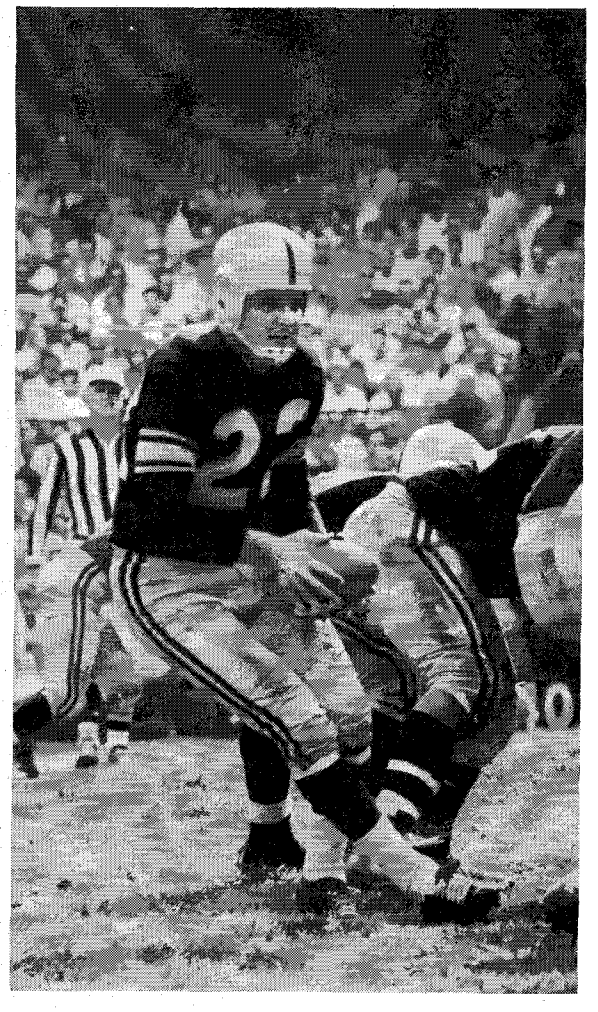
"Come on home," my wife Carol said when I phoned her. It's not easy on her, you know, sitting a couple of thousand miles away. She has to stay in Lubbock, because the boys—Bobby Jr., who's eleven, and Alan, who's six—both go to school. The only time we get to see one another during the season is on occasional quick trips back and forth.

I was unhappy with the Lions even before that Green Bay stuff, mainly because I was splitting time at quarterback with Tobin Rote. Tobin and I were buddies. We roomed together and

(Continued on Page 96)



Quarterback Layne (No. 22) in action against the Redskins at Pittsburgh's Forbes Field. "Just the way you bark out the signals can tell the team if you have confidence in the play you called."



Photographs by Farrell Grehan

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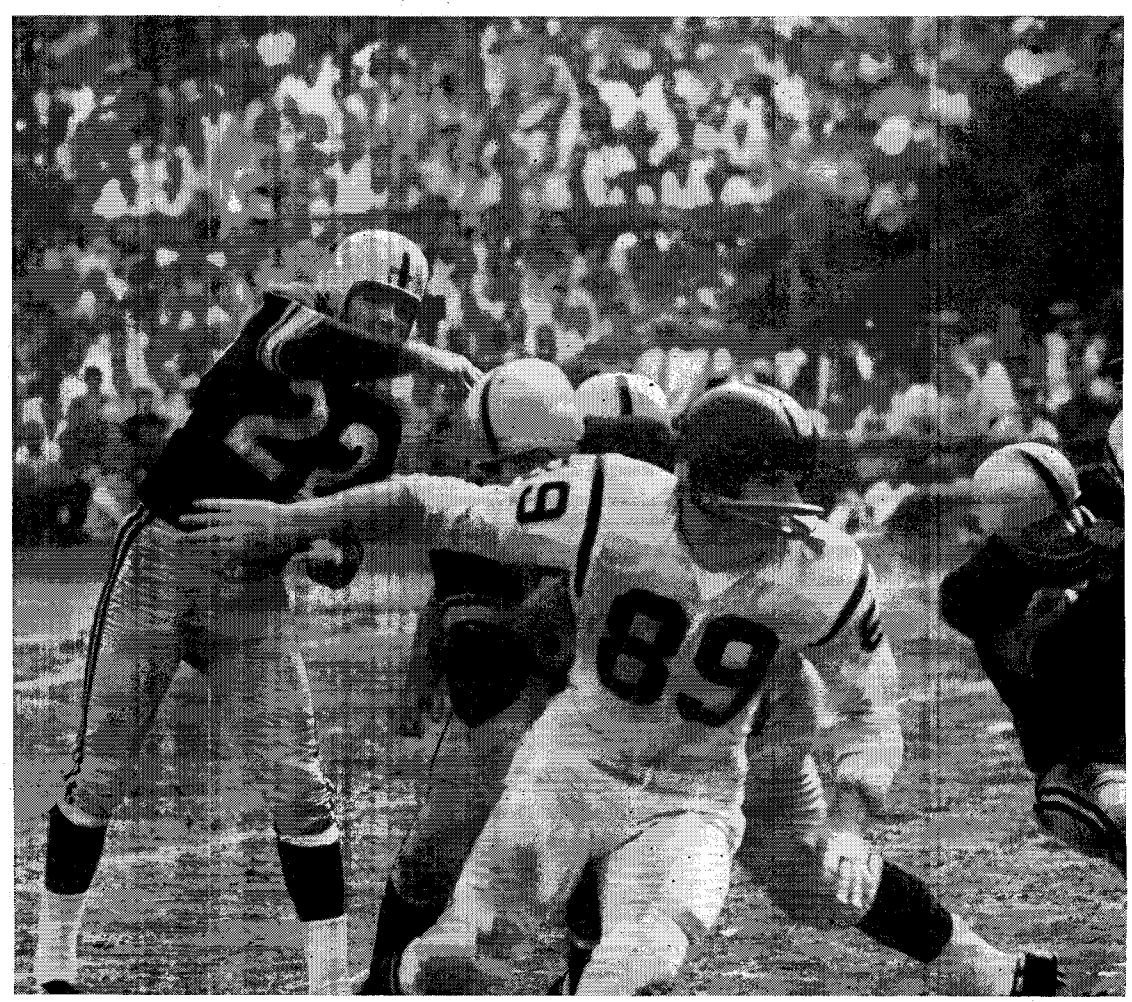
The Steelers' formidable forward wall. From left: tackles Joe Lewis and Ernie Stautner (with attendant holding ice pack on his head), end George Tarasovic and tackle Joe Krupa.

Passer Layne fading back behind his beefy bulwark. "If a lineman misses a block and I get smeared, he's going to hear from me," he says. The Steelers lost this game, 23–17.



Layne successfully tosses over the heads of his dogged defenders. His passing record is second only to that of former Redskin great, Sammy Baugh.

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The Peace of AMERICA

Farewell, Dear Relics

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Miss Della Keiser has sold out—lock, stock and barrel—at the rundown family farm near Normal Square, Pennsylvania. Now in her seventies and living in a home for the aged, she's the last survivor of an old and respected clan. So auctioneer Curtis Houser knocked down the time-worn possessions and, so doing, tolled the death of a household and the end of a family.

The sale started on a somber note, which soon vanished under the auctioneer's chatter and jokes. Then gambling fever gripped the bidders, hopeful of a genuine antique in a stack of cracked dishes bought for a dime—or perhaps a Colonial craftsman's mark under that cupboard's varnish.

In the chilly November tableau above you'll spot shrewd-eyed city antique dealers, suburbanites hunting something mellow for their slick new split-levels, and sober-faced farmers seeking a bargain in harrow or sump pump—and, of course, the somewhat anxious woman in the red hat (standing by the cupboard, hand to mouth), who broke into a smile when her twenty-eight-dollar bid took the venerable captain's chair held by the auctioneer. ● Photo by George Harvan

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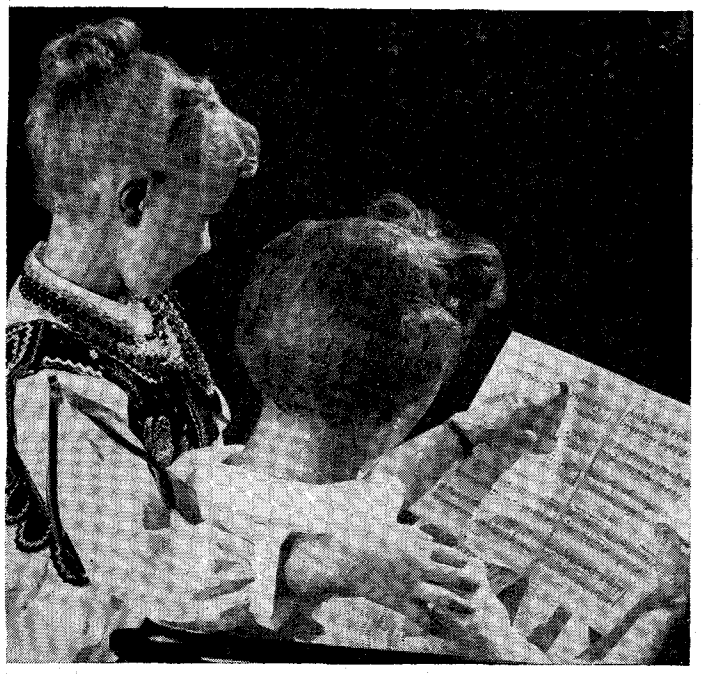
The director of a dissolved collective farm and his family. They exemplify the hardship and shabbiness which the author found on all sides during her revisit to Poland.

By GRETA VAN DYKE TURSKA

The Poland I Saw

Poland has regained more freedom than any other satellite but, as this inside story reveals, the Poles still fight a grim battle for existence.

Among the few things Mrs. Turska brought back are a costume vest and necklaces, worn here by her granddaughter Jan, and a book of Polish songs.

These are the yellow string beans which grew from the seeds the author's brother-in-law gave her, as a parting gift, to plant on free soil.

When I ended my last visit to Poland I was in tears and could not stop crying—but I clutched in my pocket a few Polish beans. Those beans grew strong and tall in the small garden behind my house this last summer as a talisman for the family I had left behind—and especially for my brother-in-law, Stefan, who sent the beans to free soil because he never expected to reach it himself. He thought that if the beans could get to the free soil of America—and if the outside world even knew anything about how ordinary people exist in a Communist country—somehow there still might be some chance for those people, in spite of all the indications.

The later visit of Vice President Richard Nixon to Warsaw obviously aroused some similar belief in the shouting thousands who greeted him and reaffirmed the affection of Polish people for America. Stefan wrote to me shortly afterward. Most of his letter concerned family affairs: the drafting of his son into the Polish army despite poor health; the failure of my letters and packages to get through, although I send mail and small amounts of money weekly.

But he also wrote: "About the politics, we are so happy that yesterday your vice president arrived in Warsaw. Now I have hope that a change will come. He visited the places of murder and said we never again should permit conflict of that nature. . . . How wonderfully he talked about our universities. . . . Now I close. I am very tired and cannot go on."

I know Mr. Nixon did not see Stefan, who was working in Gdynia and was much too sick and too poor to have gone to Warsaw; but I can hope that he had a chance to look beyond the expectant faces of the crowds to the thousands of people like Stefan, to see a little of the hopelessness (Continued on Page 125)

Names of the author and persons mentioned in this manuscript have been changed in order to protect those still in Poland from possible Communist retaliation. THE EDITORS

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He had the drop on an unarmed man and every reason to shoot him down.

CAUSE TO KILL

By DUVAN POLK

Oliver Dykes smoked three cigarettes while he was waiting for Lonzo Cretsinger. He leaned against the smooth, peeled, weather-worn logs of the main house and felt, in spite of himself, the first uncomfortable stirring of nervousness. Indian summer was close on, now, and the soft warmth of the early-morning sun was a pleasant thing as it struck him in the face and reflected from the wall.

Oliver stared without curiosity—because he had been with Lonzo from the start—at the stout pens and the solid barns and the long bunkhouse, and he thought how permanent and everlasting they seemed after fifteen years and, in his opinion, how expressive they were of Lonzo's character and personality.

Lonzo came stamping out into the morning then, clearing his throat and fixing his gaze on Oliver in that flat, uncompromising way he had. "You want something, Oliver?"

Oliver dropped his cigarette and ground it into the blackish, grainy dirt at the base of the wall and listened absently, for just a second or two, to the chatter of the squirrels and the scolding of the jays in the forest that closed in upon this mountain ranch headquarters. "I figure it's time I had a talk with you, Lon," he said.

"Well?" said Cretsinger, not making it any easier.

"Lon," Oliver said, feeling his way, "when I came up here with you from Texas I never thought I'd get used to these mountains. I liked the water that was here, but I missed that old dry heat and bein' able to look out a day and a half across the plains."

"I've got things to do and so do you," Cretsinger said impatiently, fluffing his beard with the back of his hand. "If you want to write a poem—why, do it on your own time!"

Oliver let it slide, knowing he had this to say and not knowing any other way to tell it. Unknowingly, as he almost always did in times of stress, his fingers pulled the sack of tobacco from his shirt pocket and put themselves to work. "But Lon," he said, "I've changed somewhat. This country's in my blood now, and I'm not gettin' any younger. What I want is to get a place of my own and, when I get it fixed up, maybe marry and raise a family." He grinned self-consciously, "There ain't no fool like an old fool."

"Well," said Cretsinger, not sneering because he had always been too busy to learn to sneer, "are you thinking maybe that you've got something extra coming to you in addition to wages?"

"No," Oliver said, getting angry, but not showing

(Continued on Page 67)

"If you pull that trigger," Lonzo said, "you'll swing for murder."

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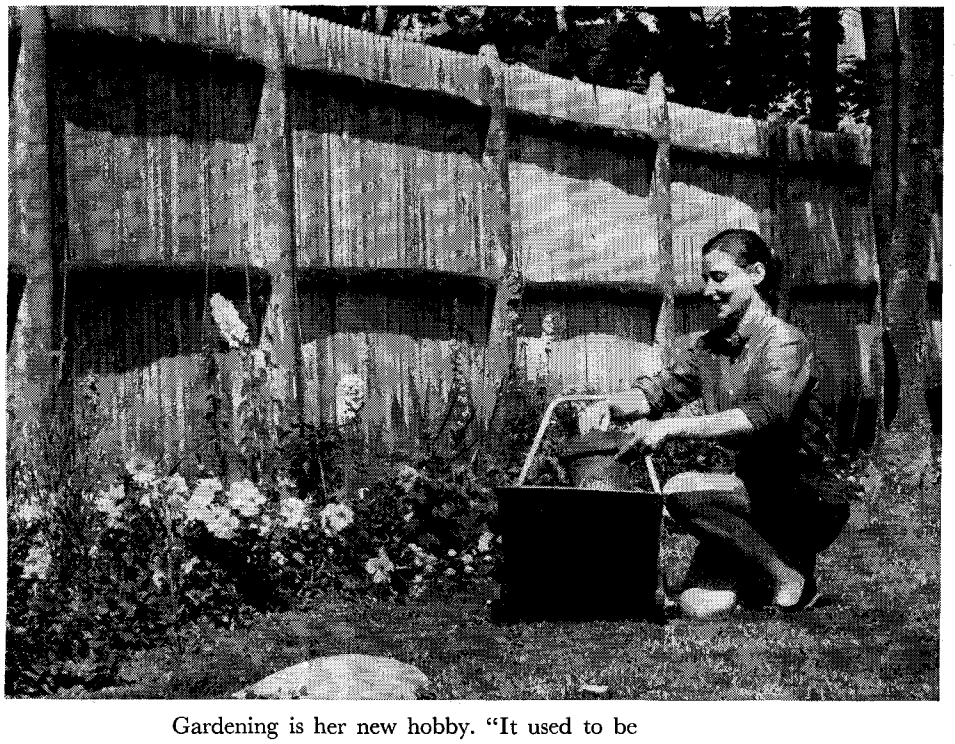
At Avco's laboratories at Wilmington, Mass., "Doctor Dorothy" examines a sample of material to be tested for use in rocket nose cones.



Gardening is her new hobby. "It used to be I couldn't keep a potted plant alive for two weeks, but now I have success with all kinds of things."

Her husband Sidney, shown above returning to their Andover, Mass., home after work, is also a scientist. "They're both in love with science *and* each other," says one neighbor of the Simons' marriage.

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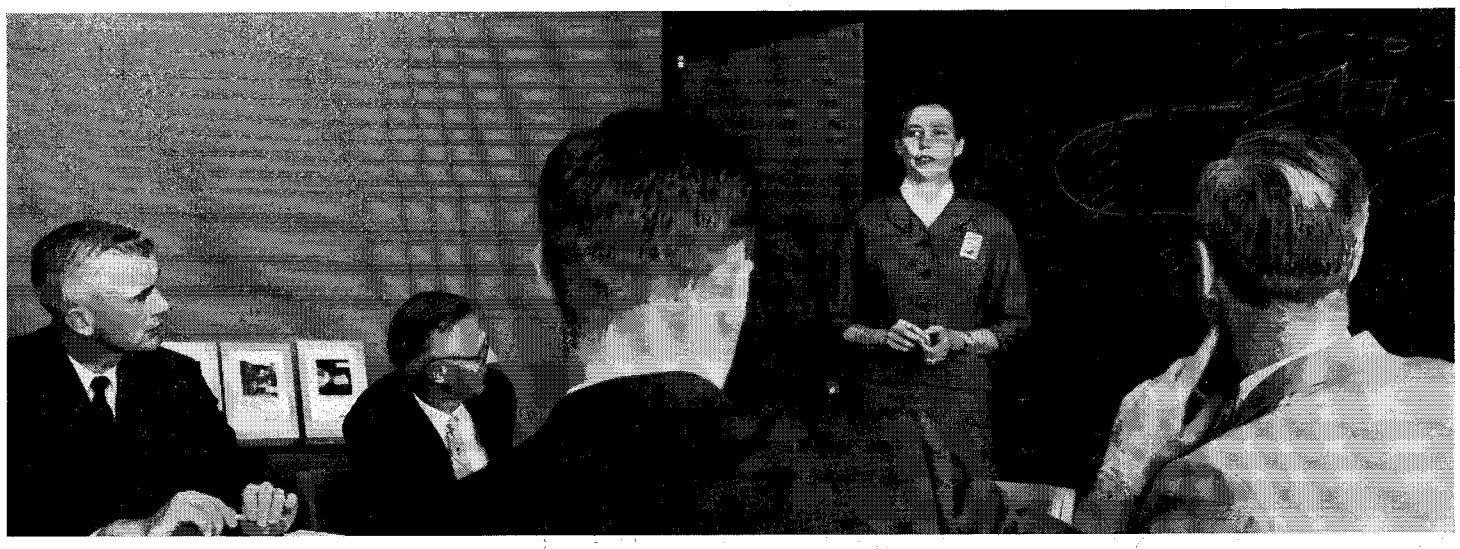


Dorothy has become used to being the only woman in a pre-eminently male preserve. Above, she lectures Avco executives on space technology.

The Lady Knows Her Rockets

As one of the most important women in American space science Dr. Dorothy Martin Simon has learned that the secret of success is in knowing more than the men do.

By ROUL TUNLEY

Not long ago, an Andover, Massachusetts, housewife called a repairman to say that her clothes dryer wouldn't work. "Will you bring a new belt out, please?" she asked. "The old one has slipped."

The man came out, but he didn't bring the belt. "What do women know about machines, anyway?" he'd said to his associate on leaving the shop. "It's probably something else." With man-confidence, he examined the broken-down machine in the lady's home and found it was indeed exactly as she'd said. "I'll have to get a new belt," he explained.

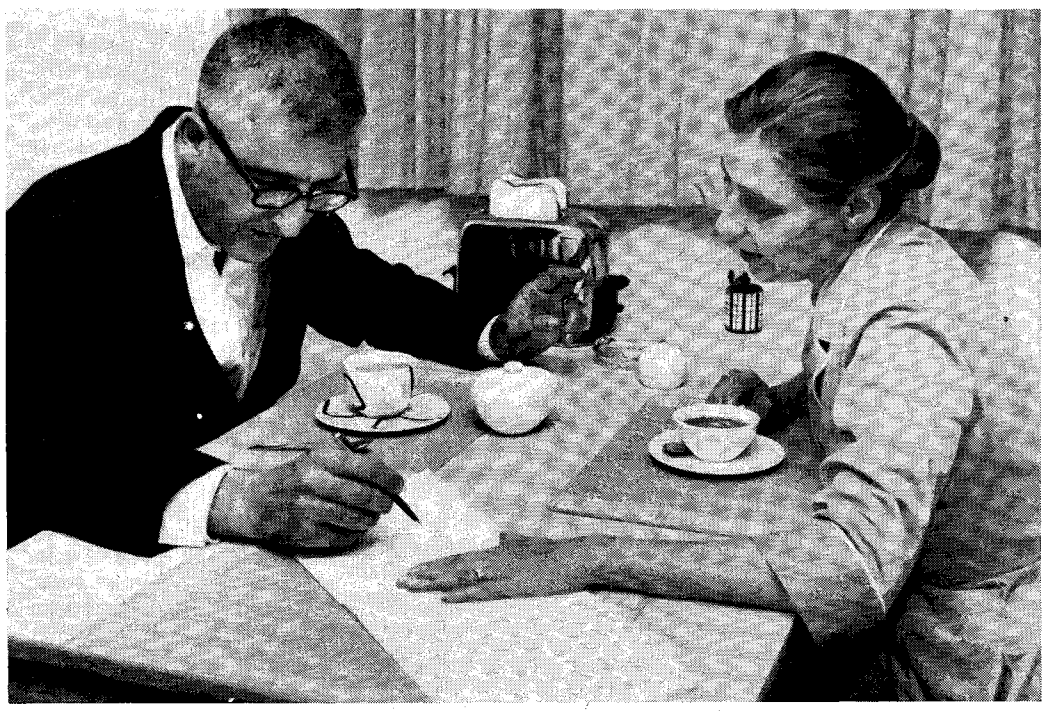
"But that's what I asked you to bring in the first place," she reminded him.

"Yes, ma'am."

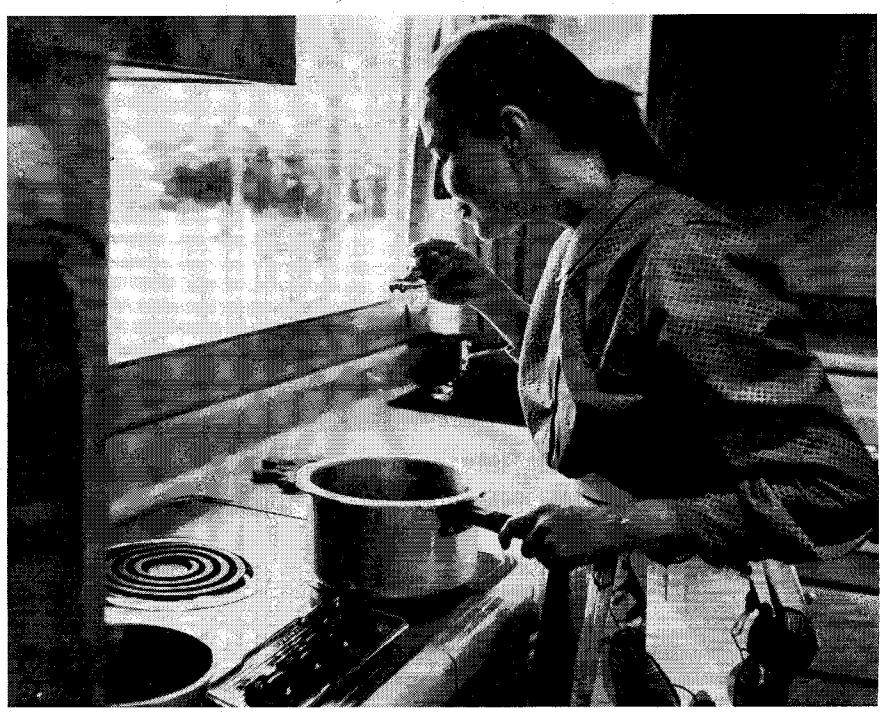
He went away, shaking his head. How was this poor fellow to know that, in a world where women are supposed to be helpless when a fuse fizzles or an iron cord frays, he had come in contact with a woman who not only knew what was wrong with the dryer but also was fully capable of having invented it?

The repairman was new in the area, and the lady was deceptive. She didn't look like the mechanical type. She was young—thirty-nine—well dressed, and had regular features set off by straight brown-blond hair drawn back in an effect not unlike the late Evita Perón, without the jewelry. He found it hard to believe, when he was told later, that this particular housewife—Dorothy Simon, by name—is the most important woman in space science and possibly the most important lady scientist in the country. For, when not calling repairmen and running her house in Andover, she is up to her lipstick in rockets, missiles and other space vehicles. She is even directly concerned with the (Continued on Page 115)

Photographs by Ormond Gigli



Sunday breakfast: Although she has more or less subordinated her career to her husband's, Mrs. Simon's reputation in science has soared higher than his. But, as Sidney proudly admitted to the author, "I don't mind being the Prince Consort."



A good cook, she likes to eat and prepare wide varieties of food. Here she samples a batch of laságne. The Simons have no children.

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"Maybe if you had your best school shoes full of corn flakes you wouldn't think it was so funny."

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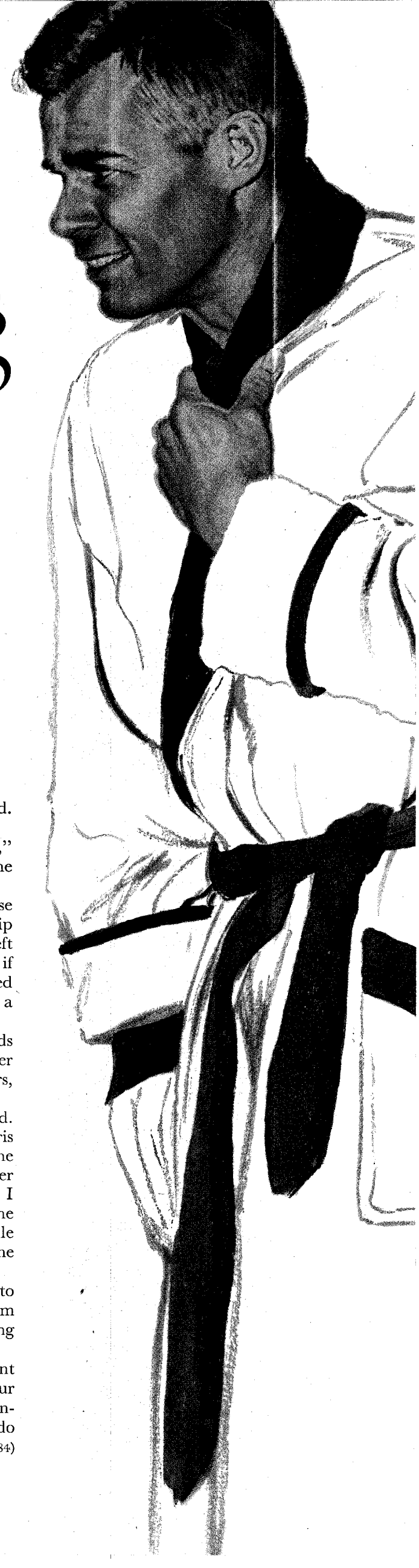
The Second-String Baby Sitter

By WILL STANTON

Most bachelors have strong ideas about how to raise other people's children. That is, until they try it.



I don't happen to have children of my own, and I suppose that's why parents are sometimes hesitant in asking me for advice. But I give it to them anyway—after all, what are friends for? As an example, take my friends Stan and Kris.

Stan was an old Army buddy, and on this occasion a business trip took me to his home town. As it worked out, I had a couple of days to kill, so I gave him a ring. Of course, nothing would do but I must come and stay with them.

"Sounds fine," I said. "I remember what fun I had last time with you and Kris and that friend of yours ——"

"You mean Dace Elliot," he said. "We'll give her a ring and see if she can have dinner with us."

"Why bother?" I asked. "I don't even remember her very well. I'm mainly interested in getting to know Kris and the kids a little better."

"It won't hurt to give her a ring."

"That's up to you," I said. "Her number's LO 1–8164." I went right out.

Kris met me at the door. She's a real good-looking blonde. "Go on out to the patio," she said. "I know you two have lots to talk over."

I stepped out and shook hands with Stan.

"Enjoy yourselves," Kris said. "Call when you want more beer."

"This is the life," I said.

"I've been looking forward to it," Stan said. "Remember Ryan, our old top kick?" He went on like that for a while.

Kris came out with two fresh cans of beer. "You two having yourselves a time?"

"Just talking over old times," Stan said. "Those were the days."

"I don't begrudge you a single one of them," she said. "Just keep in the back of your mind the wife and kids."

"That'll be a cinch every time I wear these pants." Stan peeled something off his hip pocket. "Will you try to find out which one left his gum in this chair? I think it's wintergreen, if that's any help." He turned to me. "They used to put their gum *under* the chairs, but I put a stop to that."

"You parents all talk as though raising kids were some great problem," I observed. "After all, even dogs can be trained to open doors, count to ten, jump through hoops ——"

"My kids can do all those things," Stan said.

I was about to make a pointed reply, but Kris came in with the kids and Dace. I remember the first time I saw her and asked her about her name. She said it was short for Candace, so I asked her what was wrong with Candy, and she said it had too many calories. She didn't smile when she said it, but looked me straight in the eye. That was when I decided she had class.

This time she smiled and said she was glad to see me again. Then she turned to Stan. "I'm sorry I interrupted you—what were you saying your kids could do?"

"Well, one of them left a roller skate in front of the house, and the milkman smashed four dozen eggs on the sidewalk on Easter morning. Show me a Pomeranian that could do that."

(Continued on Page 84)

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

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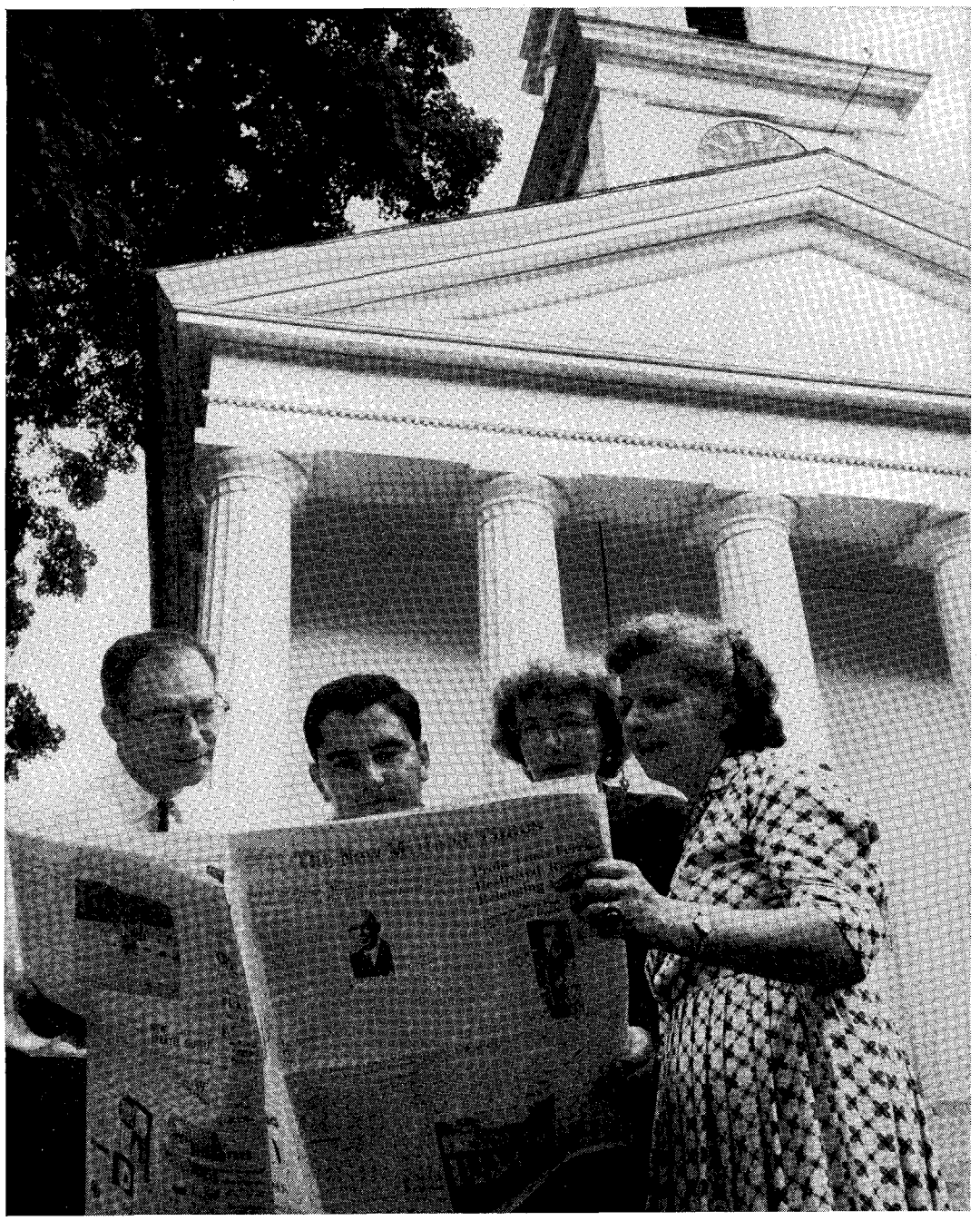
Photographs by Frank Ross

The New Milford (Connecticut) Board of Education. Seated (from left), Mrs. Jeffrey Ferris, Mrs. Thomas J. Leahey, Mrs. James R. Dolan (secretary), Mrs. C. Henry Roth (chairman), Mrs. Harry B. Bradbury (the author and the board's asst. secretary) and Edward F. Mack (Vice Chairman). Standing (from left), M. Joseph Lillis, Charles H. Aldrich Jr., Robert M. Spatola, Merrill S. Golden, and C. Robert Ohmen.



"The editor of the local paper watches us like a hawk," says author Bradbury, shown at right above with three board members. "The day the *Times* comes out, we pay ten cents to read what we've done wrong."

WE'RE ALWAYS ON THE SPOT

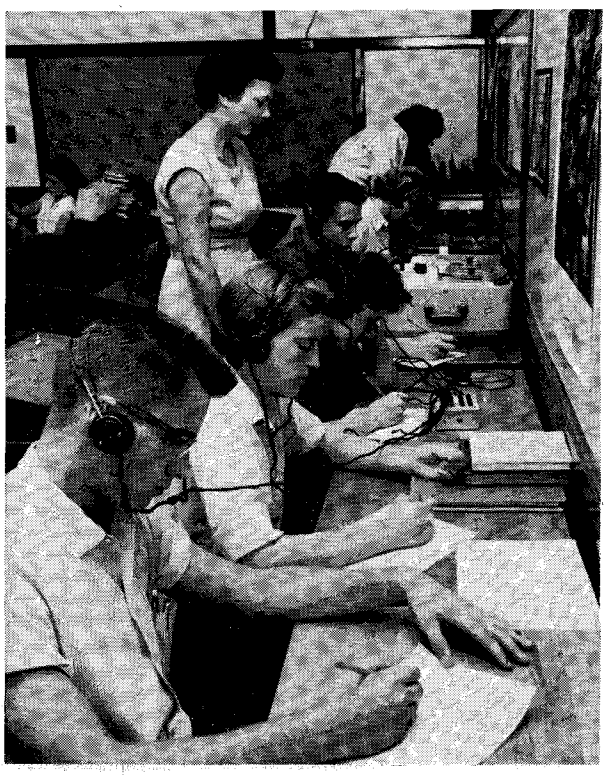
By BIANCA BRADBURY

The author, who serves on a small-town school board, recites the crises she and her colleagues face in trying to give their community's children the best education obtainable.

JANUARY 6

Home last night, or rather this morning, at twelve-forty from board of education. Sleeting, and the five miles was a horror. I could have asked one of the men on the board to follow me home, to make sure I arrived in one piece, but I didn't have the heart. They're businessmen, and they were as tired as I was, and they had to get to work this morning. Our board secretary, Elizabeth Dolan, never did make it—she skidded off the road, and her husband had to get up in the middle of the night to rescue her.

I did some hard thinking on that scary drive. Why, after serving one term on the board, did I run last year for another four years? I passed



Right: In the New Milford High School language lab, students listen to French and Spanish on tapes. This is part of the new "hard-core curriculum" championed by the school board.

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The John Pettibone School (elementary), built in 1955 at a cost of $860,000. Although a $263,000, ten-room wing was added in 1957, its facilities are already inadequate.

house after darkened house inhabited by lucky people who had spent the cozy evening reading or watching TV in the bosoms of their families. We twelve suckers had been slaving over a hot conference table at the John Pettibone School from 7:45 until midnight. Why does anybody in his right mind consent to serve on a school board? I wish I knew.

JANUARY 13

Special meeting of the curriculum committee at Ed Mack's house. Ed is chairman. Authorities write *books* about curriculum. It's such a controversial subject that everybody with an M. Ed. (Continued on Page 69)

ONE AMERICAN TOWN . . .

The scene of the diary beginning on these pages is the Connecticut town of New Milford, population 6800. New Milford once was purely a farming community, but in recent years industrial plants have settled there, and the old farms are being cut up into subdivisions. As a result the New Milford School Board faces "expansion" problems typical of many other American towns today. The diarist, Bianca Bradbury, is the mother of two grown sons and has served on the board for five years. —THE EDITORS.

The biggest problem facing the school board is how to raise $1,940,000 to replace its overcrowded high school (above), which must resort to two shifts in 1960.

Left: Seventh-grade shop class at the John Pettibone School. Despite the new emphasis on academic subjects, the author feels that home economics for girls and practical manual-arts classes for boys are still a necessity.

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Too Many Ghosts

By PAUL GALLICO

Hero tried a fearful test, using the American girl as his guinea pig.

Does anyone here know why someone would want Susan to leave Paradine Hall?" Hero asked.

Alexander Hero, private investigator and ghost breaker extraordinary, was questioning the Paradine family in the violently disrupted room of their beautiful American guest, Susan Marshall. This was the latest manifestation of the legendary "phantom nun of Paradine Hall."

The only person who did not seem upset about the incident was Isobel, Lord Paradine's sister. But everyone at Paradine Hall, family and paying guests, was suspect.

A complicating factor unknown to Hero was that young Mark Paradine was in love with Susan—and jealous of both Sir Richard Lockerie, a friend and guest of the Paradines, and Hero himself.

Next Hero requested that his photographer stepsister, Meg, be invited to the hall so she could secretly help him. Then Hero inspected the music room, where the phantom nun had purportedly played the harp, as well as Isobel's room. There he noted further indications of the poltergeist's work. And Isobel made the ominous prediction that someone at Paradine Hall would die.

III

That same morning, on the way to his car, Hero encountered Mr. Jellicot and Professor Paulson in the lounge in a state of considerable agitation. The dried-up little scientist was pale, and his fingers were working nervously, while the rotund retired draper was trembling with excitement. Perspiration stood on his brow, and his lips were quivering as, sighting Hero, he called, "Sir! Sir! We have just been witness to a genuine psychical phenomenon!"

"Amazing," said Professor Paulson.

"The poltergeist—I have an apport, a real apport! It came flying in through the window." He reached into the pocket of his sack coat and produced a smooth, egg-shaped flint such as abounded in the neighborhood. "I have witnessed a poltergeist! Spendley-Carter is going to write a report on it for our publication, *The Spiritist*." His eyes were shining. "Just imagine—a poltergeist happening to a member of Parliament, and myself there to attest it!"

Hero looked to Professor Paulson, who nodded and said, "Yes, it is true. I saw it all myself."

"What happened?"

Mr. Jellicot eagerly took up the narrative. "Professor Paulson and I were coming from my room, where I had been showing him a copy of our little magazine. We were passing the door of the Spendley-Carters when we heard a great crash and a scream. We rushed

Mrs. Spendley-Carter clung to her husband, terrified, as the objects flew past them.

inside, to come upon a scene of the greatest confusion—a table at one side of the room containing books and ash trays and things had been overturned, though no one was near it; a jug of water had been spilled on the floor; shoes and articles of clothing were flying about the room; stones were coming in the window ——" Here Mr. Jellicot held up his apport again. "Mrs. Spendley-Carter was over by the mantel, screaming, 'Don't let it touch me! Don't let it touch me!' while Spendley-Carter was trying to calm her."

"Why didn't you summon me?" Hero asked, and caught the look that Jellicot and the professor exchanged. "All right," he said, "so you wanted it for yourselves. But I'd like to remind you that my job is to rid this house of that sort of thing. Just exactly what was it you saw?"

Professor Paulson began, "If you will accept the testimony of one who you must admit is a trained observer ——" Mr. Hero nodded. "When we entered the room conditions seemed indeed chaotic, with Mrs. Spendley-Carter in a state of terror, and articles strewn in confusion about the floor. A woman's shoe was flying through the air just as we entered ——"

Hero interrupted. "Whose shoe was it—Mrs. Spendley-Carter's, or the child's, or a strange shoe?"

Professor Paulson suddenly looked somewhat nonplused.

"I didn't inquire," he said.

"I thought you were a trained observer," said Hero. "Go on; where was everyone at this time?"

"Mrs. Spendley-Carter was over by the mantel with her face in her hands, moaning; Spendley-Carter was standing next her."

"And where was the child?"

"I know what you are thinking," said Mr. Jellicot, "but it was impossible for her to have been involved in any way. She was sitting in an alcove at the other side of the room with her back to us."

"What was she doing?"

"She was painting in her water-color book."

"With all that row going on?"

Professor Paulson said, "I had her under observation all of the time, as well as everyone else in the room. The apport—that is, the stone Mr. Jellicot has—came flying in through the window, the one nearest the alcove."

Hero asked, "Was the window open or shut?"

Professor Paulson said, "The window was shut. I went particularly to look, after the object had passed over my shoulder and landed upon the floor."

"How long ago was this?" Hero asked.

"About a half hour."

Hero picked up the stone and weighed it in his hand. It appeared to be an ordinary Norfolk flint, but the trail would be cold now, and so was this piece of rock; it could tell the little instrument he had in his pocket nothing. Had he only been there when it landed or immediately after! Hero said to Professor Paulson, "Do you believe that an inanimate object such as this can fly through the air of its own volition?"

(Continued on Page 101)

He was eying the knob of the door handle, which was slowly, perceptibly and inexorably turning

Illustrated by Edwin Georgi

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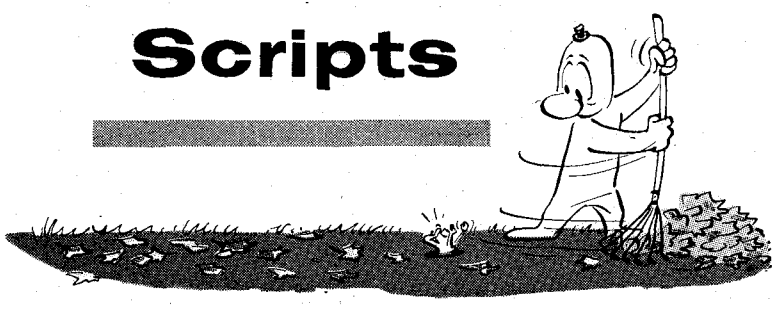
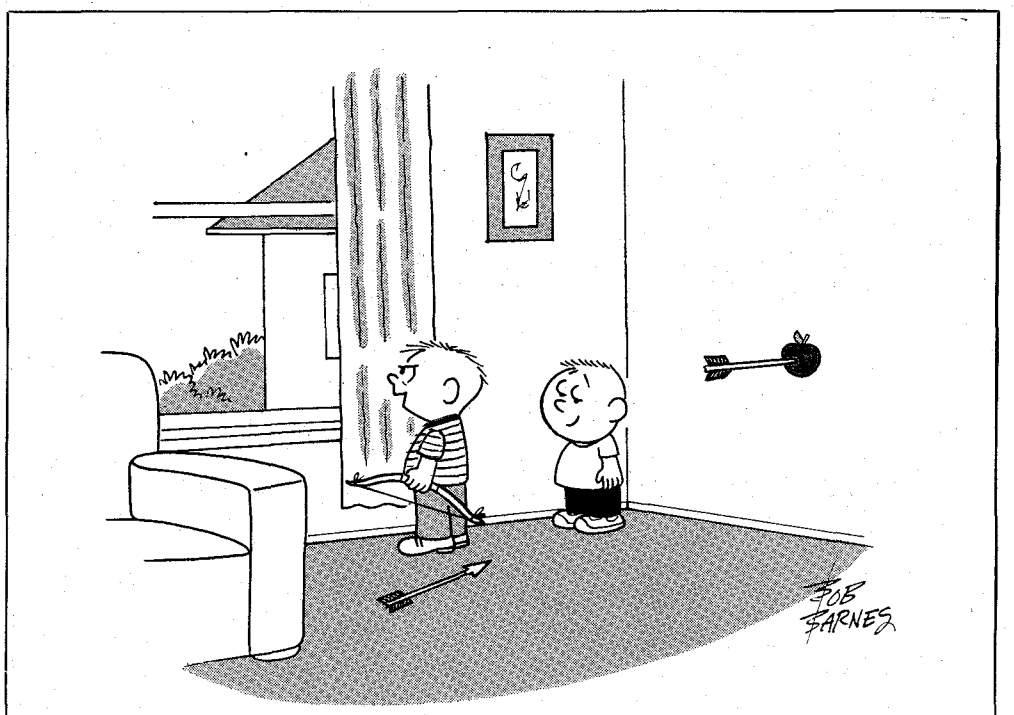
Post Scripts



I'm Not Blind Inclined

Duck hunters, do not try my door
When, eager-eyed, at half-past four
You sally forth and try to take
A wild (but nonexistent) drake;
I am, I fear, a disbeliever
In sitting down with some retriever
And holding, cramped and chilled and tired,
A shotgun that is never fired;
No, even though I risk affronting—
You hunt the ducks; I'll duck the hunting.

RICHARD HOLLOWAY

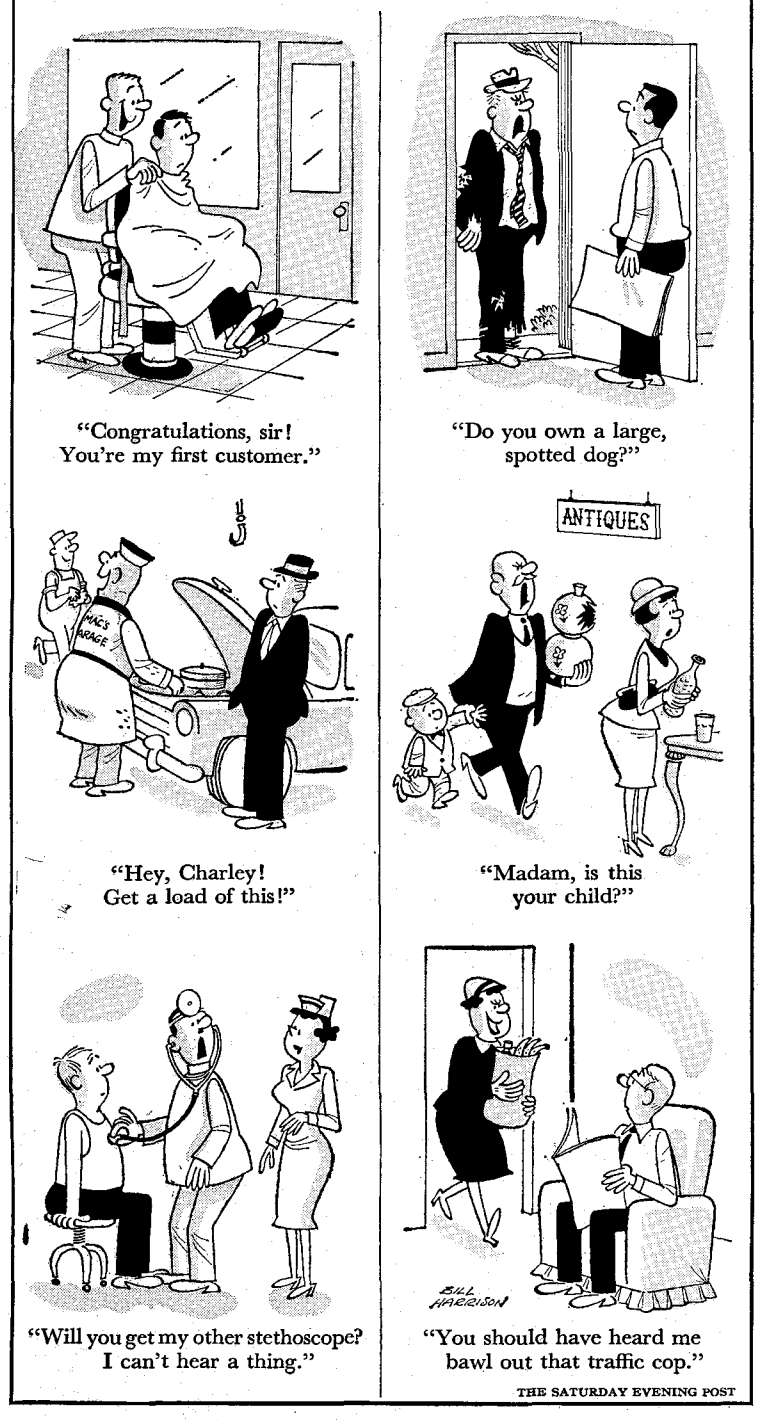


"They're driving in now—go stand under the apple."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THAT SINKING FEELING

By Bill Harrison



"Congratulations, sir! You're my first customer."

"Do you own a large, spotted dog?"

"Hey, Charley! Get a load of this!"

"Madam, is this your child?"

"Will you get my other stethoscope? I can't hear a thing."

"You should have heard me bawl out that traffic cop."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

We've Time For Just One Contestant, Because ——

"And, now, here's the first member of our outstanding television panel—a lady who really needs no introduction, because as an actress she's won the hearts of movie-goers everywhere in such pictures as *The Golden Scimitar*, *Deadly Grows the Nightshade*, and many others. She's the winner of this year's International Critics' Award and soon will be seen in a new play on Broadway, *Night of the Stalker*. Here she is—Miss Gretchen Delmar!"

"Thank you very much! And now it's my pleasure to present the next member of our panel—the noted and celebrated Hollywood producer, director, writer and actor—the man who's earned the respect of persons not only in his industry but in all fields of endeavor throughout the world—the man who brought us such epics as *Long Winds the Trail* and *Sky of the Bewitched*, and who produced the soon-to-be-released picture *Sound of the Tam Tam*. Mr. Benson Anstruthers!"

"Well, thanks very much, Gretchen. And now I have the honor to present our next panel member—a lady whose achievements in the field of writing are well known to our theater and viewing audiences. Her books—*Flight of the Condemned*, *Song of the Hunted* and *Cry of the Accused*—have graced the best-seller lists during recent years. In addition, she is a noted playwright, painter, sculptor and philanthropist—a scintillating person who's been described in Larry Snodgrass' column in the *Sentinel* as 'an oasis of graciousness in the desert of life.' Here she is—the very talented Miss Violet Grinswell!"

"Well, thank you, Benson! And now it's an extreme privilege for me to present our last panel member. He's a man we all admire—a man who's brought laughter to millions on his regular comedy show seen each Wednesday night on GGGTV—a man whose name has become synonymous with humor—a man who's done three command performances for the Queen of England. He's now writing a book called *Funnybone Ticklers*, which we know will sell like hot cakes, and he'll soon begin a personal-appearance tour which will take him to such cities as Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, Detroit and Boston. May I present my good friend, Joey Brambleford!"

"Gee, thanks, Violet! And now I'd like to present our very capable panel moderator—a man who's been on this show for exactly five years—a talented, witty, often loquacious, but thoroughly charming and ——"

VERNON H KURTZ

tixƎ

It seems to be my bitter cup
To HƧUϤ on doors when I should ⅃UIJ.

BETTY ISLER

Life's Smaller Triumphs

Then you combine the eggs, mushrooms, white grapes, bananas, rum cheese and East Indian spices, and simmer for an hour, stirring constantly. You pour this mess over the veal roast and oysters—which have marinated in sherry overnight—and bake for four hours, basting every ten —— Trouble? Sure it's trouble. But for once he can't say he had the same thing for lunch.

While the possibility of my getting the raise is definitely "iffy," at least he hasn't missed the way I streamlined Accounting and Files. He told me he feels an overwhelming sense of pride and satisfaction in the results of my long hours of . . .

Who is *Rock Ryerson*? Well, *mother!* Rock Ryerson is only the simply *rapture* of the senior class, who dates *much* older girls, *that's* who. And guess what? Simply *ecstasy!* I helped Rock push The Village Idiot—that's his car—and when it finally started, Rock said, "Pile aboard, skinny child," and he drove me clear to our corner!

The Avocado Power & Light Company
720 Hibiscus Drive
Avocado, Florida

Gentlemen,

Because your notice states that unless my current bill of $33.48 is paid within 24 hours service will be suspended, I am enclosing a check for that amount. However, I continue to protest that the bill is grossly exorbitant and unfair. In fact, I intend to challenge some competitive power company to offer their service to the citizens of Avocado, then we shall see. . . .

. . . and wait 'til you hear this part, dear. This real handsome policeman got out of the prowl car, sauntered over to our car, opened his book and said, "I'm sorry, young lady, but this ticket will probably cost you a twenty-five-dollar fine." Get that, dear? *Young* lady! How's that for a gal whose been married twenty-two years?

Besides, coach said that as the team's waterboy I'd parbly develop a terrific pitching arm.

MM PORTERFIELD

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come
try the car with
so much that's

new

so much
that's

different!

THE SUPERLATIVE 1960 CHEVROLET

There's nothing like a new car—and no new car like a '60 Chevrolet. The Bel Air 2-Door Sedan.

Every tasteful line of this superlative '60 Chevrolet seems to tell the luxury cars to move over—from the proud jut of its prow to the saucy cut of its rear deck. ■ And the hushed elegance of its roomier new Body by Fisher repeats the refrain—with finely tailored fabrics, sofa-wide seats and a lower-than-ever transmission tunnel that'll please you right down to your toes. You'll luxuriate, too, in the way this new Chevy's Full Coil ride—insulated from road shock and noise by thicker, newly designed body mounts—rivals the poise of even the costliest cars. ■ Yet, sumptuous as this '60 Chevy is, it remains more dedicated than ever to those proved Chevrolet virtues—economy and dependability. There's a choice of two standard engines that do marvelous things with mileage—the famed Hi-Thrift 6 and a new Turbo-Fire V8 that gets more miles on a gallon of regular while giving you more "git" at normal speeds. Your dealer's the man to see for the details, including the one we know will delight you most of all—the low price you pay for this superlative Chevrolet luxury! Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich. ■ **nearest to perfection a low-priced car ever came!**

CHEVROLET

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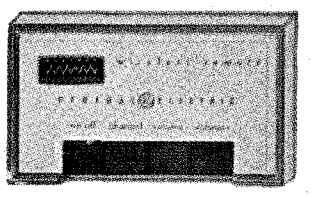
THE THREE BIG NEWS IN TELEVISION!

The New Look: as individual as your home, your taste, your purse. A spectrum of styles and finishes, each with General Electric's renowned picture quality. This year, there's triple the sensitivity for distant reception.

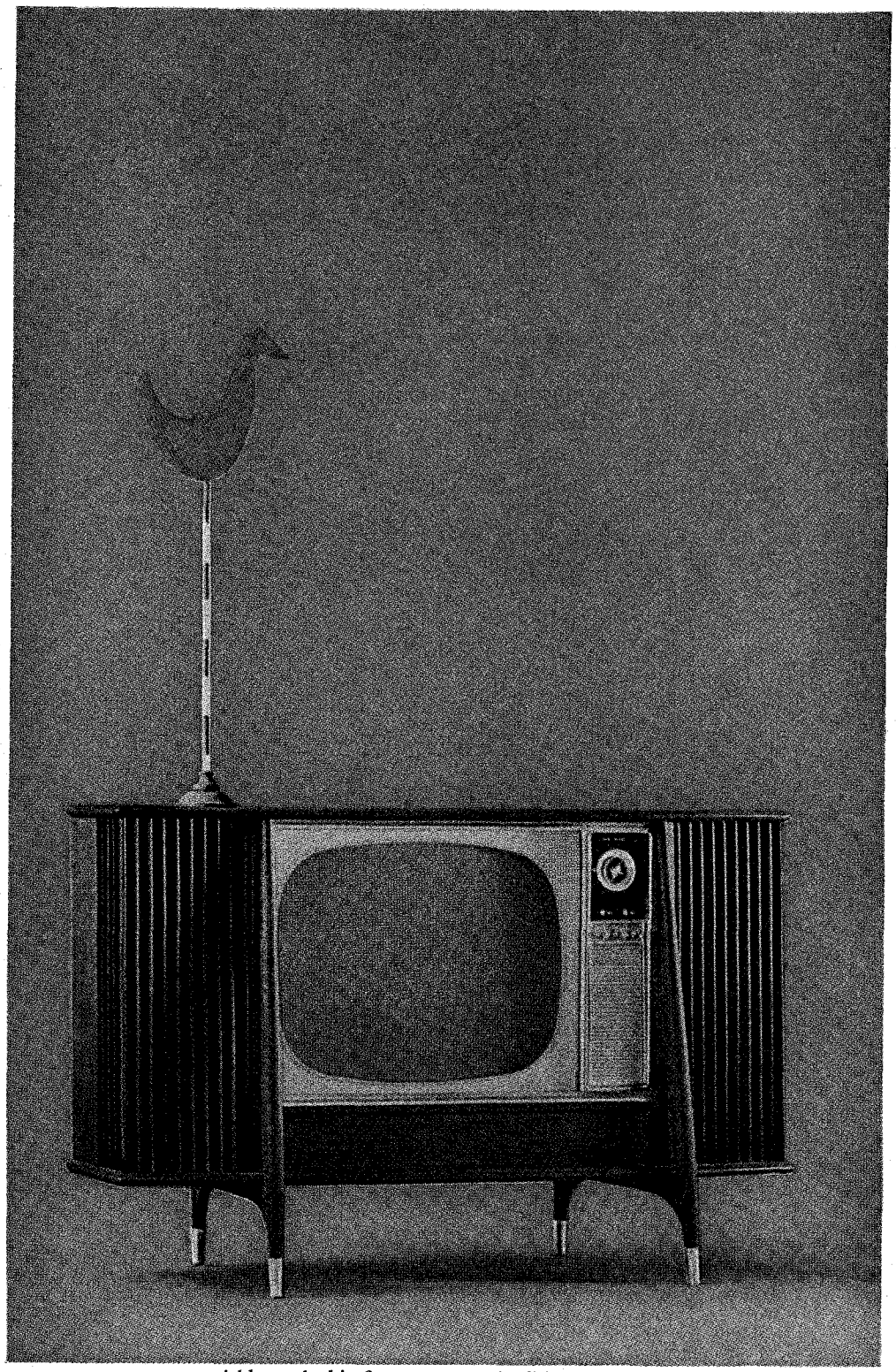
The New Sound: teaming the biggest speaker in TV, a 21 x 9-inch woofer with a high-frequency electrostatic tweeter. It's a Hi-Fi speaker system in itself, or, if you look at it this way, it can be the other half of your stereo set.

The New Control: new Four-way *Wireless* Remote Control not only turns your set on and off and changes channels, but gives you *infinite* command of volume control.

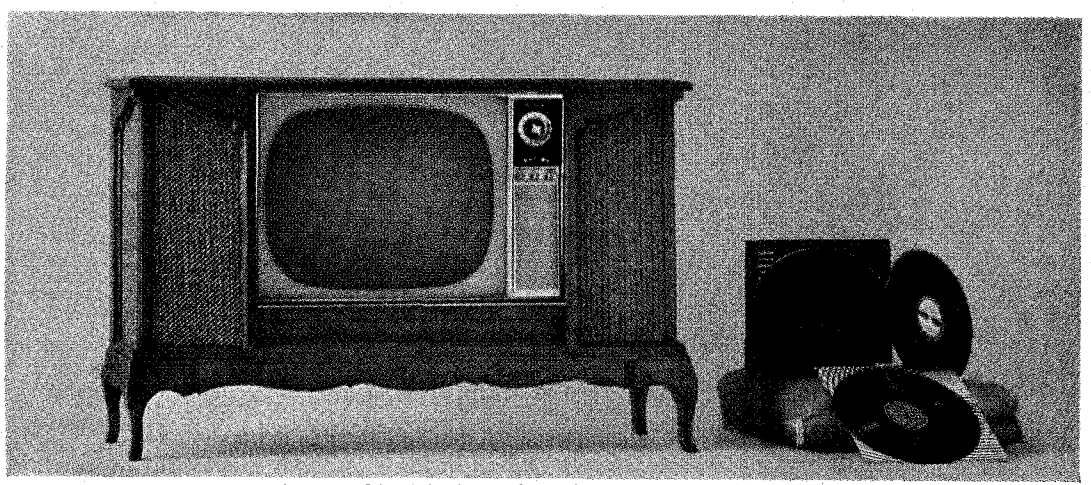
The three big TV News await you at your General Electric dealer's now. General Electric Company, Television Receiver Department, Syracuse, New York.



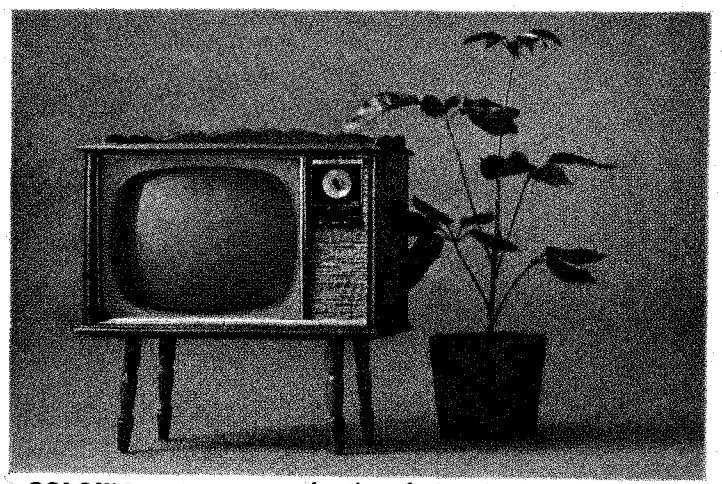
GENERAL ELECTRIC TV 1960 STYLE!



DANISH WALNUT richly worked in fine veneers and solids. *Two* 21 x 9-inch woofers with electrostatic tweeters. Stereo-Phono Jacks. With or without *wireless* remote. All sets shown have 262 sq. inch viewable picture area—21″ overall diagonal tube measurement.



FRENCH PROVINCIAL has two 21 x 9-inch woofers with two electrostatic tweeters. Handsomely crafted in cherry veneers and solids. Stereo-Phono Jacks. With or without Four-way *Wireless* Remote Control.



COLONIAL LO-BOY—authentic early American styling in maple veneers and hardwood solids. 6½-inch speaker. Stereo-Phono Jacks.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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Ordeal on Blood River

By JAMES WARNER BELLAH

Cohill's troopers were caught in a vise between the Apaches and Bentinck's Legion.

They got through, blast them!" cried Bentinck as he watched the river steamers *Gila* and *Cacopah* churning up the Colorado.

The escape was made possible by Lieutenant Cohill who, with two members of his cavalry platoon, spiked Bentinck's artillery, thereby rendering the guns useless against the steamers. Aboard them were the rest of Cohill's platoon and the supplies for Bentinck's expedition. Bentinck, a former United States senator, intended to set up his own illegitimate empire in the Colorado country. His force, composed largely of the late Inigo Barras' renegade legion, needed those supplies to survive.

After the gun spiking, Cohill, surrounded by the enemy and in pain from an injury, dragged himself to the tent of Countess Athena, whom he loved. A member of Bentinck's party, she had killed Barras for his outrages against her at Guadalajara.

"It's Cohill," the lieutenant whispered. "For heaven's sake, don't scream!"

CONCLUSION

On the cot Athena was half up on one elbow, the light of the turned-down lantern washing her hair gold. She stared at Cohill, crouched just inside her tent flap. He watched the shadow of surprise leave her eyes and saw quick acceptance take its place. She raised a finger to her lips to compel his silence, reached to the lantern and turned it out. For a moment the tent was pitch black. Through the darkness he could hear the faint rustle of her movement as she got up from the cot and crept toward him. Then her breathing was close to his ear. "You are all right? You are not hurt?"

For a moment he was lost in weakness, crouching there doubled upon himself. Then the lash of instinct cut back into his consciousness. He stood up slowly, and the pain across his back and shoulders twisted him down again upon himself. They could see each other faintly now in the light of the headquarters' guard lantern, diffused through the canvas. The heart went out of him at the glint of tears that misted her eyes. "You *are* hurt," she said.

"I'm caught like a bagged coon," he whispered. "I have no right to compromise you. I'm going—out under the back. I'll get as far from your tent as I can—before they take me."

"No," she pleaded and put both hands on his shoulders to hold him. "On the ship you said that you had no place to take me—but that you would not let me go. I will not let you go now."

They looked at each other in awesome silence; and yet there was sound in it—as of a bronze gong struck once, beyond their power to hear, but echoing in its reverberations until it was the fiber of both of them. There was no volition whatever, only the inability not to—as they reached out for each other. And it was as he knew it would be that night of the Alshard dinner—a throbbing, avid mutuality that beggared understanding, a blending surge of instinct that needed no reason beyond the frantic seeking of their lips. "Hear me out," she whispered. "It was as you said it would be—in cold blood—when I killed Barras. I had lived so long in hatred—that there was no humanity left. Afterward there was no course—except to go on as I had been, to leave the ship when Bentinck left."

"You think too much," his whisper was harsh in her ear. "You twist yourself in torture. Stop it!" And he held her silent again.

"Oh, my darling," she whispered, and the light points deep in her eyes shifted frantically as they had in the shed just before that horrid spate of her laughter. "Forgive me my life—Guadalajara—and my love for poor dead Paul!"

There was an intolerable moment while she looked up at him in silence, and he was aware of the deep inscrutability of all women. Then there was complete understanding, and the wisdom of the gods was his for the moment. "Of Paul," he whispered, "I do not ever want to know. But Guadalajara never happened because you still can't accept it. So I can take that from you. You can't even believe Guadalajara, so you had to kill Barras to give it reality."

(Continued on Page 51)

Under fire from both sides, they galloped between the two forces.

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Simplified Security... at a saving

INA's new Homeowners economy policy

Security is sweet—and sweeter still is security that's *simplified.* That's the protection of many policies combined in a package. Once it took three or four policies to protect your home and the things in it. That's ancient history. Today INA's Homeowners does it all . . . covers fire, windstorm, theft and other risks, plus liability, all at substantial savings.

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Ordeal on Blood River

(Continued from Page 49)

"But you know that it happened?"

"Certainly I know that it happened," and he held out the horror of his half-healed hands. "Just as I know that this happened to me. The surgeon in Portland swore that they had to come off at the elbows. He was pouring chloroform, with the bone saws laid out. So I dropped a gun on him and I'd 've killed him if he'd rushed me. There'll be some mark of it on me all the rest of my life—but I'll live with hands and forget. Just as you will live with Guadalajara and forget."

Then abruptly there was no time left for them to live. She pressed her hand to his mouth to stop his rising voice, and her body stiffened at the sound of footsteps. "Adjutant, sir. You sent for me?" Colonel O'Meara's pleasant Irish brogue two tents up the row came in answer, "Parade the Second Battalion—to move out north at first light. We will cross to the east bank where we crossed coming in from Sonora and force the march upriver to Howard's in pursuit of the steamers. The main body moves out one hour behind the Second Battalion."

Then Bentinck's heavier voice rose over it. "With ten miles to the point of crossing below Pelican Island you must put out a small flying column at once—to push right through and catch the steamers while they are refueling."

"We'd better understand one thing thoroughly, senator," said O'Meara. "With General Barras dead, I am not going to run the risk of meeting the Apache in force—until I'm positive of the worth of the agreements he made with the tribes. I won't divide my force in any way until we are all across the river—with what supplies we have left—and marching north on the Yuma Trail."

"That was not a suggestion I made," Bentinck said furiously. "It was an order I gave you! If you let those steamers get away, we will all starve to death."

"The steamers have no chance of getting away, sir. They must follow the bends of the river. Marching overland on the east bank, our mileage will be less than half of theirs. We will take them at Heintzelmann's, if not at Howard's."

Cohill was crouched at the tent flap again, gun in hand. O'Meara passed outside, and a few seconds later a bugler sounded a call deep in the camp. He felt the girl beside him. She had been dressing while he crouched there and she finished buttoning her blouse. "We have a chance," she said. "With work parties in the streets—and the darkness." There was quiet conviction in her whisper.

"Are you ready?" Cohill asked.

They lay flat on the ground at the rear of the tent, and Cohill reached under and pulled up two of the wall pegs. They crawled out into the cold morning darkness and lay listening. Deep in the camp there was the cross-laced trill of noncoms' whistles; the mules picked it up, horning the mists in rusty-throated protest.

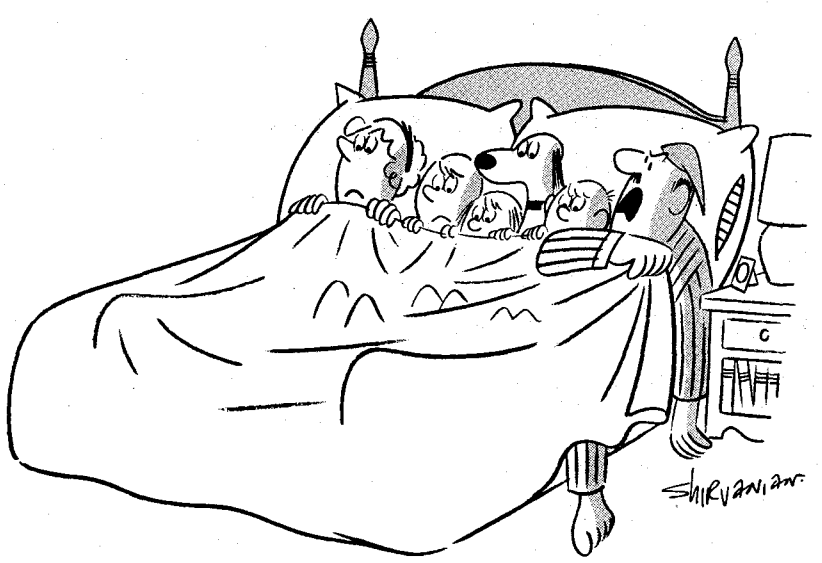
They got to their feet and started to walk slowly toward the north end of the alley between the back walls of the first two rows of tents. Men were turning to inside both rows, cursing the move-out.

Masked by the last tent in the row, they stopped at the sound of close footsteps. There was open space beyond, and a section was marching diagonally across it, coming up from the direction of the commissary area. Not ten feet from them the noncom halted the detail in German-burred English, called off a squad to go down to load headquarters baggage and set the other two squads to strike canvas in the first two tent rows. As the section broke ranks and straggled into the two streets, Cohill and the girl stepped out of the alley between and started across the open space, so close to the men that they could smell them.

Close to their left now a large detachment was drawn up for reveille roll call. Then suddenly they were walking right through a group of six men coming in toward them out of the darkness—straggling out of formation. The moment of passing by them was intolerable. Then the footsteps were behind them, and they were at the north edge of camp, going down the gradual slope from the higher ground of the point toward the river's edge. They began to jog-trot, with shoulder pain riding Cohill like an iron-spurred jockey, but with time the only club they had to grab for.

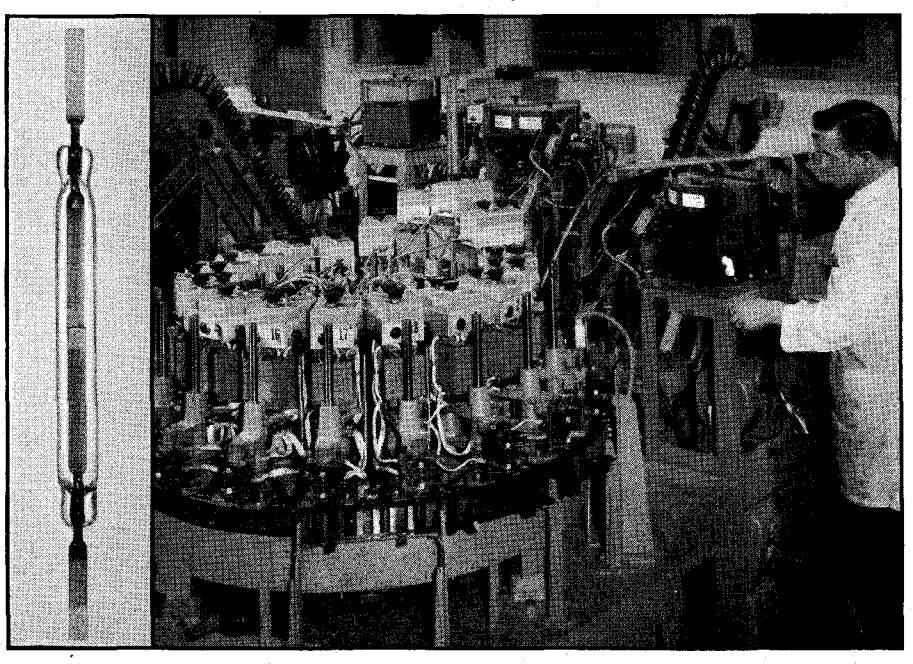
Ohms' low call stopped them suddenly. "Sweet whoosis, lieutenant!" and the sergeant and Corporal Clegg were standing beside the bank like two scarecrows against the morning. "We was waiting and hoping," Clegg said. "Can't neither of us swim. Morning, lady." Ohms bobbed his head.

They put themselves to a hundred paces running and a hundred walking, with the sweat soaking thick under the rise of heat and no words possible in the lung rasp that seared their chests. With the night river damp still holding the surface of the ground, they pushed on hard against the first hour of the rising sun, in the safety of raising no telltale dust until then. (*Continued on Page 54*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"No more horror movies and that's final."



EXAMPLE OF TEAMWORK. At left is new fast-moving switch (actual size) used in Direct Distance Dialing. Many of them go into action automatically every time you dial. Enclosed in gas-filled glass tubes to assure perfect contacts. Made to last 40 years. The result of Bell Telephone Laboratories and Western Electric working together to get best and most economical design. At right is remarkable new machine, designed by Western Electric, which automatically assembles 360 of these switches an hour at very small cost.

Bell System Teamwork Is a Vital Factor in Efficient, Economical Telephone Service

Direct Distance Dialing is an example of the value of unified research, manufacture and operations

There are great advantages to the public and the nation in the way the Bell System is set up to provide telephone service. It is a very simple form of organization, with four essential parts.

Bell Telephone Laboratories does the research.

The Western Electric Company is the Bell System unit which does manufacturing, handles supply, and installs central office equipment.

Twenty-one Bell Telephone operating companies provide service within their respective territories.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company co-ordinates the whole enterprise and furnishes nationwide service over Long Distance lines.

Each is experienced and efficient in its own field. But the particular value of each is greatly extended because all four parts are in one organization and work together as a team.

Direct Distance Dialing—one of the greatest advances in the speed and convenience of telephone service—is an example of the value of this unified setup.

Already more than 8,000,000 telephone customers in more than 700 localities can dial direct to as many as 46,000,000 telephones throughout the country. Each month there are more. Millions of others can dial direct over shorter out-of-town distances. Calls as far as 3000 miles away go through in seconds.

All of this didn't just happen. It called for years of intensive planning, the invention of wholly new machines and equipment, and the development of new operating and accounting techniques.

Research alone couldn't have done it. Neither manufacturing nor operations separately could have done it. And just money couldn't have done it, although it takes money and a lot of it for telephone improvement.

The simple truth is that it could never have been done so quickly and so economically without the unified setup of the Bell System.

For many a year it has given dynamic drive and direction to the business and provided the most and the best telephone service in the world.

Bell Telephone System

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. BELL SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

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THRIFTY SANTAS SHOP AT... Gambles TO

Girls' model in turquoise and white

Fully Equipped Custom HIAWATHA "FALCON" 54.88

$1.25 per week payable monthly

26" Model - Boys' or Girls' **ONLY 5.50 DOWN**

(B24-814,914)

- ★ New jet-style tank with built-in headlights
- ★ Cantilever frame guaranteed for life
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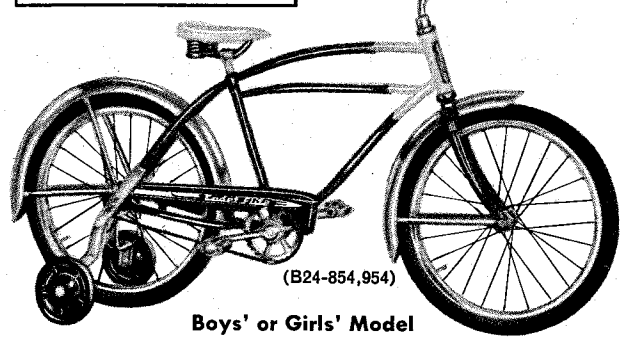
Here's the All-American bike with everything a youngster dreams of! Styled for the Jet Age in gleaming red and white and loaded with chrome—everything from chrome rims to chrome saddle bar! American-made through and through—check its quality features like front *and* rear carriers, deluxe handlebar grips and ball-bearing pedals. This is the *deluxe* bike for hard-riding youngsters—see it at your Gamble Store!



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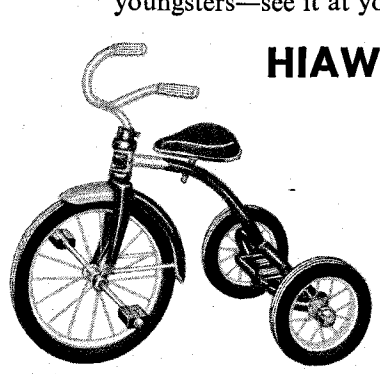
Boys' or Girls' Model

20" HIAWATHA "CADET FLITE"

Chrome-fendered beauty with white vinyl saddle, double-bar frame. Flaming red for boys, Dresden blue for girls. Training wheels included.

29.99 Reg. $31.95

$2.95 DOWN $1.25 per week payable monthly



HIAWATHA 10" TRIKE

Reg. $9.95 **8.88**

Semi-pneumatic tires, metal saddle, enameled handle bar.

12", reg. $10.95..$ 9.88 (B24-8116)

16", reg. $12.95..$11.88 (B24-8119)

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"Black Fury" SPRING HORSE

He's big—21" high to saddle! *He's rugged*—tough plastic will not scuff, crack, chip or peel! *He's handsome*—jet black with white accents; hand tooled saddle!

Compare at $13.95 **9.99**

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CARNIVAL BOTTLE GAME

Unbreakable set of 6 half-pint bottles, 3 plastic baseballs.

Compare at 98¢

Complete—and only... **66¢**

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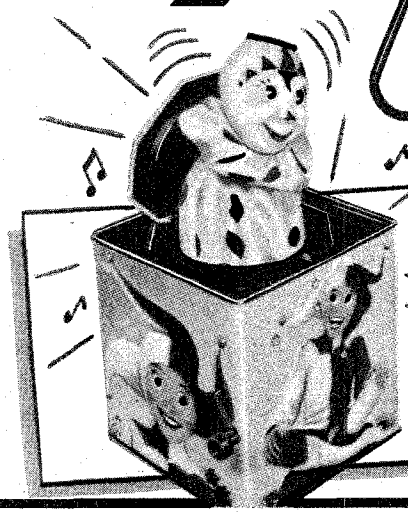

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1.44 Compare at $1.98

Turn the crank and up pops the Court Jester to the tune of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

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Realistic Cap-firing Mattel STAGECOACH SET

Winchester rifle-type automatic firing lever-action saddle gun. Plus popular FANNER 50 pistol with adjustable cowhide belt and holster. 26 play bullets that fit both guns.

Rifle only... $4.44

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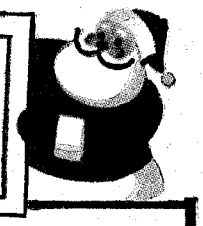
holds any toy on Layaway



Famous HORSMAN BYE BYE BABY DOLL in plastic-lined Car Bed

BOTH FOR 7.98

Adorable 20-inch doll of resilient vinyl plastic, drinks, wets, turns head, coos, sleeps. Dressed in flannel pajamas, wrapped in receiving blanket. Rooted hair can be washed and waved.

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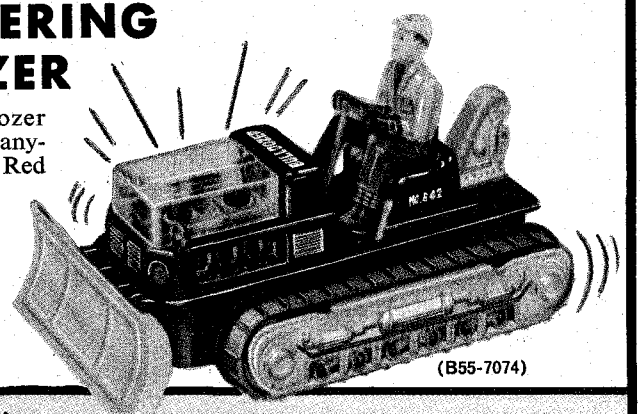
Goes over or around anything!

SELF-STEERING BULLDOZER

Battery-operated dozer steers itself around anything it can't climb. Red and green lights flash as it moves.

2.99



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It actually flies!

4-speed remote throttle control!

ELECTRA MUSTANG AIRPLANE

4.98

Cable-controlled plane circles dome-shaped base; 4-speed engine has idling, taxiing, flying and racing speeds. Unusual realism. Fly it indoors or out. 14″ wingspan. Batteries not included.

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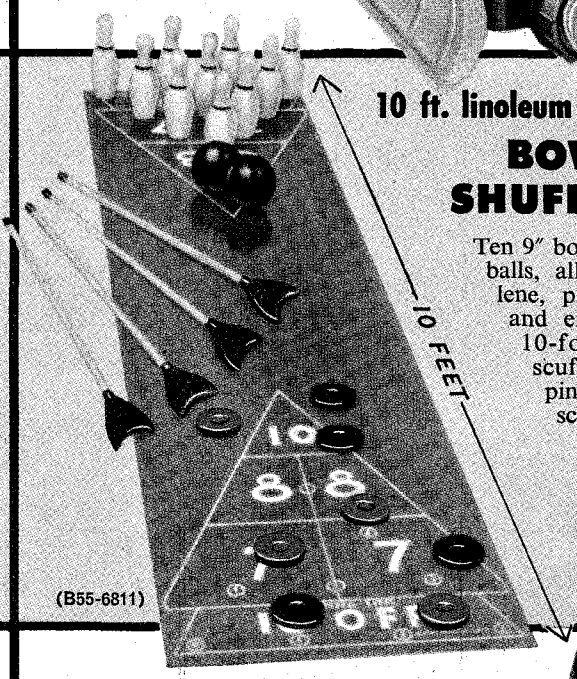
10 ft. linoleum court layout included!

BOWLING AND SHUFFLEBOARD SET

Ten 9″ bowling pins and two bowling balls, all of unbreakable polyethylene, plus four shuffleboard cues and eight plastic discs. Durable 10-foot linoleum runner has scuffproof printed layout for pinspotting and shuffleboard scoring.

6.99 Complete



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Sensational Value at

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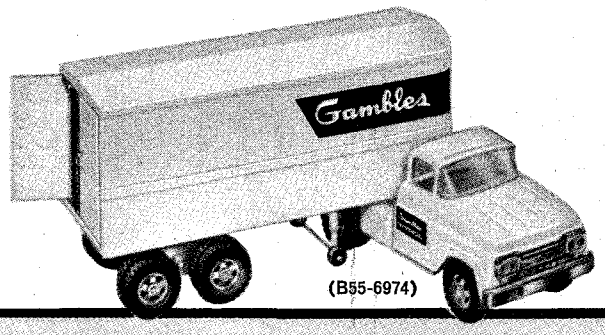
Authentic Gambles over-the-road hauler. Dual tandem trailer wheels, uncoupling cab. Wide doors open for easy loading.



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(*Continued from Page 51*) But in that hour the knowledge was compulsive that they had a whole battalion on the march behind them; and from the last low rise before the river bends west, they could see the column only a few miles distant, beginning to raise its own dust.

Where the river bends they were opposite the end of Pelican Island and the broad silt flats that tongue out from the eastern shore. Ahead they saw a brush road corduroyed from the bank lip to the water's edge, with Seri Indian balsas—like great reed baskets—drawn up along the foreshore. This was the crossing point to the east bank.

They pushed down to it and, to delay the pursuit, Cohill and the two noncoms began to launch the balsas, shoving them out into the blood-red current of the Colorado. When the balsas were all afloat, they got into the smallest and started to paddle across river. It took a good half hour to fight the current and reach the opposite bank. They waded out through a rattling mat of blue crabs and climbed to higher ground.

Still well below the crossing the sun was flashing silver on the rifles of O'Meara's Second Battalion march column—its dust banner flagged up high behind it, its head in the clear air, knocking the distance off at a fast route step. Then the troops saw the twenty balsas floating toward them, and the column halted at once and sent detachments to the bank to swim out and retrieve them.

With six miles still to go up the east bank to get to Howard's, Cohill set their pace against his own lash of pain and led off up through the fringing Bermuda grass—to the flat ground—a solid trace, ribbed above the river on eroded buttresses of decomposed sandstone. With 'Theena behind him, and Ohms and Clegg in the rear, they toiled up the rise until the shoulder of Pelican Island was behind them and they could see the tiny dock and shed distantly at Howard's. The steamers were not there.

"Gave us up for gone." Ohms sat down disconsolately and wiped his bleeding nose on his filthy sleeve. The girl looked at Cohill. He shook his head. "From the map," he said, "it's thirteen more miles overland to Heintzelmann's. We have no second choice."

They started out again, moving stiffly and slowly under the murderous sun—plodding on toward Howard's. Then Corporal Clegg shouted suddenly and pointed toward the sun-cindered hogback between the creek that comes in opposite Pelican Island and the broad sweep east again that the Colorado makes beyond the island. There was a line of horsemen leading their mounts up the rise on foot, crawling like ants up the near shoulder—single file, spaced out. For one awful moment of doubt they stared under their shading hands; then it was unmistakably Satterlee with the platoon. They could see the black, raked hats and the faded blue.

Cohill pushed at Ohms and Clegg to stand out on his right; he touched the girl's shoulder to stand her out left—to be four figures in line of front. He then drew his hand gun and emptied it in six spaced shots into the oven-baked air.

For a moment the horse column kept right on leading up the rise three miles distant from them. Then it halted, straggling in on itself from the rear. Up at its head the sun glinted in two ice splinters on the lenses of field glasses, searching toward them to identify.

Weigandt and Gilholie had been killed by small-arms fire as the steamers navigated the narrows. Corporal Fogas had a smashed left forearm. The duty strength of the platoon now was one officer and twenty-two men, with Fogas and Oelrichs light duty from wounds; they were riding the *Cacopah*.

At Howard's, Sergeant Satterlee had disembarked the horse herd to condition it and he had put the platoon to leading the animals overland the thirteen miles upstream to Heintzelmann's, where he would meet the steamers again. Faced with the incomprehensible fact of command, the old man had scuttled back into the safety of the book. But he had all the mounts with him, including the stallion. And he had done the right thing.

Cohill made a careful glass reconnaissance. The legion's Second Battalion was halted on the west bank at the crossing place, and two balsas of men were in midstream, paddling for the east bank. They had retrieved all but one of the other balsas. The main column, with pack mules, was cording the dust thick not three miles below the crossing. But he could not spot the two Whitworth guns that were left to O'Meara. Instinctively he knew why. The *Clan Cameron*, carrying the vital ammunition, had got clean away to the gulf when the steamers left. Without the ammunition, the guns were worthless. So they had been left.

It was ten minutes to eleven o'clock, with three and a half horse-walking march hours ahead of the platoon to get to Heintzelmann's. Cohill estimated that in that three and a half hours the entire legion would be across on the east bank and, at the disciplined march pace he had observed, eight miles on the way north. That is to say, two miles north of Howard's with only eleven miles ahead of them to reach Heintzelmann's. With those eleven miles still facing O'Meara, his column would have knocked off sixteen miles already that day. But with the necessity upon them to take the steamers at all costs, he could push a flying column ahead of the main body and reach Heintzelmann's by nightfall.

Cohill's intolerable position came full home to him. Every mile he moved north, he came a mile closer to the helpless Yuma garrison and the hostile Apache concentration somewhere in the hills along the eastern flow of the river.

Cohill gave the glasses back to Satterlee. The platoon watered upstream of a fresh creek, rested and pushed on. Cohill led his column into Heintzelmann's about four o'clock and saw the *Gila* and the *Cacopah* tied up, waiting for him. He went aboard the *Cacopah* at once for a conference with the two captains, Ott and Godolphin.

By the corkscrewing of the river, there were forty-six steamer miles to run up to reach Ogden's Landing, the next fueling

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The River From the Bridge

By Charles Lee

So, standing on the bridge
In the beauty of the night,
I see, interplayed,
Antiquity of stars
In rippled dazzle with the
passing cars;
I see God's hands emboss
In luminous chaos
The old charade
Of genesis and light,
And feel
The radiant hum
Of world and wheel
Within His flashing thumb.

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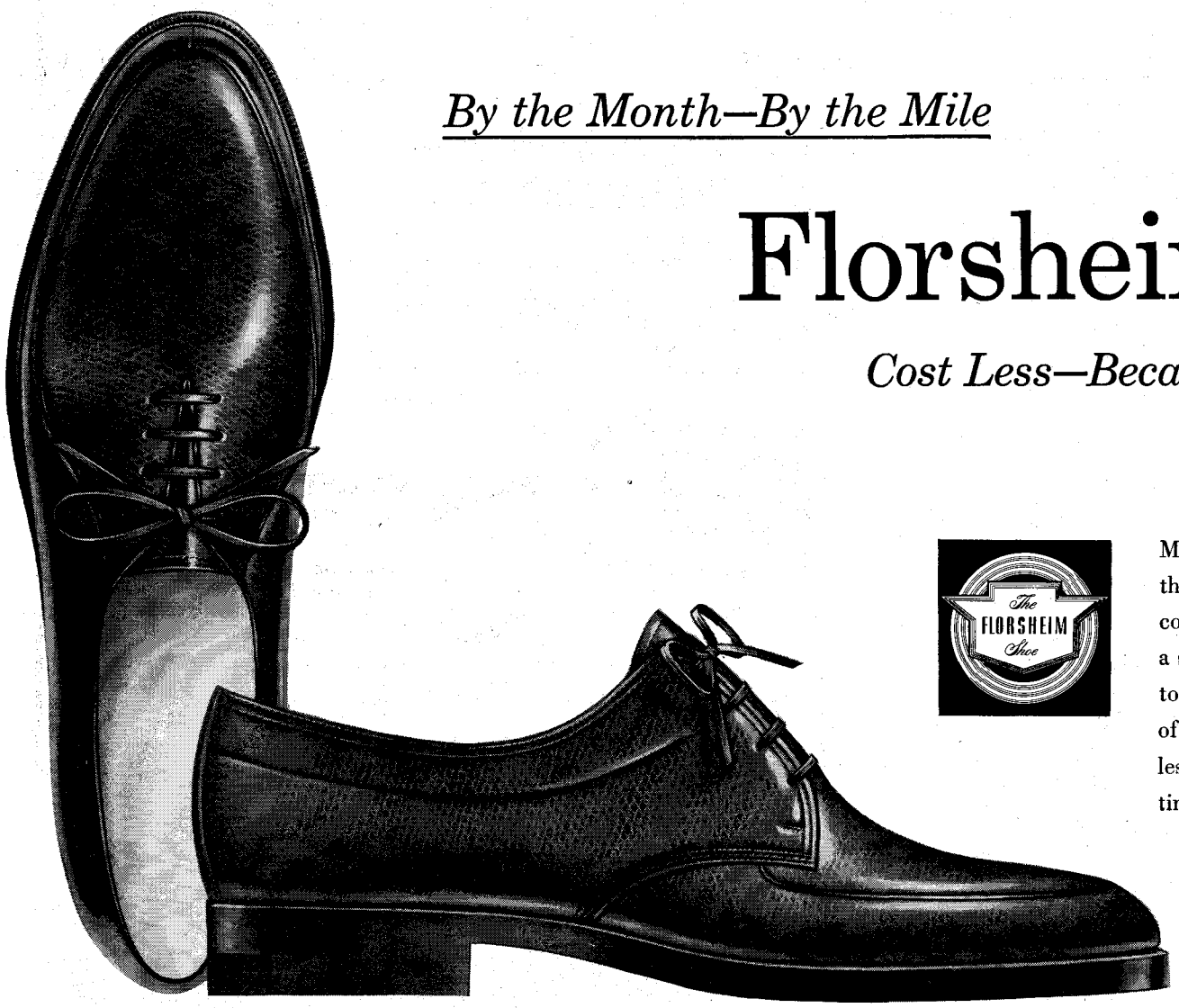

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point above Heintzelmann's. With the barges in tow and against the current, Godolphin realized that it would be an exceedingly slow passage. By the same token, the march route overland traced to only twenty-six miles to Ogden's.

Timed and spaced it came out this way: If the steamers started upstream now, they could not possibly reach Ogden's before eleven o'clock the next morning. Even if they did, the legion starting at dawn from Heintzelmann's could march overland to Ogden's in about six hours—and be only an hour behind them. If the steamers grounded in darkness, that hour would be gone so fast that a quick shot wouldn't nick it.

They loaded the horses and shoved off; and in an hour darkness came down, and there was no light but the blood-red glow of the fire doors on the red flow of the river—until the moon broke over the mountains about half past ten. By lantern Cohill still studied the map—but it came out no other way. Cohill folded the map and stepped out beside Godolphin at the *Cacopah*'s wheel. The consciousness was full upon him that he was running down, that he had nothing left to draw on.

Godolphin, standing at his great wheel, feeling the channel ahead by memory, spoke to him sideways. "It's a few miles north of here to the east that Ott and I saw the last spindles of talking smoke when we came downstream. We saw it all the way down to here, off and on, from below Yuma." He jerked his head to the right bank. "You ask me, the tribes moved after the Gila River fight with the Second Cavalry and they are in there somewhere still—camped to the high ground, within easy reach of the river for water."

Cohill had no words for answer. He turned and looked off into the darkness toward the shore. Then through the apathy of his deep exhaustion the memory came sharply back to him of O'Meara's answer to Bentinck outside the tent. Whatever agreements Inigo Barras had made with the tribes, the Irishman was not too confident of them. It was quite plausible that Barras might have planned to meet the tribes down here again; but if that were so, with Barras dead, the headmen would be suspicious of new faces—for white soldiers were white soldiers and had been since the Spaniard.

At that moment the long chance came alive in Cohill's mind like the white echo of the two burst Whitworths, but it ceased at once to be long—for it was the only chance possible. He went to the map and made a careful survey. Then he stepped to the cubby door and looked down at 'Theena. She was sleeping peacefully with the moon wash on the finely boned planes of her face.

A very strange thing happened then to Cohill. He became suddenly aware of the inexorable progression of all life—before and beyond the individual. He drew in breath deeply and walked slowly forward to Godolphin at the wheel. "To be absolutely sure of getting your wood fuel aboard at Ogden's, I will disembark my platoon again about an hour after sunrise. We'll skirmish south along the Yuma Trail—feeling for the legion's advance guard. When we find it, we'll delay their march—if that becomes necessary."

Before the sun was up to burn the mists, the steamers tied up bankside, and the platoon led the mounts off and saddled up at a point about eight overland miles below Ogden's Landing. The steamers shoved off again at once, continuing on their laboring way upstream.

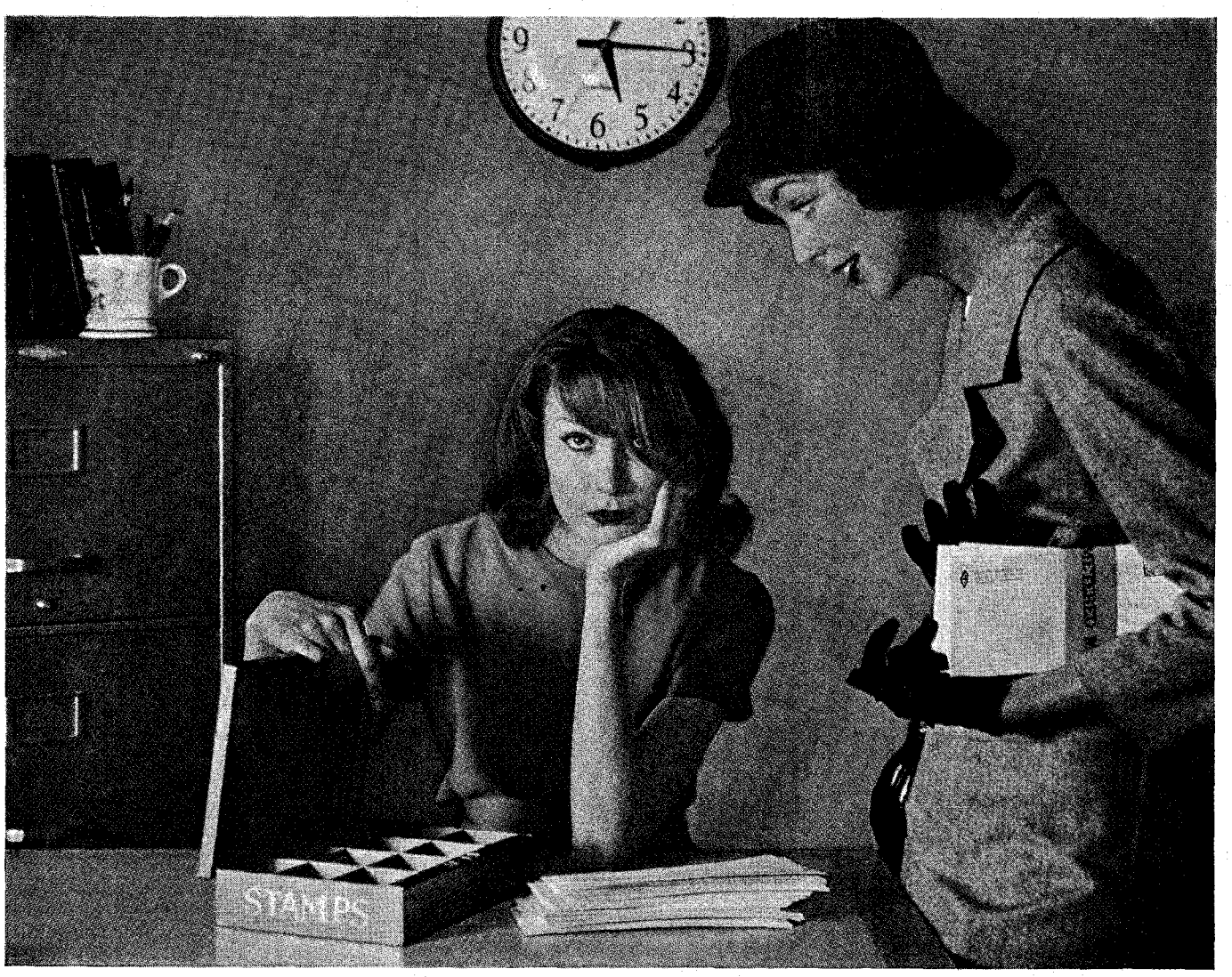
At the walk, the platoon led straight east for two miles and found no trace of the legion's march. They turned south and rode several slow miles before they saw the march column's dust, far enough back still for a fair time cushion. Cohill turned north again then and dismounted once more, led his men slowly toward Ogden's Landing with a three-man point well ahead of him, and a flank guard thrown out to the east. At nine o'clock they saw a smoke spindle rising high and broken with talk. Then they saw the answer from the eastern hills.

It was half past ten when the platoon trotted into Ogden's. John Ogden was dead, with the trail of his empty brass leading from his burned shack to the steamer dock. His wife's body lay beside him with his own mercy shot through her head. But the two Zuñi woodcutters were staked out—dead of the slow fires. There were the marks of about thirty ponies.

With an outguard pushed north a thousand yards up the Yuma Trail, Cohill sent Pumphrey's squad off south again toward the legion's line of march. They buried the Ogden people and watered the horses. Then they found the Pinaleño. He was burrowed in mud in the Bermuda grass by the water's edge, and Foley kicked the knife from his hand before he could use it. When they hauled him out they found his shin shattered by a forty-four and the bone ridge above his left eye carried away in an inch-and-a-half-long gouge. Knocked out and unseen, he had been left by inadvertence, for the Apache always takes his wounded out and buries his dead in obliterated graves.

He answered nothing by sign or sound to Cohill's stilted questioning.

"You want I should make him talk, sir?" Ohms snarled. "I got good methods. I been garrisoned on Blood River before." Ohms waded down the bank and scanned the waters closely. Then from



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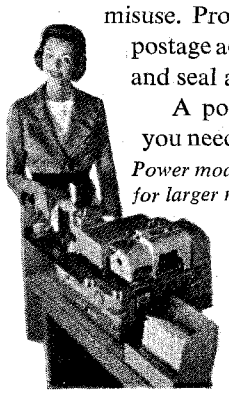

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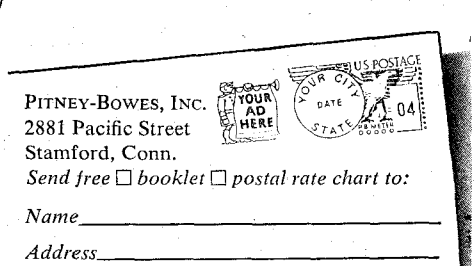

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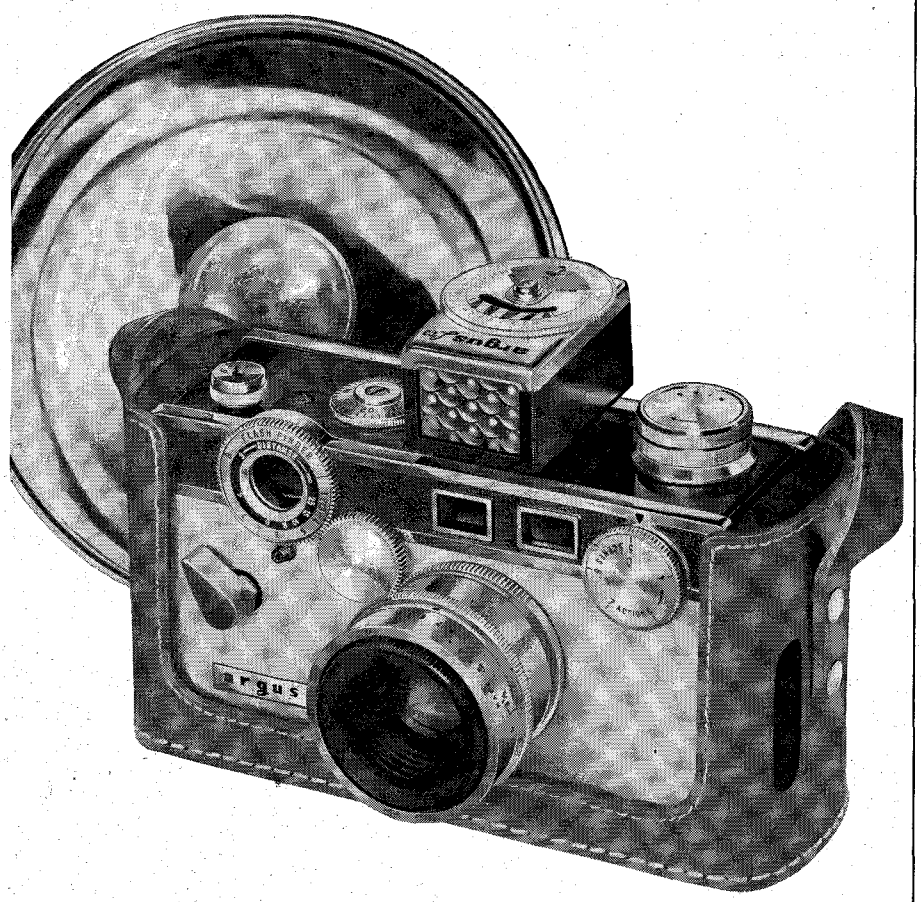

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John Ogden's beached skiff he rigged a hook and cast the length of line in. A few minutes later he had his fish. The Pinaleño screamed like a hill cat when Ohms held the fish close to his mouth. "Talk, you stinking buzzard!" Ohms shouted at him, "or I'll stuff this down your gullet! Gila Apaches go to special perdition if they eat fish. Ask him what you want, lieutenant. He'll tell you now."

Cohill had the Pinaleño propped up and started to try to draw it out of him with sketchy words and with a stick in the dirt while Ohms held the fish close. The Apache trembled as if violent after-fever chill had him. But he talked. He never took his eyes from the fish. Slowly in abysmal horror he answered. The tribes were a dozen miles east on the high ground, where Godolphin thought they might be. They were strung out in sept camps—maybe two hundred Apaches, maybe five hundred. You can never tell, for the Apache is essentially an individualist. He has no concept of numbers over the ten of his fingers.

When Cohill was finished, Ohms made a sudden thrust of arm and forced the head of the fish into the Apache's mouth. With his knee smashed upward to the chin, he snapped the hostile's jaw closed on it and slapped the headless fish across the tortured rigid face, streaking it with blood. For one ghastly moment the black eyes implored. Then the savage stiffened the muscles in his entire body, convulsed his throat until the cords quivered—and he died, with the fishhead in his mouth, almost by the will to die. Ohms hurled the body into the Colorado.

The cards were falling so close into place that there was a nerve quiver trembling through the drag of Cohill's anxiety. As he straightened up, he heard the distant staccato of scattered carbine fire from Pumphrey's squad to the south, lost at once in the deep guttural of musketry. Ten minutes later the bow of the *Cacopah* rounded the river bend below.

By the time the *Gila* was tied up with her port main bearing smoking under dousing pails of river water, Pumphrey's squad galloped back in from the trail south with word that the advance guard of the legion was just under five miles south of Ogden's, pushing hard.

With all hands turned to, they loaded all the cut wood aboard, larded down the *Gila*'s worn bearing and got both steamers on their way, just as the legion's skirmish line came over the low southern ridge and opened fire at extreme range.

Cohill led out on the bridle deliberately. He walked his command along the swampy fringe that cuts in between the landing and the trail, mounting them only after he reached the trail. Drawing north at the trot then, he ran out five fast miles to put another hour between him and the legion. Then with four hours of daylight left, he watered and filled canteens and headed slowly across the desert toward the lower rim of hills to the east.

An hour later he pulled down into an eroded basin; the men offsaddled and fed the animals an oat issue. They watered the mounts scantily on the canteen and pegged them close in on picket pins. He called all his men in on him then and squatted, stick in hand, to draw a sketch in the sand of the action he would fight.

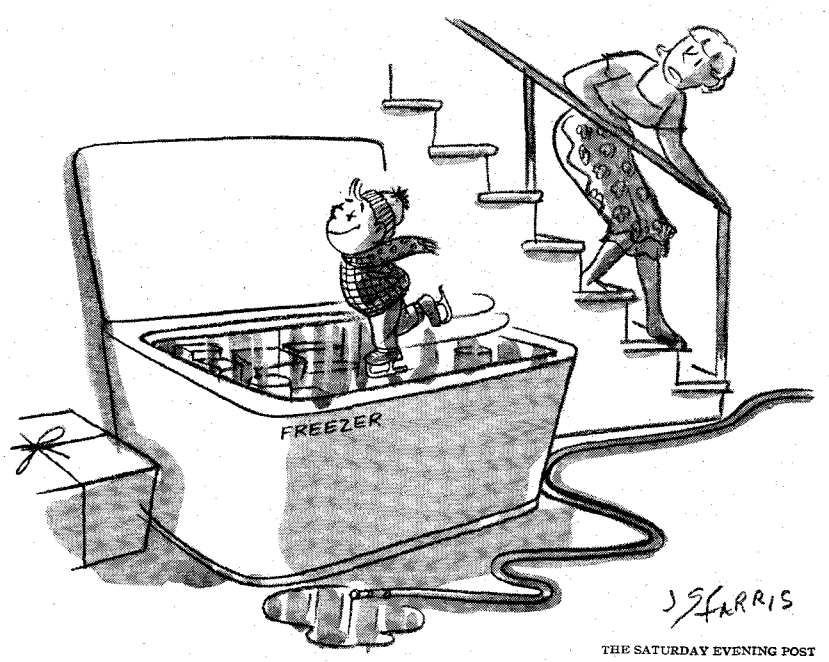
He drew a line in the sand. "This is the line of march of the legion," he said. Then he pointed his stick to the east. "The tribes are strung out in those hills." He made a cross in the sand. "This is our present position. We are between the two forces. When the Apaches see us they will not be able to explain us in any other way except that we must be mounted flank guards to the legion. What we do to them the legion will have done—and the Apaches will take their reprisals on it, as well as us. I intend to throw the dog to the dog and to get us out from between the two forces—somehow. There will be no questions. That's all."

When darkness came down, they could see the legion's bivouac fires strung out for half a mile back at Ogden's Landing and, in the hills to the east, the tiny pinpoints of the Apache fires. At half past eleven Cohill started his walking approach toward the hills. Twice against the moon, as they came in steadily on the low rim of hills, they saw the distant broad-whiskered curtains of rain and smelled water dampening the cooling air.

About an hour after midnight a foot of water came laughing down the broad arroyo they were paralleling. They watered the horses lightly, filled canteens again and moved slowly up the trace of the wash under the shadows of the hills, smelling now and then a faint taint of grease smoke low in the rain-damp air.

They moved in slowly, leading the horses—with the last of the moon throwing its shadows cold behind them. Then across the silence ahead there was a high whinny, and every trooper whipped around fiercely and clamped the nostrils of his own horse against an answer.

Cohill dismounted and crawled ahead with Corporal Pumphrey; and when they topped the rise they could see the close-in fires and the Apache ponies watering in the bend of the (*Continued on Page 58*)



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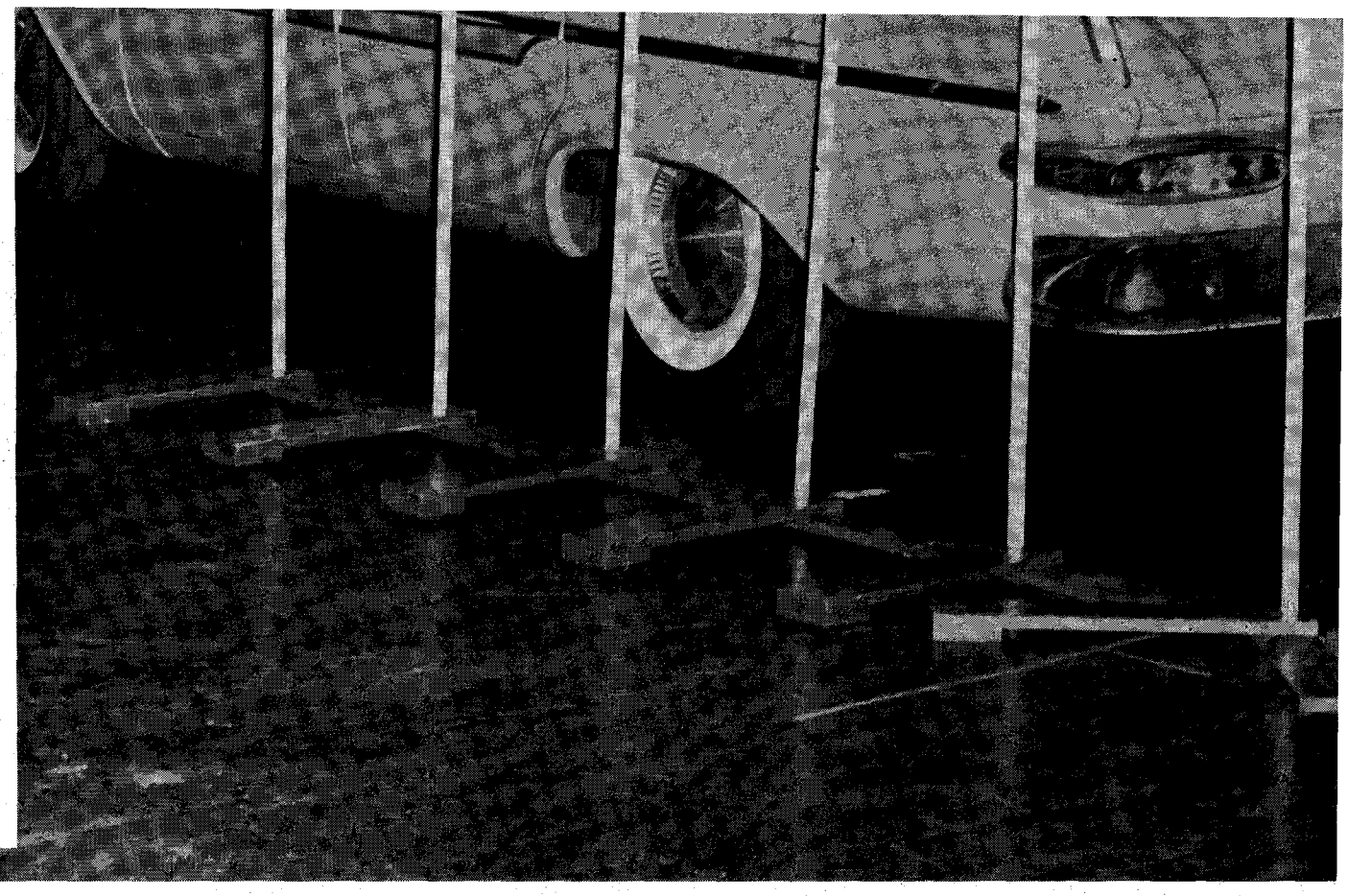

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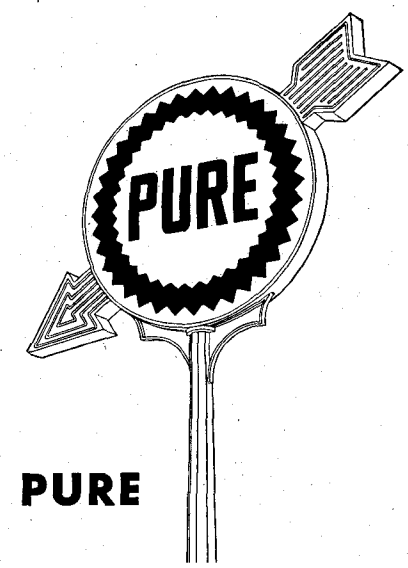

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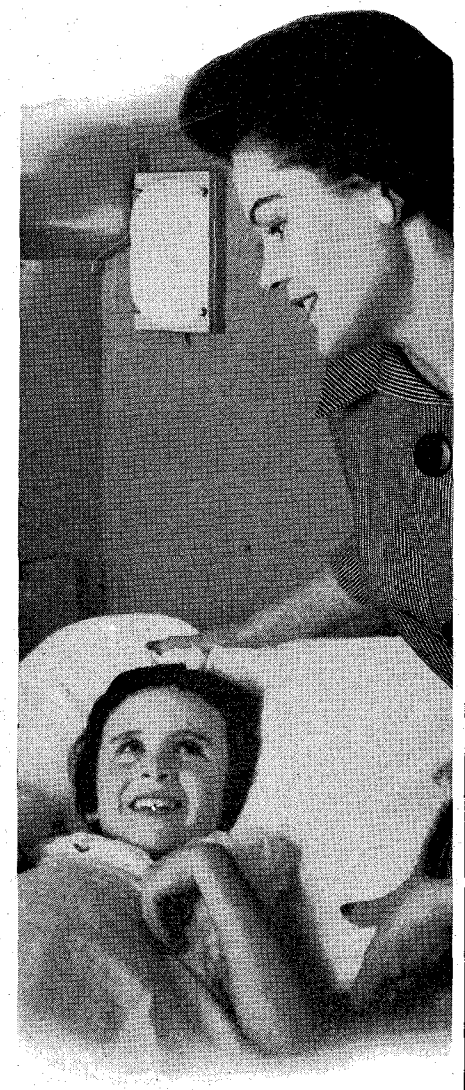

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(*Continued from Page 56*) wash. He sent Pumphrey back to have the horseholders hold where they were and to bring the rest of the men up. When they crawled in on him he bunched them close. For ninety yards along the wash they had the shoreline enfiladed. He opened fire, and the platoon's carbines cut broad like a scythe, six hundred rounds rapid. There were screams, and the Apache ponies thrashed free, galloping up the wash. Bankside fires were kicked out frantically, and a few wild shots answered the volleys.

Loaded and locked, the platoon scrambled back to the horseholders, mounted and pulled out fast the way they had come, heading straight back toward Ogden's Landing and the legion bivouac.

With an estimated two hours left until dawn, Cohill halted his men about two miles east of the southern end of the bivouac, led down into a draw and holed in to wait. They sat huddled together for warmth, with the mounts pinned close and the work half done—if it *was* done. And it was, for just before dawn they heard the first dove call distantly, and another answer it—and another, spreading the sound in a crescent between them and the hills, reaching in as the Apache pursuit began to encompass their position.

To the east now the desert's rim was frosting white. Cohill mounted his platoon. Then deliberately he walked his tiny command up to flat ground, outlining his men plainly in the fish-belly-white light of first dawn. This time there was a bald eagle's scream, then suddenly a bunched and ragged gallop of twenty hostiles swinging behind, a mile back across his trail. And off to the east four large groups were fanning out and spacing for individual sept attack.

Toward the Blood River the mist was hazing darker gray with the breakfast fires of the legion's strung-out bivouac. Although the Apache is a foot soldier, these pony braves handled their mounts well. Cohill's lips drew back. "Satterlee—close up the rear!" He made the "Forward" hand signal and jerked his hand through "Trot, Gallop—Yo!"

With the light at their backs, but no sun yet, he led his twenty-two men straight down on the legion at full gallop, whipping them out into platoon front. To his left, two groups of flat-riding Coyoteros thundered across to intercept him like a free herd of wild mountain horses. There was an arrogance in the Apache tactic that he had never known before in all his service in the Southwest—an openness of approach to the kill, built on the instinct of victory.

A shot struck the underside of Cohill's left arm as it was up momentarily parallel to the ground; the shot opened his arm and scored the tip of his elbow point in blinding pain. He doubled his fist against it, clenched the forearm and felt the flesh rip wide like a tear in cloth as the muscles contracted. His mount screamed in fury at the spur bite. Behind in the line he saw a trooper pitch off, his mare running free to the right toward the other hostile groups.

The platoon came straight down on the south end of the legion, with men racing out of the bivouac area to form on their line of flank pickets.

In the narrowing space between, Cohill pulled his platoon sharp right and headed north again, swinging his gallop across the front of the legion's picket fire and at right angles to the Apache pursuit. Then the sun burst a hill gap in blinding brass light and, galloping parallel to the bivouac, Cohill knew that they were lost to the legion in the flame—and that the Apache attack would come out of it now full upon the bivouac.

Strung out, under sporadic fire from both forces, they galloped between for the getaway; and, screaming in their parched throats, seventeen men of his platoon cut back for the Yuma Trail with five riderless horses tearing along on their flanks. Fanshaw, Shultz, Pumphrey, Font and Satterlee paid the piper.

Behind them the first impact on the bivouac was a continuing growl of musketry fire. Then it slacked off. The dust rose over the fight, and the heavy firing wound itself down to tattered single shots.

When Cohill got his men well north of Ogden's he led up a slight rise and halted. Behind them now they could see the fight fully joined along the entire line of the bivouac. From the clubbed rifles the ammunition story was plain. The Apaches cut completely through in three places and regrouped to come back from the river side. They came back to cut through again so that the small resistance perimeters were scattered along the trail with no mutual support possible, like a cattle herd strung out aimlessly against the fanging of a lobo wolf.

With the sun at their backs once more, the Apaches concentrated on the south end of the column, isolating it and then overriding it. Then they hauled off to both flanks for flash harassing rushes and hung onto the doomed legion with their teeth deep-sunk in its flesh.

The survivors straggled northward slowly along the trail like a spade-cut snake, with instinct to live, but no ability to sustain its life beyond the stubborn writhe of reflex. The two sides were like two cougars that had bowel-torn each other with the instinctive will to kill—the initial intensity of the fight ground down to sporadic firing, and by seven o'clock the dust of the battle's final agonies was settling in the burned-off damp of the mists. Badly hurt themselves, the hostiles drew off into the desert in sept groups, and the buzzards swung high in the sky. With a veer of the wind, Cohill's men could hear faint screams that had the shocking distant quality of children shrieking at play.

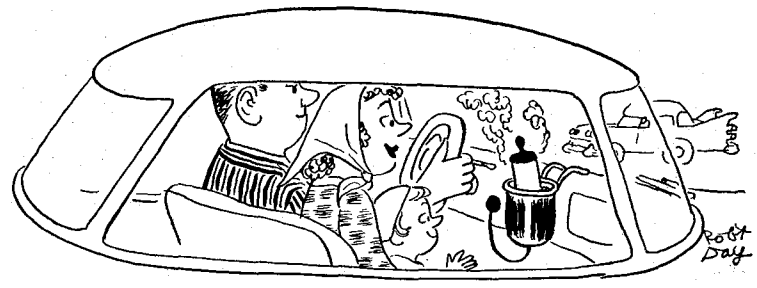
Cohill walked his exhausted command the slow miles north, and two days later they reached Fort Yuma to see the two steamers tied up below the high banks on the western side. Lieutenant Golightly with four of the garrison rowed across to meet him.

Kenneth Golightly was a tall man, bone-thin and worn to the raw fiber. He had no word for Cohill, only the will to listen. With eighteen 2nd Cavalry wounded on his hands and eleven of his own garrison done up bringing them in, he had sixteen men for doubtful duty. Cohill showed him his orders and took command. Cohill had his own men ferried across to the fort and sent Golightly out with a patrol to look for the survivors of the legion and of Bentinck's expedition.

Cohill came out of twenty-three hours of board-stiff sleep with his left arm swollen and hot with infection. He found Sergeant Ohms boiling coffee in the lean-to. He sent him to locate Lieutenant Golightly and to get a bottle of carbolic solution. Golightly had fifty-four survivors of the fight in the prison stockade across the river. They had straggled in by twos and threes and half squads, legionnaires and Bentinck's people, throwing down their arms to Golightly's patrol and accepting asylum. Senator Bentinck had been with them.

"There was a Colonel O'Meara with them too," Golightly said. "He died of wounds." Golightly took a notebook and an oilskin packet from his shirt pocket. "He sent his respects to you and asked you to dispose of his effects according to instructions. He requested Catholic burial. We have sent the priest."

Cohill nodded and drank his coffee. He stood for a (*Continued on Page 60*)



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Mervin, an inventive individual, devised an electric baby-bottle warmer which could be plugged into an automobile dashboard like a cigarette lighter. He did a brisk and profitable business until the Federal Government demanded that he pay an excise tax imposed on the manufacture of "any automobile part or accessory." When he declined, the Government sued.

"My invention is a baby accessory, not an automobile accessory," Mervin argued smartly. "Not by the wildest stretch of the imagination can a baby bottle be regarded as part of a car. The Government is overreaching in this instance."

"As Mervin's bottle warmer is specifically designed to be attached to an automobile dashboard, as a convenience for motoring mothers, it plainly is a car accessory and he should pay the legal tax," Government attorneys replied.

If you were the judge, would you tax Mervin's bottle warmer?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Mervin had to pay. The court ruled that the bottle warmer was as much a car accessory as a cigarette lighter or plug-in spotlight.

Based upon a 1958 United States Court of Appeals decision.

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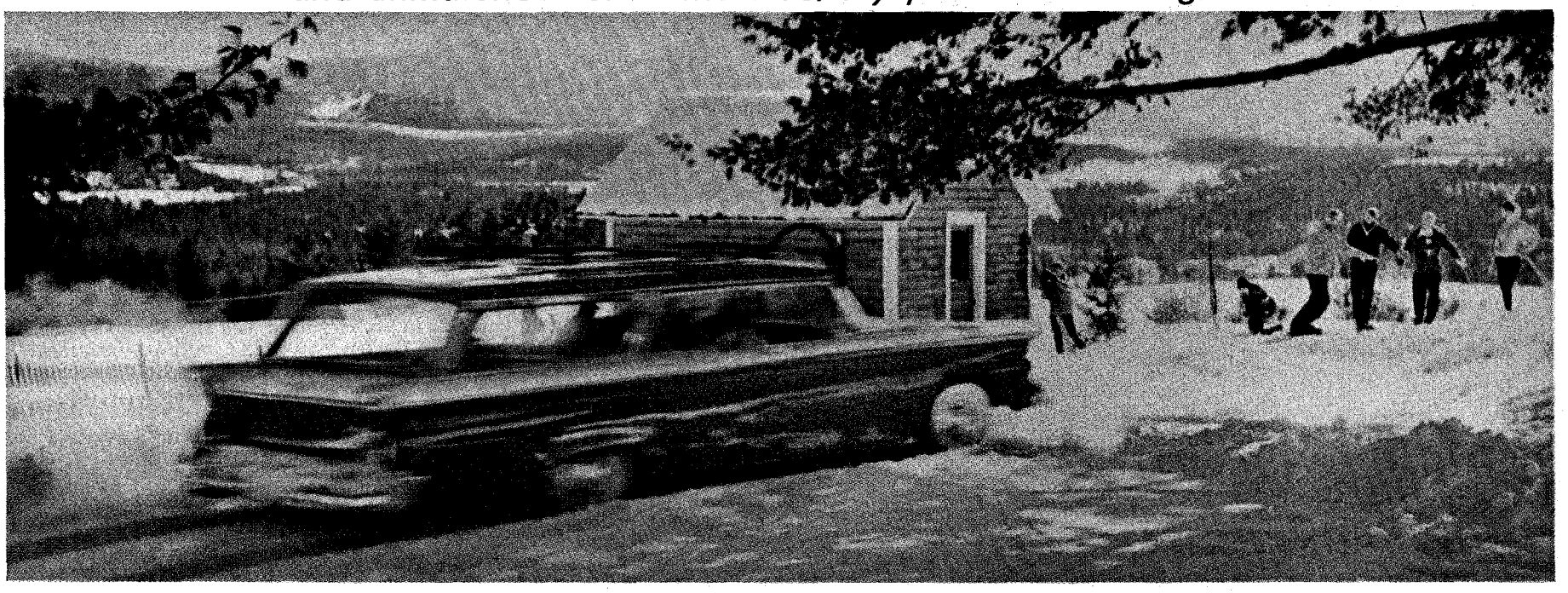

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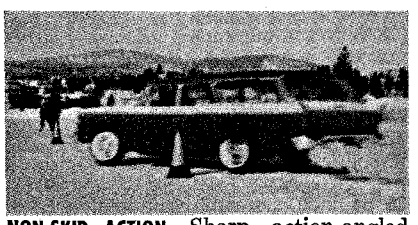

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Firestone Town & Country Winter Treads Also Available Applied on Sound Tire Bodies or Your Tires.

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What assurance to know you can give Bayer® Aspirin for Children *with your doctor's blessing . . .*

It's the dosage doctors recommend. Each tablet contains exactly 1¼ grains of aspirin—the precise dosage doctors prescribe for children! So when your youngster comes down with a headache, or the pains and fever of a cold, and has a need for aspirin, you know you can give Bayer Aspirin for Children with complete confidence.

And Flavored Bayer Aspirin for Children is the highest quality aspirin you can buy for your child. It's genuine Bayer Aspirin with instant flaking action! This means it brings the fastest, most gentle to the stomach relief your little one can get from fever and pain.

Best of all, Flavored Bayer Aspirin for Children tastes so good, children take it without fussing. What's more, the new tamper-proof cap on the bottle—that children cannot get open—keeps youngsters from taking this pleasant-tasting medicine on their own.

with the NEW TAMPER-PROOF CAP children cannot get open

Give your child the Best—

Flavored BAYER Aspirin for Children

(*Continued from Page 58*) moment at the window staring out across the tiny sun-baked parade of Fort Yuma. "That's all," he said to Golightly. "Start packing your men to move upriver to relieve Fort Mojave. I will give you the departure time sometime before retreat." He put down his cup. "Swab out this arm of mine, Ohms," and he sat in a chair and braced for the shock of the carbolic.

"Can you read and write, Ohms?"

Ohms shook his head. "Not as good as old Satterlee, sir."

"Do you remember what was said in the cabin of the *Clan Cameron*—the morning I took over under the Sixtieth Article of War?"

"They was going to stop us landing—disarm us or shoot us. Some such."

"That would be about it. I'm going to have it written down for you to sign. I want an affidavit of record."

"Who gets tried, lieutenant?"

"Senator Rutherford Bentinck—for treason."

"Treason, sir?" Ohms' eyes narrowed in their still swollen sockets, and the tip of his tongue snaked his lips. "That's hanging, ain't it? By the book?"

"It is," Cohill nodded, "and I want it of record that it is. Here—on the spot while the act of it still reeks. And to blazes with what a reviewing body may do with the verdict later—when politics comes back into the picture!"

With the nose bandage across his face, Ohms' attempt at a grin was divided into two parts—the sudden cupidity of his eyes above and his lips below, twisted, with his tongue snaking them. "Yes, sir, lieutenant!"

Walking out of Golightly's quarters, Cohill stood for a moment, breathing deeply of the morning air. Then he crossed to the improvised hospital shed and spoke to the wounded of the 2nd Cavalry—of the Gila River fight. He walked down the line of pallets, remembering the names where he could, getting the tattered fragments of the massacre story. With the bitterness pressured tight within him, he went then to 2nd Lieutenant Moseby's quarters that had been given over to him and faced Rutherford Bentinck. Bentinck was sitting behind Moseby's field desk, writing on a broad piece of foolscap.

He continued writing for a moment, then he looked up with the light of his pale eyes frozen in contained hostility. "I am declaring myself governor of this territory"—he indicated the paper before him—"and I expect your full support as a Federal officer—until I can contact your superiors and have you relieved. That done, I shall have you cashiered."

Cohill reached for the foolscap and wadded it in one hand. "When I invoked the Sixtieth Article of War"—he spoke as if Bentinck were a defaulting corporal whose stripes he would cut—"I placed you in the same category as any one of my troopers—military personnel. You left the *Clan Cameron* without my order, but I find you now returned to my control. I'm placing you in close arrest."

"You're a fool!" Bentinck shouted. "As big a fool as any Regular Army officer has ever been when he has set foot beyond the limits of his trade!"

"I am going to try you, senator, for treason—under the Eighty-first Article of War. The penalty is hanging."

Late that night, unable to sleep with the fire that tortured his left arm, he began meticulously to draw up the charges and the specifications and the orders convening Bentinck's court-martial.

For the death penalty that he was determined to have brought in for the record on the spot, it must be a general court-martial with a prescribed minimum of five serving officers as members. Under the Eighth Article of War, he took his authority to convene such a general court as inherent in his written orders from Colonel Alshard, the departmental commander, who had delegated court-martial jurisdiction to Cohill under his present status as "the commanding officer of any district or of any force or body of troops, when empowered by the President to do so." Not directly or personally empowered by the President, Cohill construed himself as actually so empowered by the delegation in writing of Alshard's empowerment to him.

Stipulating the Ninth Article of War, Cohill incorporated in his written orders for convention of the court, the fact that "such authority is incident to the power of command, and is independent of the convening officers' own personal rank." Not to disqualify himself as the convening authority, he stipulated Sergeant Ohms as the accuser.

He ordered himself to sit as president of the court, with 1st Lieutenant Golightly, 2nd Lieutenant Moseby—the agent officer from Ehrenberg—storekeeper Lieutenant Galloway, and the only surviving officer of the 2nd Cavalry fight on the Gila, young 2nd Lieutenant Isham, paralyzed by a shot through his hips, as members. These were the minimum five for a general court.

Cohill convened the court on the *Cacopah*'s upper deck. The members seated themselves on hardtack boxes, Isham prone on his stretcher, as soon as the steamer cast off and started upriver. In the whole history of military justice there is probably no other proceeding of record quite like that one. Five lieutenants sitting on the life of an ex-senator—a one-time brigadier of volunteers. The court came to order under the shadows of Purple Hills Pass, beyond which the river winds due west in its blood-red flow toward Cane Brake Cañon and the Chocolate Mountains.

Bentinck was brought to the upper deck and refused angrily to recognize the authority of the court in any respect. His refusal was ignored on the grounds that, being subject to military law under the Sixtieth Article, he had no right to refuse. He was apprised of his rights to challenge. He refused to answer; made no challenge.

The charge was read to him. "Violation of the Eighty-first Article of War, to wit: 'Whoever relieves or attempts to relieve the enemy (*Continued on Page 62*)

With Military Honors

By Bessie Butler Newsom Allard

We were like lovers lying
Beautifully heart to heart;
We were like children crying,
"Oh, no!" to the night and the dark;
We were so death-defying
For we never could sleep apart.
Oh, newsboy, there on the corner,
Break open your bundle and shout. . . .
We were like banners flying,
But the flag is folded, triangled,
The indigo, the spangled,
Star side out.

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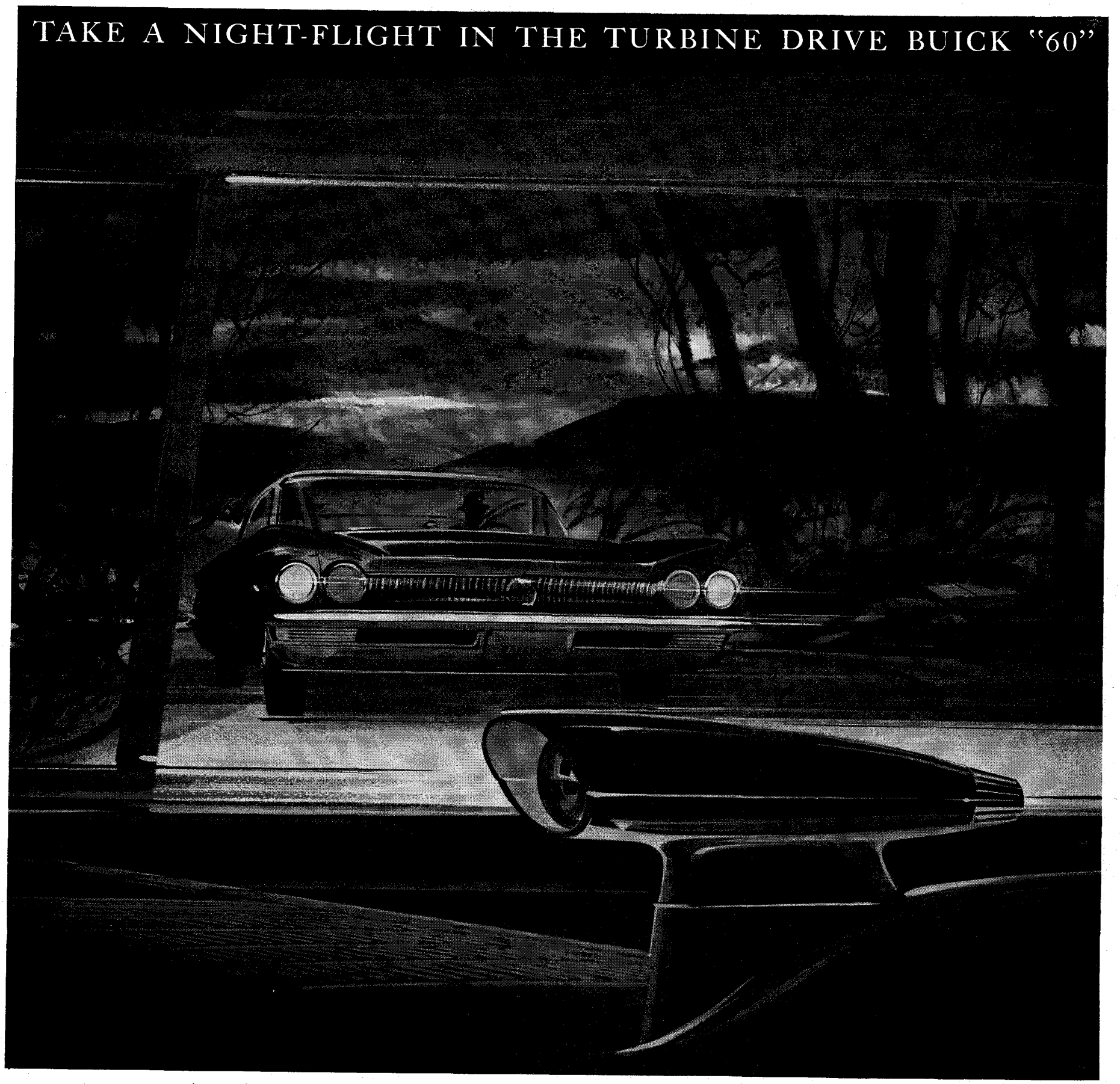

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Most of all you'll want to try Safety Salute and see how it helps make courtesy contagious. For with Guide-Matic's exclusive Safety Salute, you can urge other nighttime drivers to *dim-down* their brights at the instant you're dimming your own.

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SAFETY SALUTE works like this . . . energized by the lights from an oncoming car, Guide-Matic fades down your bright beams ○○ 1 ○○ to a soft glow, signaling the other driver to dim his brights ●● 2 ●● . An instant later, the inboard beams turn off ●● 3 ●● , restating . . . with greater urgency . . . a safety message that can't be ignored. Once you've passed in perfect safety, all four lamps instantly switch back to ○○ 4 ○○ bright.

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(*Continued from Page 60*) with arms, ammunition, supplies, money or other things, or knowingly harbors or protects or holds correspondence with or gives intelligence to the enemy, either directly or indirectly, shall suffer death or such other punishment as a court-martial or military commission may direct.'"

The specifications traced the steps of Bentinck's defaulting actions in that he did, by Sergeant Ohms' affidavit, concur in General Barras' revocation of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo; in that he did, by transcript of the log and manifests of the *Clan Cameron* certified to by Moxley as master, carry in his expedition supplies three hundred and fifty rounds of modified Whitworth ammunition for the gun battery of the legion; in that, certified by O'Meara's notebook, actually in his, Bentinck's, own hand, did specify and write out the four terms of capitulation at the mouth of the Colorado; in that, certified by affidavit of the Countess von Hortsendorff, he did, in effect, assume command of the legion by the fact of giving Colonel O'Meara a direct order to pursue to Howard's with a light flying column the night the steamers passed the narrows.

At first Bentinck, asked again for his plea, maintained stubborn silence. Then he shouted, "Not guilty," and the slow flush of anger washed his cheekbones. "You popinjay!" he shouted at Cohill. "You'll be stripped of your shoulder straps and rot in Federal prison for this!"

Cohill watched the pale eyes closely. "I'll have you forcibly restrained," he said quietly, "unless you respect this court with your words and actions," and amazingly he saw the shadow of fear dust across Bentinck's eyes. "I'll defend myself," Bentinck snarled. "Not guilty," and he stared into the five faces before him—faces of young men gone into the weariness of premature age by the hardships of their service. Five junior officers in rank but grave and with improvised dignity, they were the sovereign power of the United States at this time and in this place, with the right to its administration grievously and painfully earned by each one of them. In solemn justice, they sat above the red, erosive flow of Blood River.

Step by step the case built itself as the *Cacopah* steamed up the great Colorado valley into the shadows of the Halfway Mountains. In every devious fashion he could, Bentinck made his denials and, in his own angry summation, his forensics degenerated into threats and abuse and livid defiance. Cohill had him taken away. After ten minutes of deliberation the court brought in a verdict of "guilty of the charge and specifications," with the recommendation of death by hanging—just as the steamer passed Bill Williams' Fork, and the shadow of Mount Whipple fell broad across her decks. The next day they steamed slowly along the dramatic line of the Needles and through the slight rapids below Whipple's Crossing.

It was half past nine at night when Captain Godolphin pulled his whistle cord a mile below the high bluffs of Fort Mojave—on the east bank—and the *Cacopah* breasted up the broadened reach of the Colorado on its final stretch. Lanterns began to wink down the bluffside paths and, just as they nosed in to tie up, the *C* trumpet above lipped out the nostalgic brass wail of call to quarters above the empty miles of the West.

In headquarters, Lieutenant Ames read Cohill's orders and relinquished command. A trace courier was just in that morning overland from the Presidio. Ames handed over two communications addressed to Cohill. The first was from the disbursing officer, the Department of California, the Presidio of San Francisco.

Subject officer is herewith notified that overpayment of $122.50 was made in respect to back pay and is due the United States, subject officer not being entitled to horse allowance while detached on Columbia River Survey duties.

The second was a forwarded communication from the agent officer in Portland.

This office is notified that F. Cohill, 1st Lt 2d Cav Detached, being first on the regimental promotion list was eligible for promotion to captain vice Captain Taylor Danforth resigned. Report being received of Lieutenant Cohill's death on the Columbia River, and his oath not being of record, promotion passes to 1st Lt Otis Tyne 2d Cav.

Cohill stood up wearily. "I have a prisoner under sentence of death aboard the *Cacopah*, Ames. I want him guardhoused while his trial papers are sent to San Francisco." Ames whistled softly when Cohill told him the rest of it. He said, "You'll never hang him."

Cohill nodded. "I knew that when I brought him to trial. I merely wanted his conviction of record. What will probably happen is that he'll go scot-free to hang me—and the department commander. Everyone else has tried to."

Down at the wharfside the relief garrison was filing off with its personal equipment. Above them Sergeant Ohms was standing by the wheel cubby. It seemed to Cohill that he could see the man's eyes long before he saw the outline of his body, and it seemed to him also that in some peculiar way he knew what Ohms was going to say to him long before he framed the question.

"Where's the prisoner, Ohms?"

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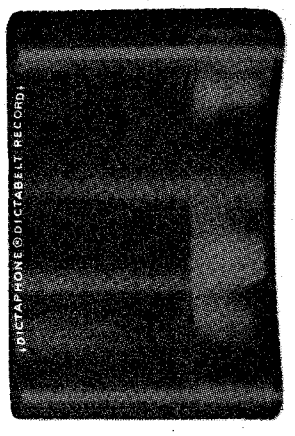

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Sergeant Ohms straightened up, brought his heels together. "The lieutenant ain't heard, sir?"

"Heard what?"

Ohms' hands moved slightly at his sides, as if he would look at them for stain, then remembering that he had washed them. "Senator Bentinck must've hanged himself, sir. The guard found him that way not ten minutes gone. What would you call that—retribution, mebbe?"

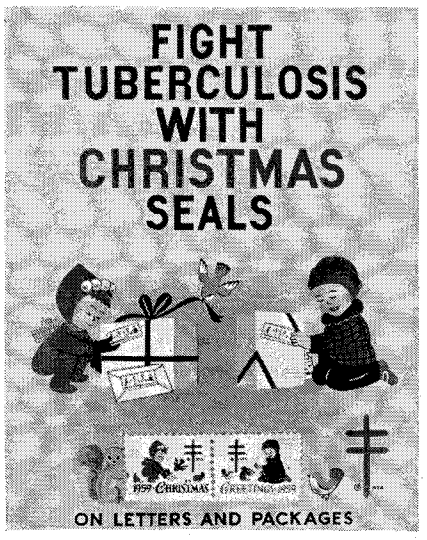
"What would you call it, Ohms?"

"Well, I don't know, lieutenant," and Ohms' lips twisted in that grimace of his. "I sure wouldn't call it no direct order, sir. Down at Yuma, I mean, when you said treason."

"Ohms," Cohill looked at him. "Someday ——"

"Yes, sir."

Fifteen minutes later when Cohill and 'Theena had climbed the bluff to her allocated quarters and he had left her to bathe and dress, Lieutenant Ames tapped at Cohill's door while he was bathing. "There was a third letter from the Presidio for you. It fell to the floor of my office."



It was from Colonel Alshard—and personal.

Dear Cohill: Under anonymous accusation that you had accepted bribe of $50,000.00 I investigated the matter at Wells Fargo's Bank and have affidavit from them that deposit was made by one Ramillies Moktir, servant to Bentinck, and that you were not a physical party to the transaction. I suggest that if Bentinck makes accusation against you on this count you at once ask for a board on the matter.

Before Cohill could get into the second paragraph there was another knock on his door—Sergeant Ohms. "Yes, Ohms?" Ohms hesitated slightly, looked off into the shadows. He said, "Being as old Satterlee's dead, I'm senior. Sort of acting top soldier, you might say. So took m'own permission to speak to the lieutenant."

"Speak up."

"About the half cut on the money, sir. The twenty-five thousand. That's out. I won't take a cent. You earned it all."

For a moment it was pure Greek to Cohill. He stared into Ohms' shifting eyes. "I just don't like officers, sir," the man said. "That's why I bought in for half—that night when I heard Houget put it to you about the fifty thousand. But I got to like you—a whole lot, sir. So you keep all of it—you and the lady, for a marriage present like."

For the first time in two years Cohill snorted in spontaneous laughter. "Ohms," he said, "you'll have to take it. Your share anyway"—and he showed him the draft and the colonel's letter—"for I shall send the whole thing to the Disabled Soldiers Fund; and you'll need help from it someday—if somebody doesn't get you first."

"Yes, sir," Ohms said solemnly. "I guess so, sir—but not so long's I go by the book. Treason gets hanging—as well as murder."

When he had gone, Cohill read the second paragraph of Colonel Alshard's letter.

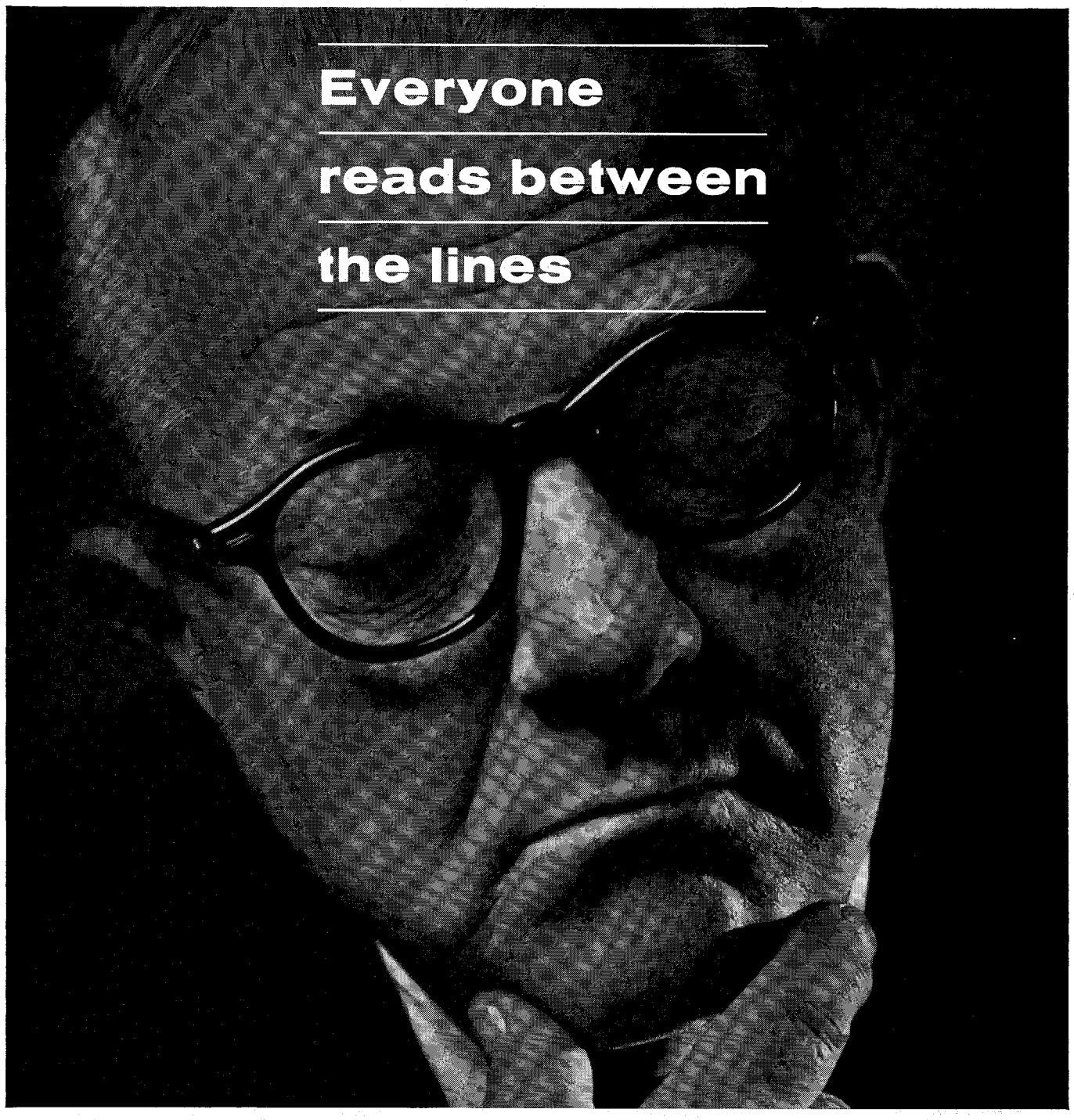
If you have reached Fort Mojave by the time this gets to you, it will be some reward to you that the reply from 2nd Cavalry Headquarters, Tucson—through Leavenworth as usual—to my wire informing them of your temporary duty, states that you are eligible for promotion to captain vice Captain Otis Tyne, deceased; and to major vice Captains Blenkinship, Schuyler and Juneau, also deceased. Cordially, MC C. ALSHARD.

For a day's pay to help meet his horse deficit, Cohill had Ames swear him in.

With taps beginning to sound from headquarters, Major Cohill opened his door and stood for a moment until the call ran itself out. He looked across under the close broad canopy of desert stars toward the quarters that had been given 'Theena, and he was conscious of a completeness that lies beyond all words. It was on him in firm conviction that nothing at all important had ever happened to either of them before—and that anything that was ever to have real significance was starting its slow march down the years to meet him.

Then because he was what he was—and would always be that, in spite of everything else—words did begin to form in his mind. *I'll clean up the final details tomorrow, write my report and get out east to Tucson—to rejoin my regiment.*

THE END



This is a stockholder reading a financial report:

This man sees more than words, figures, and pictures. Unconsciously he is *reading between the lines* . . . looking for the subtle implications that support the claims of the company, or cast doubt upon them. He is also influenced by the character of the printing. Does it show respect for his intelligence and good taste? Whenever a company shows respect for the reader . . . that company will win respect in return. *Respectful printing must begin with a good printer.* See him early. Most likely he will prefer a Warren paper, because he will get better results — and so will you.

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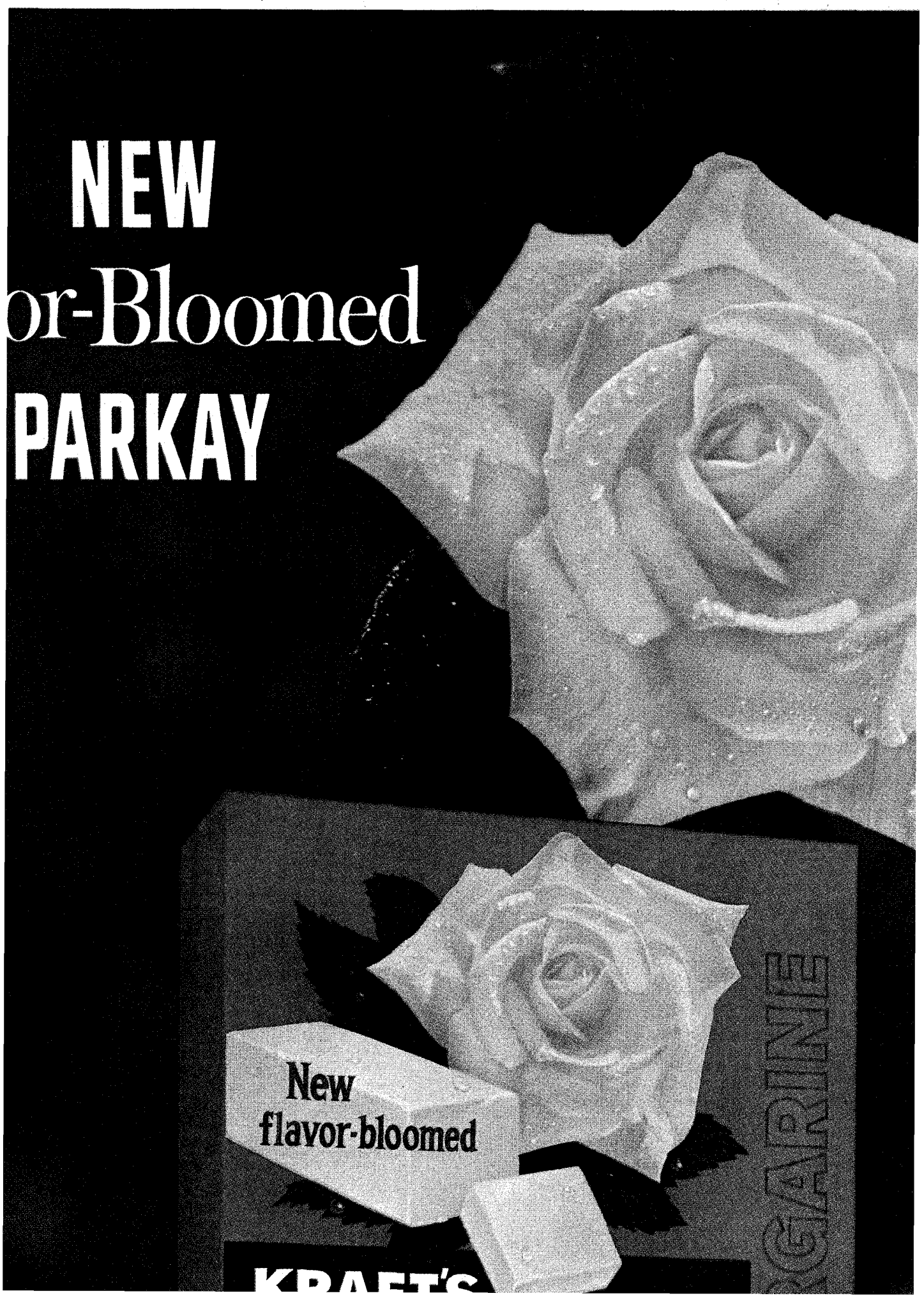

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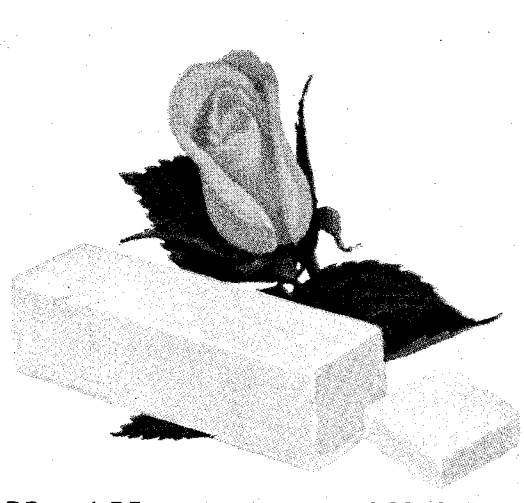
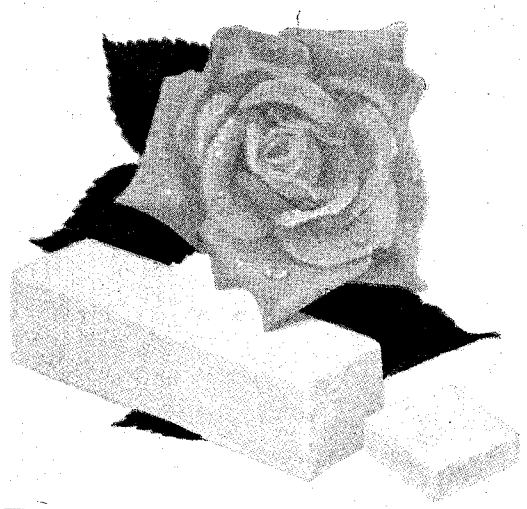


Most Margarines unfold their flavor more slowly than the high-priced spread. They have a tighter texture, look more glossy, keep more of their flavor locked in—like a bud that never blooms. That's why some people think the flavor of their present margarine tastes "incomplete." Such margarines lack the fast, full flavor release that makes a spread truly delicious.



Flavor-Bloomed Parkay is made a new way, so that all its sweetness and fullness of flavor "bursts open" on the tongue . . . instantly unfolding the most delicious taste ever achieved in a spread. You'll notice a new bloom and delicacy of appearance, too—more velvety, less shiny. In looks, texture, taste, new Parkay is more than a match for the high-priced spread.

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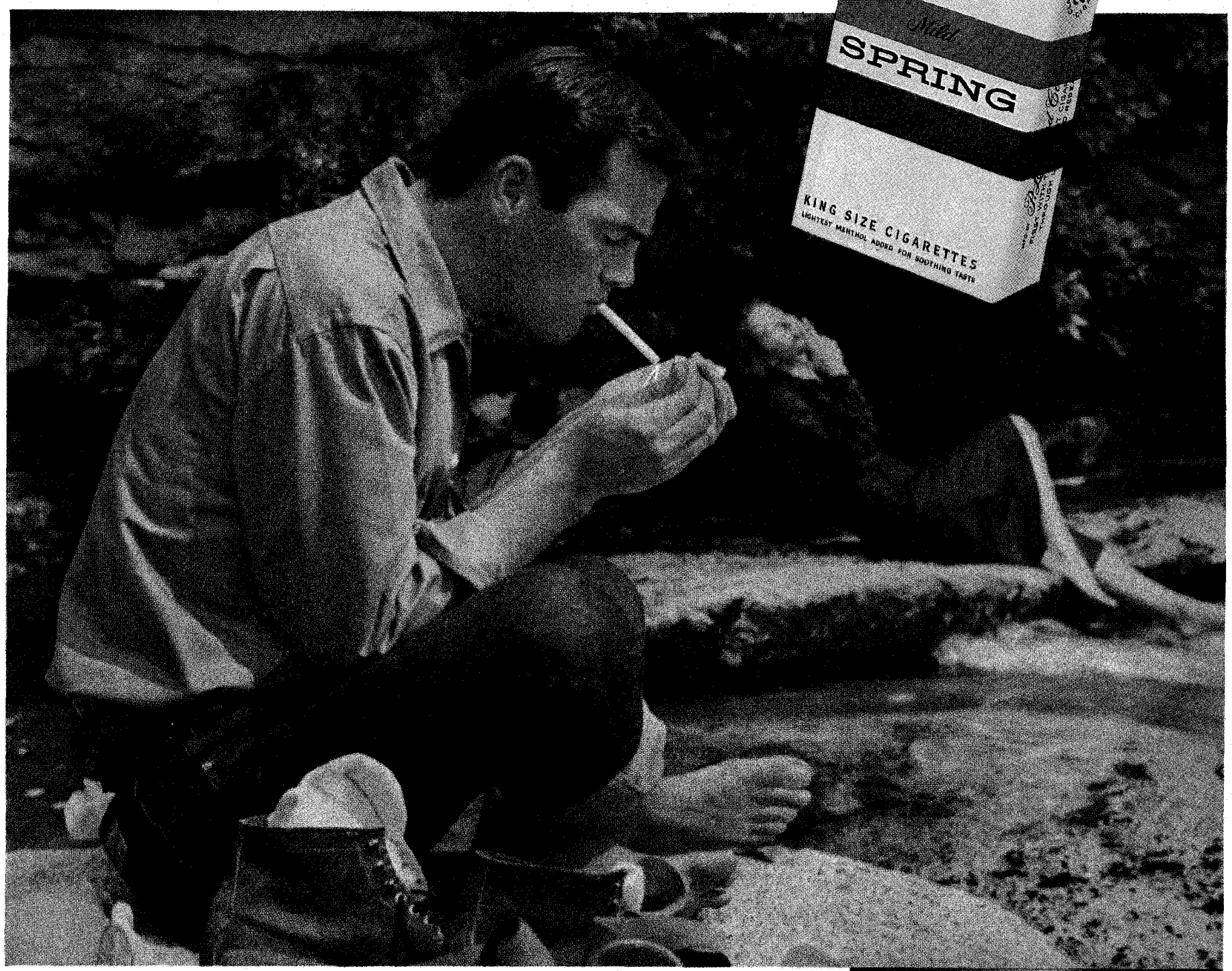

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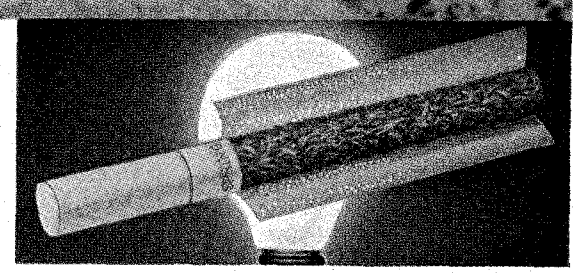

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Cause to Kill (Continued from Page 37)

it because there had been other ranchers who had helped their hands get a start—knowing, too, that Lonzo Cretsinger was not of this breed, "I don't expect anything off you, Lon. But I'm tired of working for you and I'm goin' to branch off for myself."

"Well, start branching right now," Cretsinger said. "I won't have you on the place with them kind of idees."

"I was hoping you'd take it different," Oliver said slowly. "We've been friends, more or less, for a long time. I was hoping we could stay friends—because we're going to be neighbors."

Cretsinger's black eyes seemed to lose some of their color. "Just what," he asked in a still, ominous voice, "have you got in mind, Oliver? I hope it ain't what I'm thinking."

"I'm goin' to homestead Clearwater Meadows."

"No," Cretsinger said with finality, "you ain't."

"Well, I've told you," Oliver said. "I'll be going."

"Oliver," Cretsinger called him back in a reasonable tone, an unusual thing for him, "you've helped me chase a dozen men out of these hills, and you knew why you did it. I didn't come up here and run the Apaches out just so's a bunch of snotty-nosed nesters could move in on me. Now, Oliver, I'm goin' to put it to you right blunt. You move up there, and I'll run *you* out. And if you don't run," he said, still in the same reasonable tone, "why, I'll kill you—friends or not."

"Lon," he said, "I thank you kindly for the warning. But I've got this to say before I go. I was taught to follow orders if I took a man's pay. I helped you run those people out, but I didn't like it. I reckon that's one reason why I want to get away from you so bad. Here lately I've got to feelin' like my soul was hidin' behind my backbone.

"But, Lon, you listen to me! I ain't some farmer from Iowa with a dozen kids to worry about if I was to get killed. That takes the starch out of a man, and my starch is a little stiffer than that. You mess with me, and it might be you as climbs in the box!"

Oliver saw the look on Cretsinger's face, and he thought the thing he had dreaded was coming to pass. He watched Lon's eyes instead of his hand and, after a minute, he let the tenseness melt from his own slender frame. "Oliver," Cretsinger said, "I'm goin' inside and smoke a cigar. Don't be here when I stub it out!"

Oliver wasn't forty, not quite, but he admitted ruefully, as he stopped in front of the murky mirror to pick up his razor, that his hair was getting mighty thin and that there were too many crow's-feet around his eyes. But he wasn't a man to think much about his appearance, and he shrugged and went ahead gathering his gear.

He felt discouraged suddenly, looking at the pitifully meager things he had collected down through the years. He looked around the long room that successfully resisted the light of day through its three tiny windows, and he sat down on his bunk and wondered if he was doing what he really wanted to do. This was home when you got right down to it. It was familiar and cozy in spite of its lack of luxuries, and he was used to the disorderly array of saddles dropped here and there and bridles hanging from pegs driven into the logs, and he looked at the other bunks and wondered if the boys were doing what he'd told them to do and then he remembered it shouldn't make any difference to him. He grunted, almost sourly, and put his things into the war bag and went outside to the corrals. The yard was deserted when he left and he didn't look back as he put his bay into the trees across the home meadow.

Ordville sat on a long slope of land and Oliver never looked at it without thinking it would start sliding someday and not stop until it dropped off in some ravine. But it had been there a long time and it was the nearest thing to civilization within a hundred miles. It was a trading post more than anything else, and it supplied everything from leather goods to canned tomatoes and castor oil.

As he rode in Oliver looked at the cabin out back of the larger building. He didn't see what he was looking for, so he went on up to the hitch rack in front of the store and dismounted. He stretched his legs and flexed his shoulders and grinned rather openly at the woman who looked gravely at him from the doorway.

"From the looks of your gear," she said, "it appears that you are no longer Lonzo Cretsinger's Number One boy."

"Lon and I have parted ways somewhat," he admitted. "But we're goin' to be neighbors yet."

She moved out on the porch then, and he stood there looking up at her and liking her seriousness that could break from time to time with a laugh that he liked even more. She was a comely woman, a widow who had rejoined her father four years back, and she had been married long enough to know how to make a man comfortable and easy around her without letting him get the wrong idea. He had been courting her a long time in his slow, quiet way and there was an understanding between them.

"I think you're being a fool," she said flatly.

"It wouldn't be the first time," Oliver said, smiling without rancor. "But even a fool needs tools. I've got to get me an ax and a maul and an adz. I'll need some grub and probably a few shells."

"You'll need shells," she said with a bitter certainty. She moved her hands expressively—then, "Oliver, there's half a continent out here. Are you so bull-headed you just have to have *that* place?"

"I've got an awful itchin' for it," he said slowly, knowing what was bothering her. "Once you see that meadow, Wanda, you'll understand why I think it's worth facin' Lon for."

"I never thought you'd go against Lonzo Cretsinger," she said absently. "I always hoped you'd quit him, but I'm afraid for you on this. He's a cold, ruthless man."

"Look," he said. "It ain't like Lon had any need for that place. Why, he doesn't even put stock up there. We just go up there from time to time to pick up strays."

"Did he tell you that you could have the place?" she asked wonderingly.

"No," he said truthfully. "There's liable to be trouble. He thinks if he lets me in that it'll let the gate down for others."

She looked off down the slope for a minute, and when she looked back at him she said, "We're lucky in a way. Papa can marry us. Otherwise we'd have to go clear out of the mountains."

He took her chin between his rope-hardened hands and held it firmly, feeling his heart tripping too fast. "I can't marry you right now, girl. Not the way things are with Lon. We'll have to wait until I've brought him around."

"Oliver," she said quietly, "women are not so plentiful around here that I can't have my pick of men. You can't put one woman down in a country like this without her getting offers whether she's a raving beauty or not. I've been waiting a long time for you, and I'm not much in a mood to wait another year or two for you to build up what you think you ought to have. It's now," she said, meaning what she said, "or not at all."

He kissed her gently on the forehead and then again on the lips. She closed her eyes and moved into the circle of his arms and nodded gravely when he said, "There's goin' to be some mighty lean years if we make it at all. It's goin' to take what little I have to buy some stocker stuff, and there'll be so much venison on the table you'll think you're sprouting antlers."

"Like I said," she murmured. "I've been waiting a long time."

They stood up in front of her papa, and an old, smelly trapper was there, and her papa was a funny little man to be a preacher turned mountain man; though he must not have been such a funny little man after all, Oliver thought, to have come out here when he did and stay. But her papa said the words, and his voice broke a little and there was a tear in his eye when he closed the Book and stuck out his hand. "I'm pleased, boy," he said.

"I think you know I'll do my best, John," Oliver said, his own voice none too steady.

John Ord nodded and kissed his daughter, and they brought the Ord wagon around to the store porch and loaded it with the things they needed and they drove it around to the cabin and got a set of springs and a mattress and a bedstead and a chest of drawers; Oliver insisted on paying for what he got, and John knew he was serious about it, but he got his dander up and Oliver gave in and took the stove and the ax and the other things. He shook John Ord's hand again and took off up the long slope with his horse tied behind the wagon and his bride on the seat beside him.

The word "creek" was an exaggeration for the stream of water that had its beginning high on the snow-covered rocks of the mountain. But it was called Clearwater Creek, and by the time several rivulets had come together it was indeed too large to be called a brook. Brook or creek, it raced down the mountain in a white and frothy torrent, very cold, and slowed not at all through the park that was, inevitably, called Clearwater Meadows.

Here and there old relics of long-dead trees lay across the creek's path; and other pines, tall and straight and coolly contemptuous of their fallen brethren, stood thickly along its banks and stopped grudgingly at the borders of the park. Out in the clearing, where the sun had a chance to warm the earth, was a magnificent growth of grass that quivered and bent in the breeze. At numerous points deer and cattle trails led invitingly into the timber and on to other parks and meadows, and above all was the continuous, rushing whisper of the creek.

At the north side, where the timber again started its climb up the mountain, Oliver started his cabin. He felt the nip in the air and knew the need to hurry. He worked with his gun on his hip and his rifle propped nearby and with one eye roving always over the meadow and into the trails. But he worked with a contentment, nevertheless, and looked up from time to time to laugh gently but with exuberance at the woman who worked beside him.

The cabin was almost done, and they had stopped for dinner one day when Wanda moved closer down the log they were sitting on and put her plate aside. "Oliver," she said, "I've watched the way you're putting this cabin together. You notch each log just so and each joint has to fit just so and you're fussy as an old woman about it.

"The thing is," she said stubbornly, "your work is going for nothing. We both know that Lonzo Cretsinger isn't going to let us stay. He'll come up here and if you're gone he'll tear it down and scatter it; and if you're here he'll just come back again—and finally, if he never catches you gone, why, he'll do it over your dead body."

His features went hard and tight, and she had seen his face this way only one or two times before and she knew the quality of the man, and now suddenly she was afraid. There was violence in her husband. It was there and it was covered and mixed with decency and understanding and a sense of right. But it was there.

"You're right, of course," he said, staring at the calluses on his fingers and the blister that had not been there a few days before. "He'll wreck this place sooner or later. But it's a game that two can play, and I've known Lon so long that I know his weaknesses. He loves money and good horses, and when he builds a house or a barn or a corral he's worse than you were accusing me of being. It's a passion with him; everything's got to be solid and everlasting with him."

"That's a weakness?" she asked. "It's about the only thing about him that I can like and understand."

He was aware again of the chilly mountain air as the sweat dried on his bare arms. He looked at the sun and the trees and the stumps where trees had been and he said, "He won't wait much longer. When he thinks we've finished he'll come and destroy this place and figure he's breaking our spirit at the same time. It's a method that's never failed him.

"But this time," Oliver said, "it's going to backfire. The only thing in this world he has any feeling for is that headquarters of his, (*Continued on Page 69*)

... ...

The Defense Rests

By Herbert Merrill

But how can you be sure
that they're not right
For one another? They're
so deep in love,
And he's a good boy. Don't
you think you might
Be wrong about them? Are
you God above
To make a judgment out of
some vast store
Of knowledge I don't have?
How can you tell?
How can you always see
behind, before,
Below and up and down
and sideways? Well,
I haven't any power such as
this.
But last night when I
happened to step out
On our front porch, I saw
our daughter kiss
This young man you object
to, and I doubt
If anything that you or I
could do
Would matter much. Now,
honestly, don't you?

... ...

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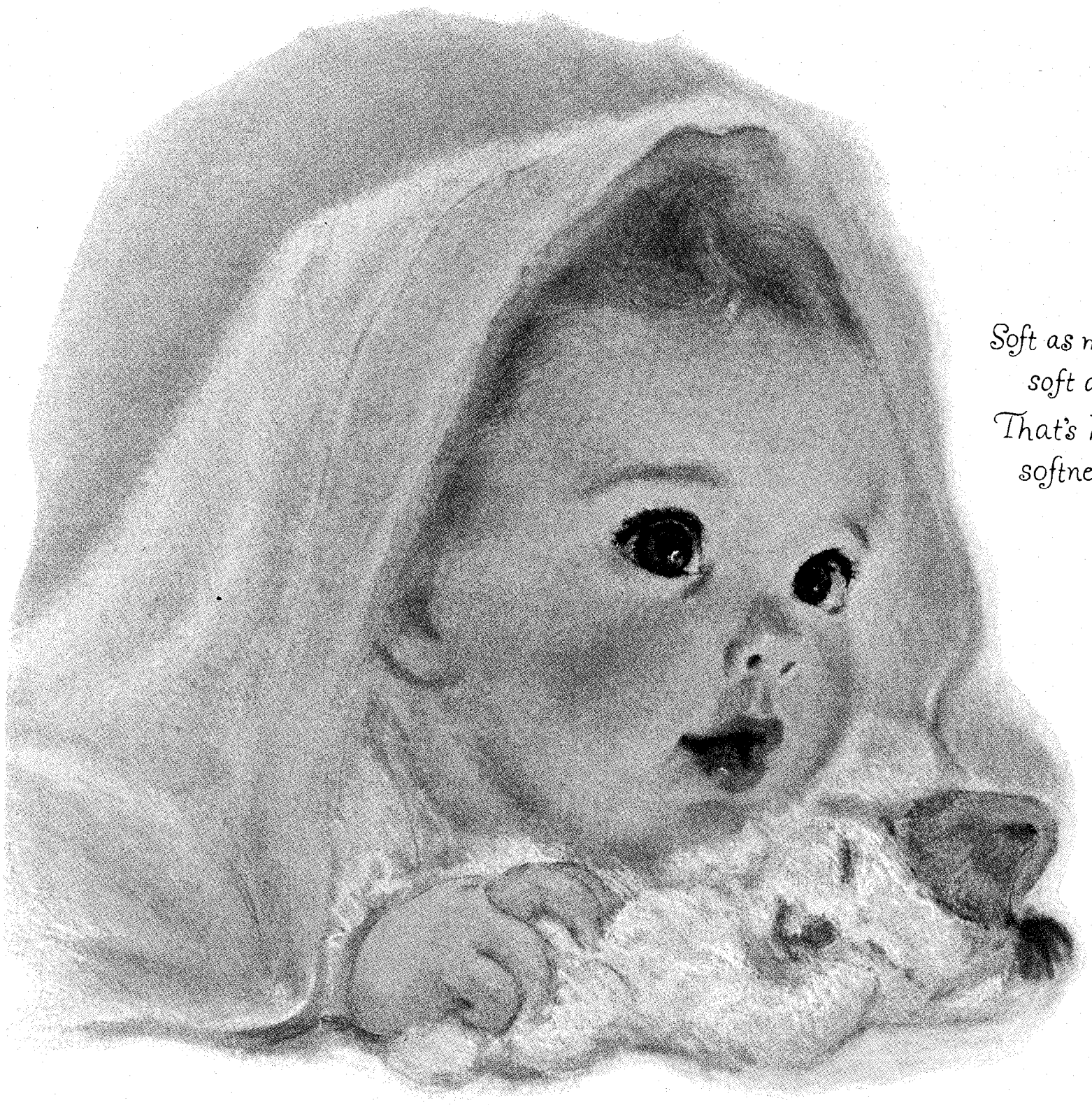

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soft as me
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softness can be

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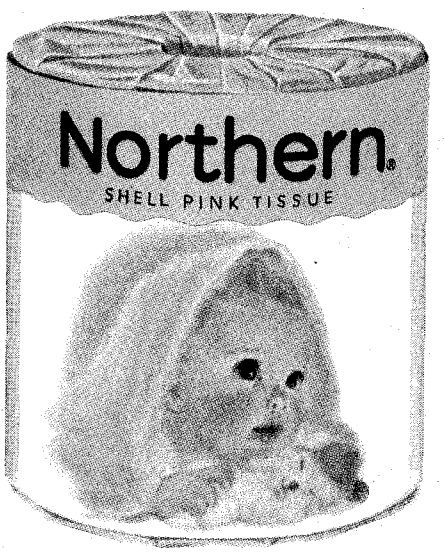
is soft enough



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(*Continued from Page 67*) and when I see him coming up here I'm going to hide you up in that ravine and I'm going to let him pull these logs down. He'll pull them down and scatter them, but they're too green to burn, and while he's here I'll be at his place, and the logs are dry, and I'll burn every building he has! Let him see what it's like to lose a home!"

Wanda touched her faintly perspiring temple and noticed that her hand was shaking. "Oliver," she said, speaking softly, speaking urgently, "you can't do that. Cretsinger would never let you live for doing that! He'd hunt you until he found you. Look, Oliver," she said bitterly, "I've been a widow once. I don't like the idea of being one again so soon. It's just pride, and I'm asking you—let's move on. Please."

"I don't like denying you," he said, fumbling for words. "But this is something more than pride. It's my home and it's more than that too. This is free land, and Lon doesn't own a foot of it. He's got rights and I'd never go against him on what's fair, but I've done some things for him against decent people that's on my mind, and I think maybe that's why I've got to do this thing."

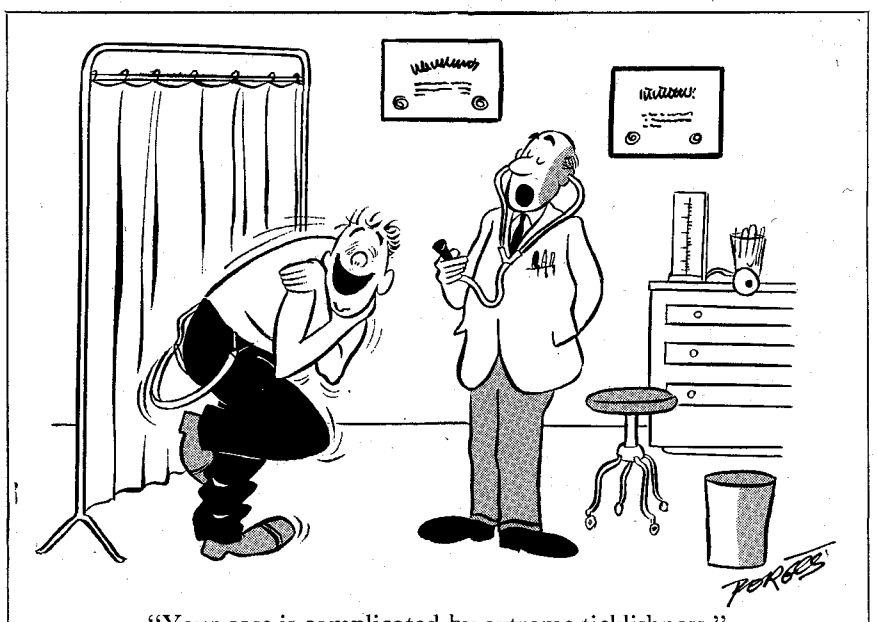
"Well," she said, draining her coffee cup and noticing then that her hand had quit shaking, "let's get to work. I'm a firebug at heart and I'm also very punctual." She laughed at his quizzical look and kissed him on the cheek. "For delivering grub," she said, "when you have to start hiding out."

He saw them coming from his vantage point in the rocks. Unhurriedly, knowing how long it would take them to toil up the trail, he stepped into the bay's saddle and rode back to the cabin. There was a smile on his face that did not quite reach his eyes, and he said, "Get you some meat and bread and blankets. They're coming."

The color drained from her face, but she took a sack and threw in a few cold biscuits and some meat and then did the same with another sack. Oliver tied this one on his saddle and went to the wagon, where their supplies still were, and lifted out a small can of coal oil and tied this, too, on his saddle. He threw a roll of blankets over his shoulder, took his wife's hand and the bay's reins and started into the ravine on the north side of the park.

He stopped in a small glen where the sun was warm and bright and hesitated for a moment before he said, "You'll be all right here. I'll be back toward morning, I guess. Lon'll know you're here, but it's not his way to bother a woman, so you won't have to be afraid. But stay here anyhow, and I'll look for you here when I get back."

He spread the blankets in the grass for her and turned to study the meadow. He wore a troubled, unhappy face, but it did not lose its determination because of



"Your case is complicated by extreme ticklishness."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

these softer emotions. "Oliver," Wanda said, causing him to turn back to her. "You be careful. I know the risks even if you do try to mislead me. You be real careful," she said, "when you start back. Lonzo will know what the smoke means."

"Sure," he said. He kissed her and swung into the saddle and disappeared into the trees.

She watched him as far as she could see him and then listened to the fall of the bay's hoofs on the rocky soil until these sounds faded too. She sat down, then, feeling much alone and very uncertain. After a while, perhaps twenty minutes, she heard other sounds from the meadow, but she did not get up to look. She did not want to look.

He came as he had gone, and she got up and was staring into the darkness when Oliver loomed up before her. He stepped down and kissed her and then turned away to loosen the cinches of the saddle, and the bay let its breath out noisily in weary ease. Wanda moved up beside him and touched the coal-oil can and knew instantly that it was empty.

He dropped down on a rock and shivered suddenly in the coldness of early morning. She picked up one of the blankets and draped it over his shoulders. "I guess we'll be moving when the sun gets up," he said, his voice expressionless.

"Moving?"

"Yes," he said. "I got the shavings and I put them up against the walls and I poured the coal oil on them and then"—Wanda knew he was making a wry face—"I just couldn't strike the match. You know," he said simply, "I helped lay those logs too."

She felt the tenseness and the misery leave her for the first time in hours. "Oliver," she said, standing behind him and working the muscles of his neck with her strong, firm hands, "I'm glad. Really glad. And I think that you will be, too, one of these days."

It was breaking day then, and they walked back down the slope with the bay in tow, and they saw the site where the cabin had been; instead of walls and ridgepoles there were just naked logs, and the logs were scattered here and there, having left great trails behind them where they had been skidded out into the meadow, and the chimney wasn't a chimney any more, but just a pile of rocks with bits of clay and straw clinging to them.

Oliver stared at the wreckage, and the first thing that entered his mind was to think that Lon had done his work with his usual thoroughness; and then he got mad and his voice was shaky when he gripped Wanda's arm. "Let's hurry and put what's worth saving back in the wagon," he said. "I've never killed a white man—just Indians—but I've talked to men who have and I don't want a burden like that. But right now—if I see Lon—I'll kill him!"

She went to work then, moving swiftly, and she had but one thought. It went through her mind over and over like a foolish song, and it said, "*Dear God, let me get him away before they meet!*"

They had wrecked the bed, and that had been her mother's. They had wrecked the chest of drawers, and that, too, had been her mother's. The stove had been new, but it had been crushed somehow, and the feathers from the mattress were still lifting and blowing in the updraft from the mountain. There was very little to do, and they did it quickly. Wanda picked up the last few things, while Oliver went into the trees after the mules.

They were less than an hour from the meadow when they rounded a turn in the trail and met Lonzo Cretsinger and his riders. They blocked the trail, and they looked tired and menacing with their unshaven cheeks, but Lonzo sat very straight in the saddle and he did not blink an eye as Oliver jerked the mules to a stop and slammed the brake on with his foot. He did not blink, either, when Oliver leveled the rifle and jacked a shell into the chamber.

"Wait, Oliver!" Wanda said in sudden sharpness. "Just a minute!"

"Oliver," Cretsinger said, sitting very still and the men in back of him sitting very still also, "I found those shavings around the house. That coal oil," he said, "reeked to high heaven. How come you didn't go ahead and fire 'em?"

Evenly, very evenly, Oliver said, "It would have made me as low and sorry as you. I don't want to be that sorry and mean. I moved up here to get away from such as that, and now I'll move again."

"Oliver," Cretsinger said warningly, "if you pull that trigger—and I know you're thinking about it—you'll swing for murder. There ain't a one of us has got a gun on. We left 'em to home when we started back up here."

Oliver let his eyes run over Cretsinger and over the men behind him, and he said with dry edginess, "That's a shame, but it won't help you. I've got one for you and you'll take it, and then I won't swing for murder."

Cretsinger licked his lips then, and it was easy to see that he was ill at ease and embarrassed, and Oliver wondered uneasily at this because he had never seen this cold, independent man when he was not in control of himself.

"Oliver," Cretsinger growled, "if there's anything I despise it's a righteous do-gooder! So I'll get my speech over with. You did me a turn by not dropping that match, and it stands to reason that I'm indebted to you. I've come up here," he said, glaring at Oliver and glaring even harder at the woman beside him, "to see that these dead-beat cowhands put your cabin up just like they found it. Maybe a little better, because I can outbuild you!"

"This is the first time," Oliver said, astonished but not so surprised but what he could relish the moment, "that I ever saw Lon Cretsinger admit he was wrong."

"There's a first time for everything," Cretsinger snapped. "And, seein' as you're already pointed that way, keep on down to Ordville and have your daddy-in-law charge what you need to me. It'll get you out of the way so that I can get the job done right."

"Lon," Oliver said, grinning openly but without vindictiveness, "you are getting old."

"Go to hell," said Lon Cretsinger as he jabbed his spurs into his roan's flanks and went by the wagon with a bunch of grinning men behind him.

We're Always on the Spot (Continued from Page 43)

or an Ed. D. tagged to his name is pontificating in print. What do we four lay people know about curriculum? The answer is, an awful, awful lot. Board members have to. There are many thousands of us scattered over the United States. We are the policy makers of the educational system, and we stand at the dead center of the problem "What is wrong with American education?" And at the very heart of that center lurks "dat ole debbil" curriculum.

We've been working on this for months, and we're rather pleased that our conclusions, which seemed obvious from the beginning of our study, turn out to coincide quite closely with those which Dr. James Conant reached from his nationwide study of this country's high schools. We arrived tonight at final agreement. No matter what the obstacles, we are going to get back to a hard-core curriculum. This will involve extra classrooms and extra teachers. We are going to offer four years of modern languages. We are going to stuff solid courses in history—ancient, medieval, modern and United States—down the protesting gullets of the high-school youngsters. College-prep boys and girls will be encouraged to take Latin. We are going to regrade the students into tougher and easier sections in math, biology, chemistry and physics.

We have no fears but that the teachers who really care about quality education will support us. Ray Trabold, our high-school principal, is co-operating beautifully; he is setting his jaw and he is going to have his teachers require definite hours of homework from all the children.

Some of these kids have a rude awakening in store for them. And some of the parents who are howling about laxity—how are they going to like it when they find themselves standing over their angels with clubs, to see that this homework gets done? Maybe Ray is a wide-eyed dreamer, because he believes that the majority of his boys and girls actually want to learn, actually want to get educated. Well, we'll see.

JANUARY 14

Oh, what a bunch of wide-eyed impractical dreamers we are! Ed called me this morning. Ed, (*Continued on Page 71*)

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(*Continued from Page 69*) besides being chairman of the curriculum committee, is also on Personnel, as am I. There is so much work to get done we all have to double in brass.

Ed said, "Bianca, where are we going to get the teachers who can make a real core curriculum work?"

I sat there with the telephone in my hand, and there was a silence, and I said, "I don't know, Ed." And added, "From the teachers' colleges?"

We mulled this over in our minds during the next pause. Teaching real math, real science and real languages takes real background. Most of the candidates we get out of the teachers' colleges are well trained and equipped to teach in the grades, where method is so important. But those who plan to teach on the secondary level have often spent so many hours on "how to teach" that they haven't had time in four years to acquire the adequate "what."

Who's to blame? Some of us fall back on John Dewey as the villain of the piece, but sometimes I think that's too simple. We hash over this question endlessly. Ed nipped off the discussion by saying, "Don't forget we have an interview tomorrow morning," and hanging up.

JANUARY 15

An appointment at ten to interview a candidate for an opening in the high-school English department. I was five minutes late when I walked into Ray's office, and right away I knew something was up. There sat the personnel committee and Ray and the superintendent all looking like cats about to swallow the canary. It *was* a pretty girl, in a gray suit and neat hat, who sat demurely with her ankles crossed. But why were Ed and Palimona Ferris and the administrators gazing at her with such rapture, and why was the red carpet out?

I soon learned why, when Ray handed me her application. What was her special allure? She was graduating in June from a *liberal-arts college*. Her credentials showed she had spent four college years taking courses with meat on their bones—art, history, science, languages. She had spent her summers doing special work in her major, English. She *liked* literature. She wanted to teach children how to write. And all this and heaven, too—she had picked up the education courses required for certification by the state Department of Education.

Well, I started ogling her too. We would have to pay 4100 of the town's hard-earned dollars, our minimum salary, for a beginning teacher, no matter how indifferently prepared. We would be happy as larks paying $4100 for this well-prepared, oh-so-desirable candidate.

We have our fingers crossed. We are praying that some better-heeled community doesn't snap her up first.

JANUARY 23

Special board meeting—to consider how we and the building committee appointed by the town are going to break it to our fellow citizens that the new high school will cost $1,940,000. We own the hilltop for it—twenty beautiful rolling acres. But where's the money coming from? Can the town get it up? We're all in hock now, paying for roads and bridges damaged by the '55 hurricane, paying for a sewer system, paying for the new grade school, the John Pettibone School. How much deeper in hock can we go?

We're not asking for frills—swimming pools—anything fancy. We just want plain old-fashioned classrooms. Limited space versus our desire to keep classes down to thirty pupils versus exploding population—now there's a triple dilly. The Main Street School, where the first and second graders go, is bursting at the seams. New families moving into town seem remarkably prolific. Stanley Setear, who is principal of the John Pettibone School, which houses grades three to eight, is muttering that *he* will soon need more classrooms, that his classes, in the all-too-near future, will be creeping up past the thirty mark. Well, he got his new school so recently that all we can do is worry and speculate about his problem right now.

Because now it's Ray turn. His high school will start double sessions next year, and he needs help and quickly. Visions of an 800-student high school set on the hilltop overlooking the river, all equipped and miraculously paid for—that's what dances in school-board heads, not sugarplums.

FEBRUARY 10

Regular board meeting, started at 7:45, finished at 1:30 this morning. Five and three quarters hours of wrestling with problems enormously serious, of infinite variety and complexity. We are twelve plain citizens, five homemakers and seven men, who include a mortician, a retired teacher, a plant operator, two store owners, a plumbing contractor and the chief electrician of the power company. We love each other and we hate each other because we see too much of each other, under exhausting circumstances. We plan, hope,

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Marriage turns a woman into a professional fund raiser.

DAN BENNETT

---

scheme, fight, dream, argue, knit and doodle. If we're still at it come midnight, we raid the cafeteria kitchen for coffee and the cookies which our school lunch manager has thoughtfully saved for us from the children's lunch.

The editor of our local *Times* and the correspondent for the nearby city papers attend our regular monthly meetings and watch us like hawks. If ever we err, banner headlines will proclaim the fact. We don't like the day the *Times* comes out; we pay ten cents for the paper and rush home to read what we've done wrong now.

We take an appalling amount of abuse from townspeople who *like* us when we're not being board members. Whatever goes wrong, we get the blame. We are not models of tolerance and patience, but we do not mind this too much, because we understand; we are taxpayers too. We spend almost 50 per cent of the town's budget—the cool sum of $434,000 last year out of a $1,000,000 budget, so a heavy share of the tax burden can be laid at our door.

Well, naturally people resent high taxes, and if we were on the outside, watching other people spend our hard-earned money, we too would vent our resentment on the school board.

The press left at ten, and we went into executive session to hash out next year's salary schedule.

FEBRUARY 19

Finance board meeting. We had asked for an appointment with the town finance board to discuss the salary increases. Our superintendent accompanied us. He is a very capable individual and a master hand at preparing a budget. But we, the board, form the shock troops in the battle to win the financial backing for the program the superintendent must put into effect.

There they sat, the six members of the finance board, the six watchdogs elected by the town to manage its finances, three Republicans and three Democrats, in the grimy courtroom in the town hall, with its battered benches and portraits of bewhiskered former judges. These six men who control the town's purse strings are plain townspeople like ourselves, but last night they looked about ten feet tall.

They also looked pained and disillusioned. They had understood, they said, that we would not be asking for salary increases this year. We asked them where they had got a notion like that, and we thought, *What kind of an ivory tower do they live in?*

They didn't like this, they started to swell up and they said, "Every year you want salary increases, and where is it going to stop?"

"It'll stop when the states around us, and particularly New York, stop raiding our state for teachers," one of us said. "We have to stay within Connecticut's median-salary range or we can't bargain for new teachers or hold onto the good ones we've got. The fact is that Connecticut stands extremely high among all the states for the high salaries it pays. And we've got some teachers in our system who are so good that if we gave them twice what they're getting they'd still be underpaid."

So a finance-board member says, "Well, it's true we've got good ones. But we have some who aren't so good, and a few of those you might say are on the mediocre side. I can go along with raising the maximum for the good ones who have been with us for a long time. However, you are asking for a flat, across-the-board three-hundred-dollar raise for everybody, good, bad and indifferent. How come?"

We draw in our breaths. Emma Roth, our chairman, plunges in. Emma says, "You are asking once again, why don't we set up a merit system, so that teachers will be paid according to ability? We are studying the merit system," Emma says.

"You were studying it last year and the year before," he points out.

This goes on for quite a long time, we explaining that the merit system is so difficult to administer and so expensive to put into operation that only a few wealthy communities have been able to adopt it. And besides, we explain, the teachers and their state association, their equivalent of a union, are opposed to a merit system.

One of these men behind the table is very sharp. He lifts his nose out of his copy of the salary schedule and observes, "You have raised the differential for those with a master's degree over those with a bachelor's by one hundred dollars. It is now three hundred dollars. How much of the total increase does this account for?" We make it clear it is not very much, and say we want our teachers to continue educating themselves, and a differential is the incentive. But he goes on to prove that he knows his business, for he remarks, "There are master's degrees and master's degrees. If a teacher gets one by taking easy education courses, you want to give him the same differential he'd get if he improved himself in his own field?"

We murmur among ourselves, and one of us says humorously, "You can't fight city hall."

"Who is city hall?" he asks sharply.

Who *is* city hall? Nobody seems to know. Is it the state Department of Education, which, in my opinion—and you will hear this around the state, whenever board members meet—has encouraged mediocrity by overemphasizing method courses and by de-emphasizing the humanities and scientific courses in its certification requirements? Is it a weakness in policy in all our colleges and universities? Is it the law, which makes it

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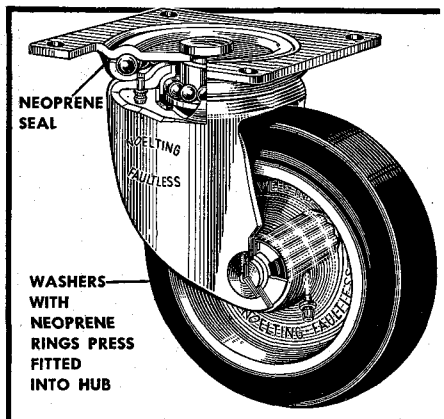

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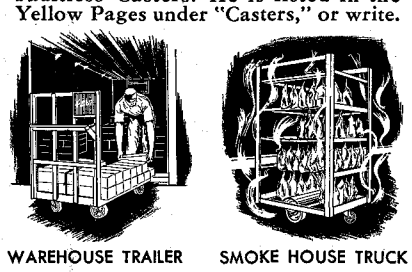

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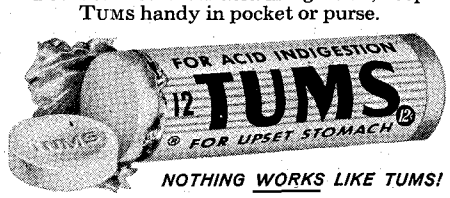

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practically impossible to fire an indifferent teacher, once he or she has reached tenure status by staying in the system for three years? Is it the legions of educationists, indoctrinated by "progressive" education, who are responsible for the confusion?

A full-blown argument on this whole controversial subject is about to flare up, and I stick my oar in and say, "We all hope that someday a merit system that is fair to all will be a universal practice."

Well, this goes back and forth for quite a while. They grumble, but they understand we are twelve unsalaried public servants who are doing our best in a difficult job, we understand they are six embattled public servants doing their best in theirs, and they agree they will accept the new salary schedule for the budget.

So eighteen citizens, giving their time for free, have wrestled democratically to a major decision. The teachers will get their minimum and maximum increases. We have sweated to get it for them.

MARCH 3

What do you know, the local *Times* gave us a pat on the back! This week we *like* the *Times!* It published our new curriculum *in toto*, on the front page, and on the editorial page it honored us with a cartoon showing the school board kicking a villain labeled PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION out the door, and a special editorial pointing out that we are making a stand for "the three R's" and against progressive education. Calling progressive education "a badly tarnished gem," it states, "The real purpose of the school is to implant a balanced, fundamental knowledge that will awaken in the student a respect and an appetite for learning." And later on: "Our teachers should be expected to educate our children, not to civilize them. It is . . . wrong to hold the taxpayer responsible for basic fundamental functions."

Well, it's nice to be popular, even knowing that next week we'll be back in the doghouse. But the editorial oversimplified the problem of formulating a workable philosophy of education. Some of the good features of progressive education are so firmly embedded in teaching methods, they will never be eliminated. However, the editor is right about one thing: Board members everywhere become surer every day that the prime purpose of the schools is to educate, and that the parents, churches and other agencies must take back the problem of "the whole child" and must be discouraged from fobbing off any more responsibilities onto the schools, and that no more "frills" must be allowed to creep into the system.

But what *are* "frills"? I remember how, at state conventions of the Connecticut Association of Boards of Education which I have attended, sooner or later the casual talk gets around to frills. Anybody hanging around a hotel lobby where such a convention is going on, listening to shop talk, would hear a lot about frills. Somebody mentions the inflammatory word, and things liven up immediately.

One man says, "The school system has no call being in the food business."

This is likely to set off women board members. One answers back, "You call that a frill? Well, you come around to our town some noon and watch hundreds of kids eating the good lunch we provide, and figure out for yourself whether they aren't doing better work with a decent meal inside them!" Somehow or other, lots of women board members get real pleasure out of watching hundreds of noisy, bright-eyed children eating together in a clean cafeteria with some cheerful pictures on the walls. "They pick up good manners," a woman says.

"They pick up good manners," mimics a man, grinning. "Why aren't their mothers teaching them manners?"

"Why aren't their fathers teaching them to drive?" speaks up a white-haired lady from another part of the state. She feels as I do; every time I see our driver-training car, with a full-time, paid instructor riding around town with boys and girls who ought to have their noses in books, my hackles rise.

"It cuts accident rates," a businessman states flatly.

We may subside then, for we have to admit that cutting accident rates is not a thing that right-minded adults want to oppose. But the nagging question, raised in that *Times* editorial, remains. Is it not the parents' obligation to civilize their offspring and teach them manners, to make careful, skillful drivers out of them?

On the outskirts of the group some man says, "Home economics!" Another adds belligerently, "Manual arts!"

Well, here is an area where we could argue forever and never come to a real agreement. If our first function as board members is to see to it that the young are trained to think and that their minds are filled with some solid stuff to think about, then what is the place of home ec and shop in the curriculum? Carrying through the question of home responsibilities, is it not the obligation of mothers to teach their daughters to cook and to sew, and of fathers to teach their sons to drive nails, fix electric-light cords and make bookcases?

Speaking for myself, I'd have to say no, these subjects are legitimate offerings. High school, in our particular town, means terminal education for roughly 60 per cent of the youngsters; only about 25 per cent hope to go to college, and another 15 per cent expect to go on to training schools. We are working hard, using every pressure, to raise the percentage of those bound collegeward, and it is surely our responsibility to make sure that this group is equipped with the required background and capable of doing college-level work. But our obligation is also great to make sure that the large middle group, who will marry after graduation or will go to work, will start their adult lives with the best all-round preparation we can give them. This, I think, can include home economics for the girls and some practical, realistic manual-arts courses for the boys.

It's the fact that we must provide for these three groups, the college preparatory, the middle group for whom high school is terminal, and the lowest group, perhaps 5 per cent who are barely educable, whose I.Q. is really low—but still by law must be kept in school until they are sixteen—which makes administering a school system so complicated.

Some of our critics yawp because Johnny can't read or write. Maybe Johnny hasn't got the brains upstairs to master the complicated skills of reading and writing. But we have to keep trying to teach him until he is sixteen. Other critics yawp that we're not doing our job because the whole senior class isn't signed up for Harvard or Vassar. Just let these yawpers sit down and try to figure out a curriculum that will provide for the needs of the bright students, the average students and those who just sneak under the wire to be called educable. And then let them try to implement this curriculum in terms of capable teachers and sufficient classrooms. And then let them lie awake nights wondering how a small town is going to finance the whole shebang. Maybe they will be a little more tolerant of our solid efforts to do the job.

MARCH 18

The news on TV last night carried the story of a school-bus accident in a Midwestern town, the driver and five children killed, nine in the hospital. When you hear a thing like that, the cold settles down around your heart—pity for the parents, and for the pain and terror of those who survived, and for the incredible finality of the six deaths. Now every person in the country who saw the shots of the overturned bus and the milling crowd and the hysterical mothers reacted with sympathy for the parents and the injured children. But also, all over the country, members of school boards were stirred by instant sympathy for the board of education in that Midwestern town.

Because who will get the blame? The school board. There has to be a fall guy. It is a natural psychological reaction after any disaster to start looking for a fall guy. Somebody's to blame. The driver of the bus is dead. When the first shock of grief is over and the citizens look for somebody to blame, there will be the school board, like a bunch of sitting ducks.

I happened to meet Gert Leahey in the supermarket this morning, and we went to the drugstore for coffee, and we were talking about this very thing. While we were sitting over our coffee the fire alarm sounded, and we counted the blasts. The horn bellowed three times, which meant the Plain District, where our big grade school is located. I said, "Gert, let's call the operator, and maybe she'll tell us where it is." Gert did so, and it was just a brush fire, so we went back to our coffee.

(*Continued on Page 76*)

"All right! Who blew?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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What's behind the big battle about tire safety?

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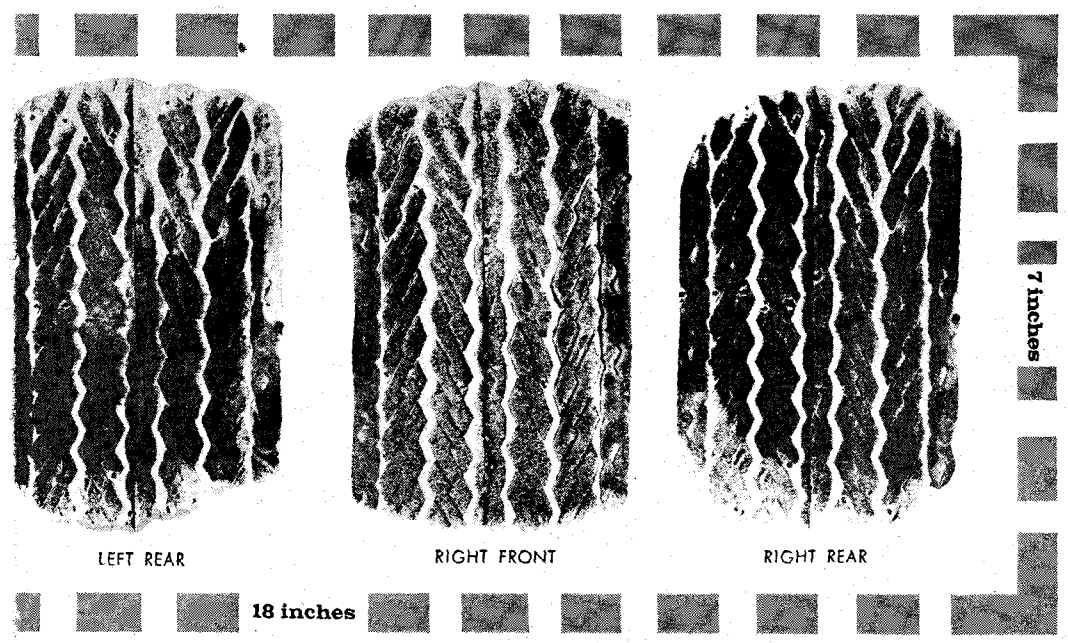

of an ordinary passenger car ieets of paper. It was done to t and your total car investment ride the road on little more area than is covered by your own two feet. Obviously then, you have real reason to be concerned about the *strength* of your tires. This article discusses tire strength.

cumulated under actual driving conditions. Tyrex viscose cord tires gave between 10% d 11% more mileage on their original treads, d an average of 94% were suitable for re-oping compared with only 84% for nylon. oject these figures over the number of miles a drive, and you can see that considerable vings can result from driving on tires made h Tyrex.

WHICH TIRE IS QUIETER?

en the most partisan supporters of nylon ee that Tyrex is quieter. Nylon tires tend to ine, and to some people this noise is objecnable. It is easy to spot the quieter-running rex on the highway.

"MORNING THUMP"

lon tires, because of their very nature, tend to m flat spots where the car has been standing ernight. These spots stay in the tires for a rying length of time after you begin driving the morning. And you will hear and feel a inite "thump." To some people this is no oblem; others dislike the noise and vibration. es made with Tyrex stay round and stable, act you can easily demonstrate for yourself.

WHAT DOES THE DIFFERENCE IN COST MEAN?

lon is often referred to as the "premiumced" cord because tires made with nylon d cost more than the same tire made with rex. This is not because nylon is somehow ter — although some Americans tend to ieve that if a thing costs more, it must be ter. Nylon is more expensive than Tyrex nply because it costs more to make it. Cashre costs more to make than nylon, but it would produce a ridiculously poor tire cord.

WHAT'S THE CONCLUSION?

Which should you buy? We buy tires made with Tyrex, naturally. Which you buy is, of course, up to you. But may we point out that every make of the new 1960 automobiles is equipped at the factory with tires made with Tyrex viscose tire cord. We would like to suggest that you do as the professional auto makers did (after their own tests) — specify TYREX.

Who is Rayonier?

Rayonier is a leading world supplier of chemical cellulose, the basic material from which many familiar American and foreign products are made: photographic films, cellophane, cigarette filters, rayon, sponges, explosives, plastics, sausage casings and thousands of others, including the new Tyrex viscose tire cord.

In addition to extensive tree farms and plants in the U. S. and Canada, Rayonier operates three modern research centers where cellulose is the object of intense and continuous study. We began several years ago—working with our customers — to help develop the tough new tire cord known as Tyrex, and today we produce large quantities of a very special, high-quality cellulose for this purpose.

It is Rayonier's conviction that the information in this article presents the facts as research by ourselves and others—including independent testing companies—have shown them to be.

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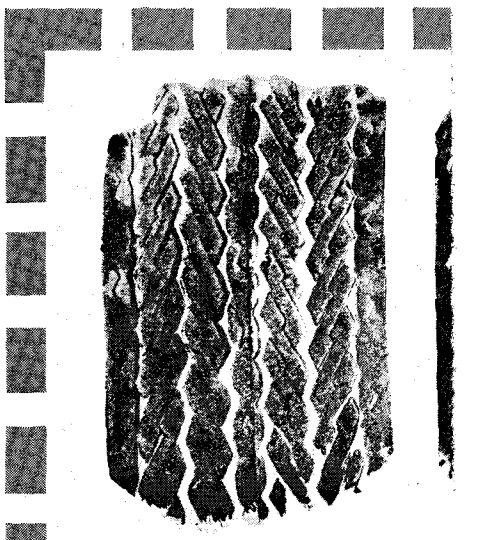
TYREX* VS. NYLON



LEFT FRONT

These prints were made by inking the tires
and then lowering the car's full weight onto sh
dramatize the fact that your safety, your comfor

THE battle about tire safety — as well as tire riding comfort—stems from a competitive struggle between the older tire cord, nylon, and the new Tyrex viscose tire cord.

The people engaged in this battle, on both sides, are sincere businessmen with no more complicated a desire than to sell good products at fair prices. But there has tended to develop a somewhat active exchange of challenges, claims and counter-claims, which has become quite confusing to tire buyers.

The fact of the matter is that *both* nylon and Tyrex make good tire cord.

But based on a great deal of research and study, it is our conviction that Tyrex is superior to nylon—and the purpose of this article is simply to shed some light on the facts.

*TYREX is a collective trademark of TYREX INC. for viscose tire yarn and cord. The following producers are licensed to identify their viscose tire cord as meeting the standards of Tyrex Inc.: American Enka Corporation, American Viscose Corporation, Beaunit Mills, Inc., Courtaulds (Canada) Ltd. and Industrial Rayon Corporation.

WHAT IS NYLON?

Nylon is a man-made fiber derived from coal, air and water. It can be fashioned into many forms, but the form used in tire cord is a filament. Nylon is a thermoplastic — that is, it changes characteristics under heat. Under normal temperatures nylon is tough and flexible. Nylon was first used in clothing and later as a tire cord.

WHAT IS TYREX?

Tyrex viscose tire cord is a fiber produced from cellulose. Cellulose is the basic building material nature uses to give strength to trees and other plants. It has been described as the "skeleton" of all plant life.

Tyrex is *not* a thermoplastic, was developed specifically for use as a tire cord and has been described as a major scientific break-through in this field.

HIGHWAY HEAT AND YOUR TIRES

Driving at any speed generates heat in your tires. The faster you drive, the more heat is built up. Since nylon is a thermoplastic, it weakens under high temperatures—in fact, get the temperature high enough and nylon *melts*.

Tyrex viscose tire cord, on the other hand, is not a thermoplastic and cannot possibly soften or melt. Some tests tend to show that Tyrex actually gets stronger as highway heat builds up, but this, in our opinion, has not been definitely established.

CHUCK-HOLES, STONES AND THE LIKE

It was originally believed that nylon tires could withstand damaging impacts better than tires made with Tyrex tire cord. But this belief was based on the results of an older industry test in which tire cord was put under great strain for periods of from 15 to 18 seconds.

Then someone realized that this was not realistic since even the slowest driver among us takes only a fraction of a second to strike a chuck-hole or stone in the road. So a new testing machine was developed by the tire industry to put severe strain on tire cord for only a very brief .005 second.

The results of the new test were dramatic. Tyrex was 35% stronger than in the old "slow" tests while nylon proved 16% weaker. The difference was more than enough to show that Tyrex viscose tire cord is definitely the stronger of the two under actual impact conditions.

"CHUNK-OUT"

When tires are driven at very high speeds, a failure occurs that is called "chunk-out." It is caused by the severe distortion of the tire, and chunks of rubber actually break away from the tire and are thrown free.

In special tests run at 105 to 108 miles per hour, tires made with Tyrex viscose tire cord averaged *twice* as much mileage as did nylon tires of identical tread design and construction —and even with this greater mileage, Tyrex developed only ¼ as much tread "chunk-out." (Perhaps the most important lesson for speed-loving motorists to learn is that *both* tires developed some chunk-out: passenger-car tires are just *not* built for such excessive speeds.)

DO YOU RETREAD YOUR TIRES?

One of the extensive tests used to compare nylon cord and Tyrex cord was the use of both types under carefully controlled conditions on a large fleet of New York taxicabs. This test was designed to determine retreadability of the two types, and more than 15,000,000 tire miles were

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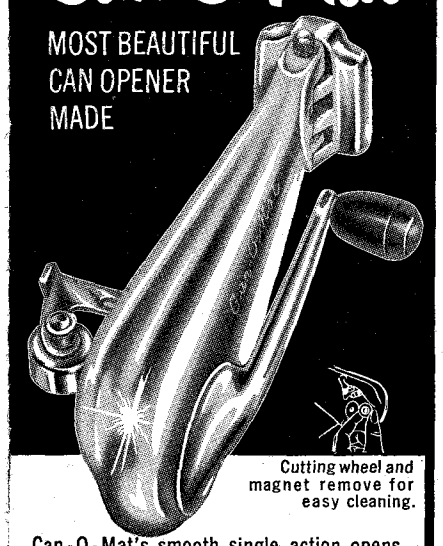

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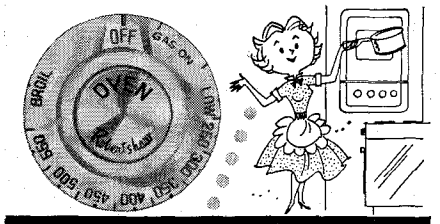
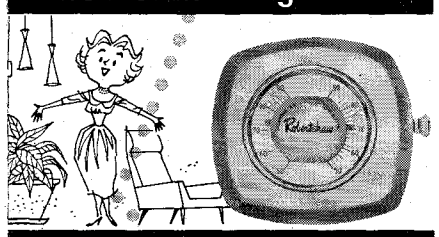
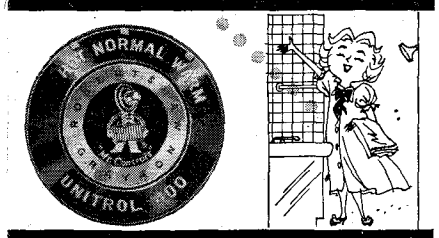


from oven & range...



to wall thermostat...



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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
GRAYSON CONTROLS DIVISION

(*Continued from Page 72*) But that's how it is. "I'll sleep better, nights, when I get off the school board," Gert said, and I agreed. In the nights, when we can't sleep and are looking around for something to worry about, and our own children's problems and what to do about the ragged stair carpet won't quite fill the bill, then school-board members can always fall back on their two chief bogies—school-bus accidents and fires in school buildings. Twelve of us, with the lives and safety of 1400 children as our responsibility—it weighs heavily.

APRIL 3

Town meeting last night, to vote on the town budget and set the tax rate. The town-hall auditorium was about a quarter full—200, out of our population of 6000, showed up. The budget was read, and we who had spent those endless hours on the education part of it learned for the first time that the board of finance had whacked $4000 off our requested sum. The total budget was voted through as the finance board presented it.

We school-board people began muttering, asking ourselves, "What items do we eliminate that will add up to four thousand dollars?" We must have looked pretty downcast when we came out. Our fellow townsfolk flowed past us into the pleasant spring night. One stopped to talk. This character, of whom we are at most times quite fond, leered at us and said, "You got off light, considering."

"We did, did we?" we said.

"You know you padded your budget," he said.

Accompanied by our superintendent, we drifted across to the green and sat down on the bandstand steps. "The finance board sure put us on a fine spot," somebody remarked, and somebody answered, "Let's remember, they're under pressure, too; they've got to keep the mill rate down to a figure that won't break everybody's back."

The truth was, we had not padded our budget. A few of us had wanted to, but had been overruled by the majority, who believed that honesty is the best policy and that if we asked for the bare minimum and not a cent more, then the finance board would think, *Gosh, they're nice honest folks*, and give us all we asked.

So now the honesty-is-the-best-policy advocates looked even more downcast than we cynical ones who had wanted to pad the blasted budget. "It can't come off salaries," Pal Ferris pointed out, "because teacher contracts have been signed."

"It can't come off transportation," Joe Lillis said belligerently, he being transportation chairman, "because you can't educate kids if you don't tote 'em to town!"

Charley Aldrich looked woeful. Charley has been asking for $500 worth of fertilizer; he'd like to see the lawns around the John Pettibone School turned into green velvet. Now he realizes he won't get his fertilizer.

Bob Spatola's chin settles deeper into his collar. He's chairman of the Main Street School, and he had hoped to buy new swings and seesaws for the first and second graders. Gert also looks resigned. She wanted a new stove for the ladies who cook lunch at the high school. I guess all of us cherished some pet project incorporated in this year's budget. We're all mad and hot and tired. Here we've been handed hundreds of thousands of dollars to spend on the children, but we suddenly feel poverty-stricken, and we start to bicker.

Merrill Golden, whose head seems to be clearer than ours on this occasion, starts to laugh. "Aren't we acting pretty silly?" he asks. "In towns all around us boards have been cut ten, twenty, even thirty per cent this year." Bob Ohmen agrees with him. "This cut's only a drop in the bucket!" Bob points out. We see they are right, and Emma says she will call a special meeting and we will thresh out the problem when we are not so tired. So we go our separate ways.

Riding home, I realized one thing. Nobody had said, "Let's cut the appropriation for new library books." The superintendent had suggested that somehow he would manage to lop $1000 off supplies by cutting the paper order and housekeeping items, such as wax, soap and mops, the small items it takes to keep the schools going. The board would give up its pet projects. But nobody, neither the superintendent nor we, had suggested cutting the big item of textbooks and instructional supplies. Nobody had mentioned we could cut out the tachistoscope, an expensive piece of equipment which the remedial-reading teacher needs, to turn our Johnnies into good readers.

In other words, it did not occur to anybody that we could get ourselves off the hook by lowering our sights on giving the kids the best quality education the town can afford. Maybe some aesthetic souls will grumble because the lawn at Pettibone looks like sparse, weedy straw. But it's better that they grumble, "Why is the school board so stingy?" than that anybody complain we are cheapening the quality of the education we are stuffing into our children's heads.

I am rather proud of my fellow board members. I think, driving home, *We are a nice bunch of people; we try so hard to decide our problems according to principles and not according to what special interests or popular whim demands.*

I gloat over the fact that we, a bipartisan board, half and half Republican and Democratic, are never divided by party allegiance. And that religious affiliation never splits us. I think about what Dr. James Conant said at the 1958 national convention of boards of education—that "the responsibility carried by the many thousands of school boards throughout the United States is literally a responsibility for the future of our country—indeed, one can go further and say a responsibility for the future of the free world."

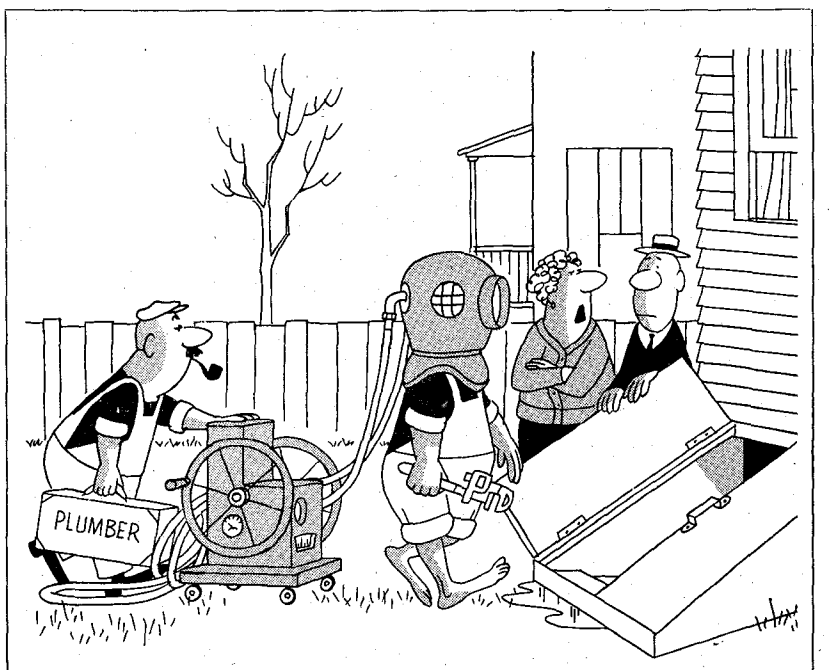
So, what happens? The next day the *Times* comes out. There, on the front page, a seventy-two-point headline announces, FINANCE BOARD SAYS SCHOOL BUDGET TOO HIGH, DEMANDS $4000 CUT. Anybody who doesn't read the article carefully would gather that we are a lazy bunch of wastrels who must be pouring good money down a rat-hole, if the guardians of the town's purse can cut a hunk out of our budget as easily as that.

So I blow up, and the telephone wires become hot, board members are calling each other, and somebody says, "I feel like resigning; I'm fed up," so everybody agrees, "Yes, let's resign, and if we do, then they—that mythical 'they'—will find out what a wonderful job we have been doing, and they will come around begging us to reconsider."

But nobody will resign. We'll meet next week to scrutinize the month's bills, to whittle and pare the budget, to study the candidates the superintendent has found for the positions in the enlarged high-school departments, to decide what to do about the gutters on Main Street School, to consider what special program, if any, we can initiate to encourage the really gifted upper percentage of our students. We'll talk about a new heating system for the Gaylordsville School, our one remaining district school, an antique cherished in that small neighborhood because it has been sheltering Gaylordsville's children since 1740. We'll open the oil bids. We'll try to figure out how many additional bus runs we'll need next year. We'll mull over the problem of a certain 80 I.Q. "student" who, bored and restless, keeps the high school in an uproar because the state says he has to stay in school until he is sixteen. We'll sit and look at each other hour after hour, stimulated and excited or baffled and filled with ennui, doodling on the charts the superintendent passes out to us, thinking and planning.

Why won't anybody resign? I've wondered that for a long time. Why does anybody in his right mind serve on a board of education?

It's not a very good answer, but the only one I can come up with is that we've got a bear by the tail and can't let go. THE END



"Oh, brother! I can see the bill now!"

TOM HENDERSON THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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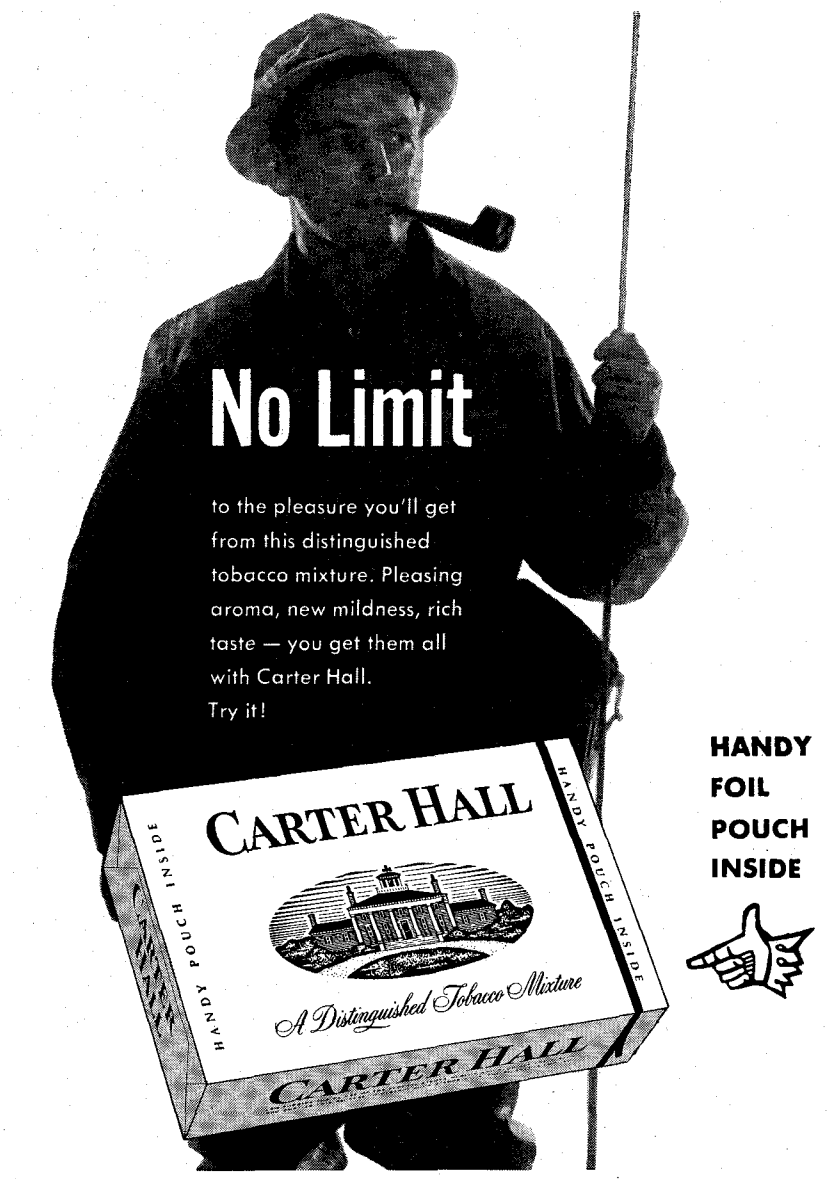
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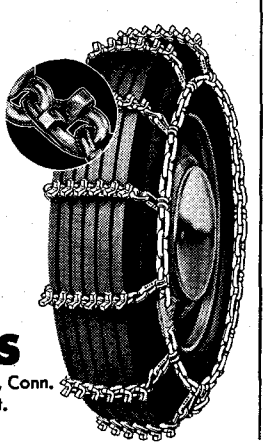

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In Business for Your Safety

The Hard Man (Continued from Page 30)

line and a stubborn mouth line and those pale, unreadable eyes above.

In his even tenor voice, he said, "I don't hit a boy with my fist generally. But I don't take a blow off man or boy. Now you get up and get at that corn."

I got up. My mouth felt numb. "I want to put the gun up," I told him.

"You do that," he said. "Then you get on the corn."

I picked up the gun and the sage cock. I went up to the house. I didn't even brush myself off.

Of course, ma saw right away something was wrong. "Hiram," she said, "what in the world ——"

"He hit me," I said. Then I started to bawl. I didn't want to. I hated myself for bawling. I kind of hated her, too, just then. I didn't want her looking at me.

"But Hiram," she said, "why would he hit you?"

"Because I went hunting," I said. I slammed the sage cock down on the table. I hung the Parker on the deer-horn rack.

"Hiram," Ma said.

"I got to hoe the corn," I said. "I got to go hoe the damn corn, or he'll hit me again."

"Hiram," Ma said again, and she sounded like she was about to cry too.

I got out of there. I chopped weeds in the corn patch like I was killing snakes. Or Patrick Huggins. I raised quite a little dust just thinking about that.

It was hot. It was most awful hot. I finished the row and went back up toward the house, past the well, to the cistern. I dropped the bucket down through the square, planked opening, and then pulled it up. I drank two dipperfuls straight down. I drank only part of the third dipperful, and threw the rest of it out on the ground. I wanted to throw out the rest of the bucketful, but I didn't. I went back and hoed corn. I hoed till ma called.

Patrick washed like a cat. He hauled a bucket up out of the cistern, and he poured out a little water in a basin, and he washed his face and his beard and the back of his neck, hunched over so that the water ran back into the basin, and then he threw the dirty water out and poured a little more and washed all over again in the clean water, and I'd bet he didn't use two pints for the whole thing.

Pa used to come in, big as a barn, all hot and dusty, and he'd fetch up a bucket of water out of the well and upend the whole thing over his head and sluice all the sweat and the dust off in one big splash, and he'd splutter and whoop and haul up another bucket, and then he'd blink and spout water and dry off his beard till it shone like pale gold in the afternoon sun, and then likely as not he'd reach out and snatch me up—I was littler then, of course—and he'd fling me across his shoulder like a sack of meal and tote me up to the house, all the time wondering out loud in his big baritone voice what we were going to have for supper. I could pretty near shut my eyes and hear him. I still couldn't get it through my head sometimes that he was dead, though it had been three years now.

"How much of the corn patch did you get done?" said Patrick. It was like I'd been grabbed back out of my woolgathering by the scruff of my neck.

"'Bout half," I said.

"That's good," he said. He scrubbed at his beard with the towel. "We'll need water tomorrow."

We sat down to supper. Patrick asked the blessing. We had mutton stew, and we had the sage cock. Patrick looked at the bird on its plate, and the stew in its kettle, and the bread and the rest of it, and he looked at ma.

She said, "Is there something wrong, Patrick?"

"One kind of meat is enough," he said.

Ma kind of smiled at him. "Surely you're not counting Hiram's sage cock as different meat," she said.

"Waste not, want not," said Patrick.

I guess I made a noise. Patrick looked at me. "You say something, boy?"

"No," I said. I looked down at my plate. He made me sick. Sage hens were poor man's meat. People got sick of eating sage hens. The only reason I'd brought in the cock bird I'd shot was because I wasn't about to go out with a gun and come back empty-handed. It wasn't that I didn't like sage hens, either, 'cause I did. Pa used to shoot a lot of them. That was just the difference. Pa was a big man, and a hunter, and he never grudged anybody a sage hen. Anybody could have a whole one apiece if he wanted.

Anyway, Patrick looked at ma a while longer, and then he dished himself up some mutton stew.

He looked toward the bread, and ma passed it to him. She passed him the butter, and he shook his head. "Don't need butter with this rich stew gravy," he said.

I took butter when it came by. So did Evangeline. She's my sister, two years younger. Roger, he was my little brother, only four, sat next to ma where she could help him.

Patrick ate like he worked, quick and hard. I didn't take any of the stew. The sage cock was tough and kind of bitter-flavored, but that was what I ate, with bread and butter. Plenty of butter.

Mostly we ate quiet, except for Roger. He was a happy little kid, and he did as much talking as eating. Patrick didn't say anything except maybe pass this or that.

We finished, and ma started to clear the table. She scraped the leavings, crusts of bread and all, off of Roger's plate into hers, and she saw the way Patrick was watching. She sort of flushed and said tartly. "It won't be wasted, Patrick; the chickens will eat it."

He pushed his chair back and got up. "Yes," he said, "the chickens will eat it." His hat was hanging at the back of his chair. He clapped it on and went outside.

Ma looked after him, and she got a little pink in the face, and she sort of shook her head, and then she smiled a little, the way she had of doing, and she went on with her work. I watched her. Ma was real pretty. I had never thought about it much before, but she was.

In Miniature

By Margaret Evelyn Singleton

This toddling daughter
seems to be
Imp and cherub equally;
Pink-plush voice and velvet
cheek,
Fingers fencing a flirty peek,
Concern for anyone who
ails,
Including pals with wagging
tails;
A feminine total that's hard
to resist ——
And only three years ago
didn't exist!

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She wasn't much bigger'n a girl, even if she was going to have another baby. Nobody'd said anything about it, but you don't fool a farm boy much about such things. Anyway, it didn't show much yet, really. I don't think she weighed a hundred pounds, and already I was nigh a head taller. Even Evangeline wasn't much littler. From the back it was sort of hard to tell which one was older, only that ma had her hair put up and Evangeline didn't.

Ma went to hang up her big iron skillet, and the nail pulled out. It had been there a long while.

"Drat!" she said. "Hiram, fetch me a hammer and a nail from the barn. And get a big one this time."

Patrick was fixing his grubbing hoe. It was so hot and dry the handle had shrunk plumb out of fit. He was wrapping a layer of leather to fill it out. I didn't say anything. I went around him and found the hammer and rooted through the box till I found a good big nail. I started out.

"Hiram," he said.

I said, "Yuh." I stopped, but I didn't look at him. Then it was quiet so long I finally had to look at him. He was just standing there; I couldn't make out any particular expression. He said, "Boy, you've got to get it through your head I ain't your pa."

I looked at him, kind of astonished. "I know that," I said.

He said, "Your pa was a bigger man than me. I got to work real hard to do what he did easy. He was a big, easy man, and I'm not, and I can't be. I seen things your pa never saw. I saw the time I'd nigh have killed a man for a crust of that bread your ma threw out tonight. When I was ten years old, I picked slate fourteen hours a day for a quarter of a dollar, in the collieries back in Pennsylvania. And I didn't go home to eat my dinner, because I was an orphan boy and I didn't have no home to go to. I bought my bread and my bed and my shoes and my clothes out of that quarter of a dollar a day."

He didn't raise his voice. It just came out in that steady tenor tone of his that I didn't like. "Well," I said, "this ain't Pennsylvania."

It was quiet a long time again, and I looked at him. He was turned half away, and his strong brown fingers pulled at the leather he was wrapping on the grubbing-hoe handle. "No," he said in a voice kind of tired and faraway, "this ain't Pennsylvania."

It made me kind of mad, the way he said it. It was like I was too stupid to understand something, or something. I went up to the house and drove the nail for ma.

Usually I slept like I was dead, but tonight I didn't. I woke up and listened to Roger sleeping next to me in the bed, and I could hear Evangeline breathing from her curtained-off end of the room, and it felt funny. I was all alone even with them there, 'cause they didn't know I was there, and I just might as well have not been there, and it made me feel awful lonesome. There was moonlight spread on the floor like a square plate of silver, and I looked at it and wished a lot of silly things, and I guess I'd really heard the sounds outside quite a while before I got them sorted out in my head. And then I realized what I was hearing, and I went hustling downstairs in my bare feet and grabbed the shotgun off the horn rack. And then I remembered it wasn't loaded, and grabbed at the shell bag, and then remembered about that, too, and I tore out into the yard and picked up a chunk of stove wood, and by that time I was just plain too late. The coyote came bulging out through the crawl hole he'd dug under the corner of the henhouse, with the Rhode Island Red hen still fluttering in his jaws, and I yelled and heaved the heavy stick, but that old coyote was just a running ghost in the moonlight.

I heard the screen-door hinges whine, and I looked around. Patrick came out on the porch. He'd pulled his boots on, and I could see a couple of inches of his hairy legs below his nightshirt, but I wasn't concerned much about looks just then. I was in my shirttail and barefooted, and if I could have found someplace to hide the gun, I'd have done it.

Patrick came down off the porch. He reached out and took the gun and broke it open and looked at the empty chambers and snapped it shut and handed it back, and just looked at me. He didn't have to say anything. There'd been only the two shells for the gun, and I'd shot them up today.

Then he unlatched the henhouse door. We'd had sixteen hens. About half of them went into hysterics as the moonlight flashed inside. Four of them didn't. They were on the dirt floor, one of them still fluttering a little.

Patrick looked at me. I couldn't see his eyes. He was just a still, black shape in the moonlit doorway.

"Pluck 'em," he said. "Draw 'em. Then hang 'em safe, and go to bed."

"There ain't no hot water," I said.

His voice didn't change, but it was sort of like a cold worm slid down my back.

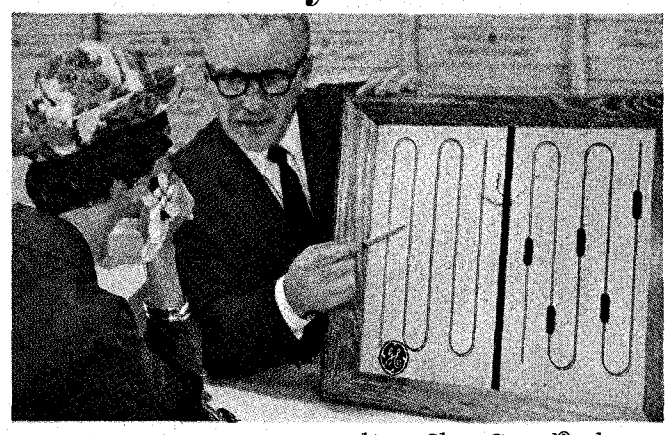
"Pluck 'em dry," he said, and then he wheeled away.

I went out, carrying the hens. They swung limp, heavy as lead at the end of my arms. Ma was out on the porch, and she came down and looked them over. "They're not hurt much," she said. "He killed them clean. Come on, I'll help you."

(*Continued on Page 81*)

How to choose your electric blanket wisely...

When you're shopping for an electric blanket, look beyond the advantages you can *see* and *feel* . . . the color, texture, size of a blanket. It's what you *can't* see that's most important. For example . . .



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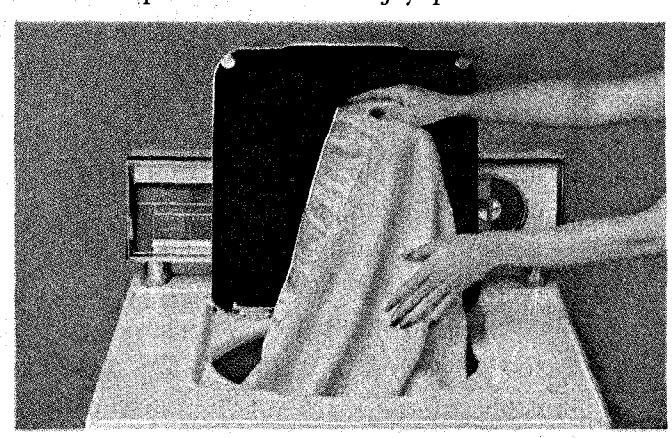

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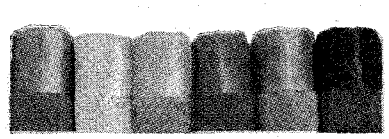

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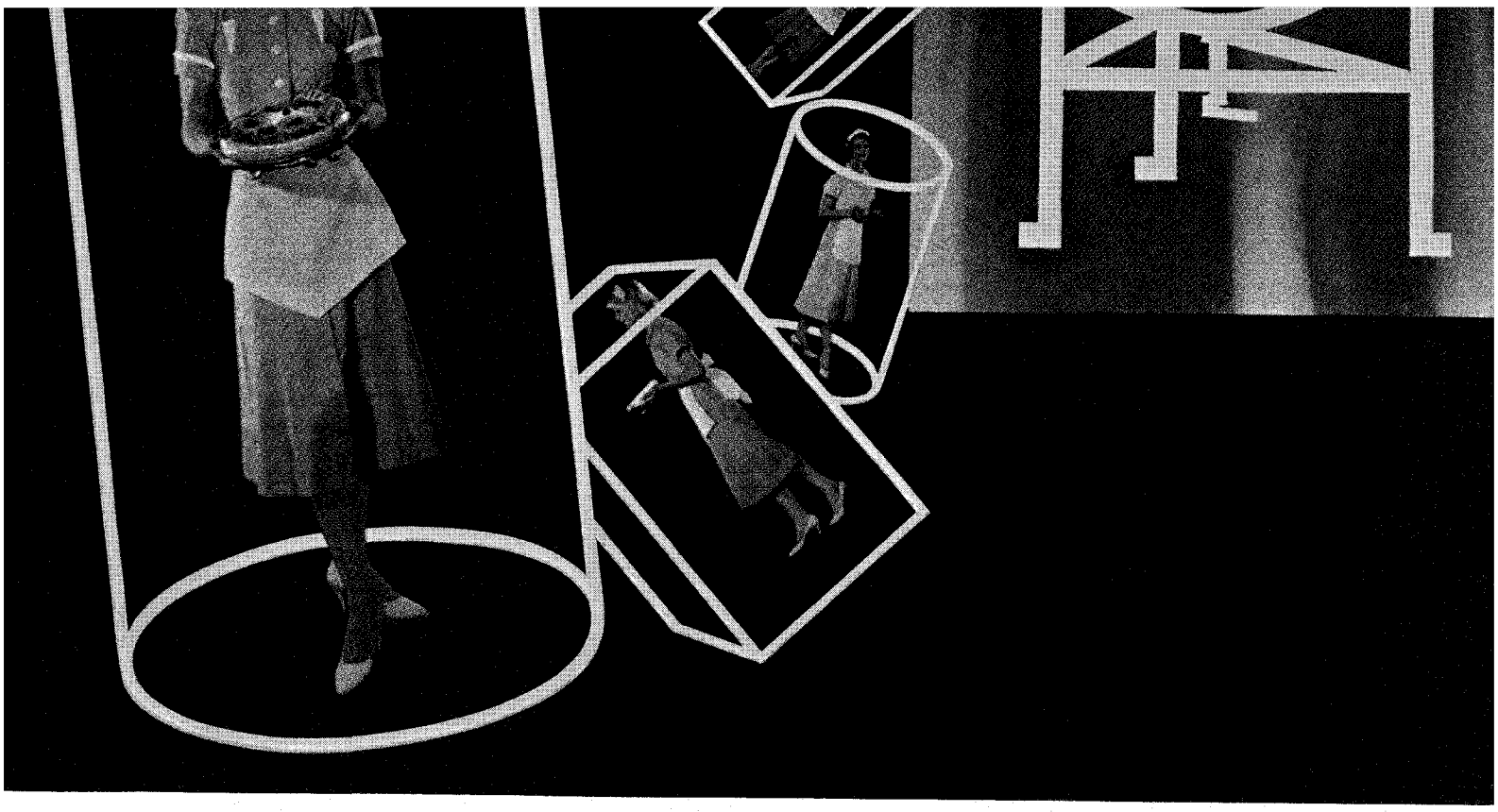

The facts about processed food prices

"Built-in Maid Service"—your bargain

Food processors have caused much more change than just an improvement in your diet. They've created a major change in the nation's domestic pattern. For instance, where are the kitchen maids you and your neighbors might have had thirty years ago?

"Built-in Maid Service" is in every package of prepared food. The cost of this maid service (which few people today could afford) is the washing, peeling, slicing, spicing, cooking, packing that's included in the price. The great variety and excellence of processed foods enables 15,000,000 married women to hold jobs outside their homes and still provide their families with meals that would pop the eyes of most of the world.

Food processors, who have brought this about, have virtually standardized on wonderfully sanitary stainless steel for their equipment. But titanium, also, is beginning to enter the industry. Republic Steel is the world's largest producer of stainless and alloy steels, and a leading producer of titanium.

Everybody benefits from modern food processing so much every day that we all have probably forgotten how much drudgery has been taken from our lives by the food processors. All factors considered, there is hardly a more graphic example of lowering costs while making a better product than the contribution to society made by the managements of the food processing industry.

REPUBLIC STEEL

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World's Widest Range of Standard Steels and Steel Products

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(*Continued from Page 79*) Patrick turned around on the porch. "The boy will do it."

"Well, I'll just ——"

"The boy will do it," he said in his flat, even voice. I saw her head come up and her eyes begin to flash.

"I'll do it, ma," I said quick and quiet.

She didn't answer right away, and then she said, "All right, Hiram, if that's what you want," and she went back to the house, walking straight-backed, in her big, billowy wrapper. The screen door slammed shut, and I went out back of the house and plucked the still-warm hens, sitting on an upended prune box and watching the feathers drift as the night breeze took them.

The sun came up like burnished brass. It was going to be one of those days again. You could smell the heat in the dust, in the hot-sharp odor of the sage almost before the sun was full up over the edge of the world. We did our chores, and I came back to the house, where ma was cooking breakfast. Maybe it was because their voices were so quiet and controlled that it stopped me before I went in.

"No," said ma. "We'll talk about it now, Patrick."

He said in an odd, quiet voice. "I can't be more nor less than what I am, Becky. If I've failed y' it's not for lack of trying."

"Then," she said, "maybe it's that you try too hard. There's no give to you, Patrick; you are hard on yourself and on everyone near you."

His voice changed. "Have I been hard on you, Becky? Have I?"

There was silence. Then: "No. Not hard, Patrick. Just—not—not easy! You don't—give, toward anyone."

So softly I could scarcely hear, he said, "You feel like that about me, Becky?"

"Oh, not when it's—when we're alone—it's true, sometimes then, I feel I know a little more of you. But even then—even when we're—oh, isn't there any laughter in you, Patrick? I think that's it as much as anything. We were a happy family, and now we're not."

His voice changed again, came slow and even. "You mean when Jim was alive."

She said in a shaken voice, "No. I didn't mean it that way."

"I think y' do. Now let me tell you how it was I saw it. Jim was a big man, an easy man, a laughing man, and he had three good wet years and lucked it through here. And when it came on dry, you dipped water out of a barrel because he hadn't dug a cistern. You ate sage hen and jack rabbit and boiled wheat. Maybe that's what you mean by an easy man. Maybe an easy man doesn't mind going to his neighbors with his hat in his hand to beg water of them."

"He never did that! He never in his life begged, or went hat in hand to any man!"

"No, I expect he went smiling, laughing, like it was a good joke on him, and I won't say that's right or wrong. I say I'm not that kind of a man, and I never will be. When I set out to do a thing, I do it, the very best I can. When I make a bargain, I keep it, and if I'm not easy it's because I've lived hard in a hard world, and nothing came to me easy.

"You are my wife until you say different, and I'll be the best father to your children that I can be and that they will let me be, and if they hate me because I am not an easy man, then it will just have to be that way."

There was silence, long silence, and I scuffed my feet roughly on the porch boards and swung the screen door open on its complaining hinges, and went in. Ma was standing by the stove, stirring hard at a pot with her head ducked down the way she did when she was trying to keep from crying, and Patrick stood close behind her, his hand raised, almost as if to touch her, and then he turned away and sat at his place at the table.

Ma said in a thick voice, "Call Roger and Vangie, Hiram, please. And sit down to your breakfast."

I did, and we ate, but Roger was the only one who said much. When we went outside, Patrick said, "I'll be grubbing brush out on the hill again. You can haul water."

Mr. Helfstrom came down from the barn as I drove up to the spout pipe by the stock troughs under the windmill.

"Hiram," he said. "Hoped your pa—your step-pa—had come. You want to make him understand now—I don't begrutch the water, but it's come on plumb dry, boy. Pump sucked dry on me the first time in seven year yesterday. So you fill them barrels now, whatever she'll pump, an' then that's it. I've got my stock to water, and I can't let the woman's garden burn up. Now you make him understand, boy. I ain't bein' mean nor unneighborly. It's just that there ain't enough water no more for us both."

He looked unhappy and he sounded unhappy, and we only got three of the barrels filled before the pump sucked dry and he had to lock the windmill wheel again.

Patrick came trudging from the sandy hill when he saw me coming. He looked at me steadily with his pale eyes while I told him what Mr. Helfstrom had said. We unloaded the three barrels, and he started the bungs and let the water splash hollowly into the nigh-empty cistern.

Then he said, "Rustle every barrel out of the barn and the shed. We'll have to go to the river." He looked all around, at the heat-shimmering sagebrush that ran clear to the edge of the world, at the cleared land nearby with the house and the barn and the corrals and the patches of growing stuff turned brown, and the dry creek bed and the well that hadn't pumped a drop in more than a month. He looked back at me. "We'll get going right away," he said. "Likely it'll be getting worse before it gets better."

Ma had come out and listened, and she turned back to the house and said, "I'll put you up a lunch to take along."

Patrick said, "Thank you, Becky," and to me, "Go rustle those barrels, now."

I guess it was maybe twelve miles to the river; anyway it took us about four hours before we broke out of the brush and could see the bright, crooked string of water thrown across the bottom of the long slope. It wasn't much more than a string when we got there, either, and there was five times as much rocky bed as the river needed. Patrick drove among the rocks, right out into the water, and pulled up, and Buck and Dolly lowered their heads and took in water with long, grateful sucking noises. Patrick took off his boots and I shucked out of my brogans, and we went right into the water. I held the barrel from floating away, while he dipped with a bucket and poured carefully. Then we bunged the barrel and got it onto the wagon with a plank and the doubled wagon rope for a parbuckle. We got all eight of them filled, and I went after the horses.

I looked back once, and Patrick had taken off all his clothes except his hat and was sitting in water up to his shoulders, and he took off his hat and soused his head under and put his hat back on, and then he stood up and said, "All right, get the team in, boy." He sure looked funny, his face and hands and forearms burned brown as an Indian and the rest of him all white and hairy. By the time I got the horses hooked up, he was dressed and ready.

Buck and Dolly pulled stronger, it seemed to me. I listened to the water sloshing in the barrels and felt pretty good myself, even if I had got my finger under the parbuckle rope once and pretty nigh got the fool thing pinched off.

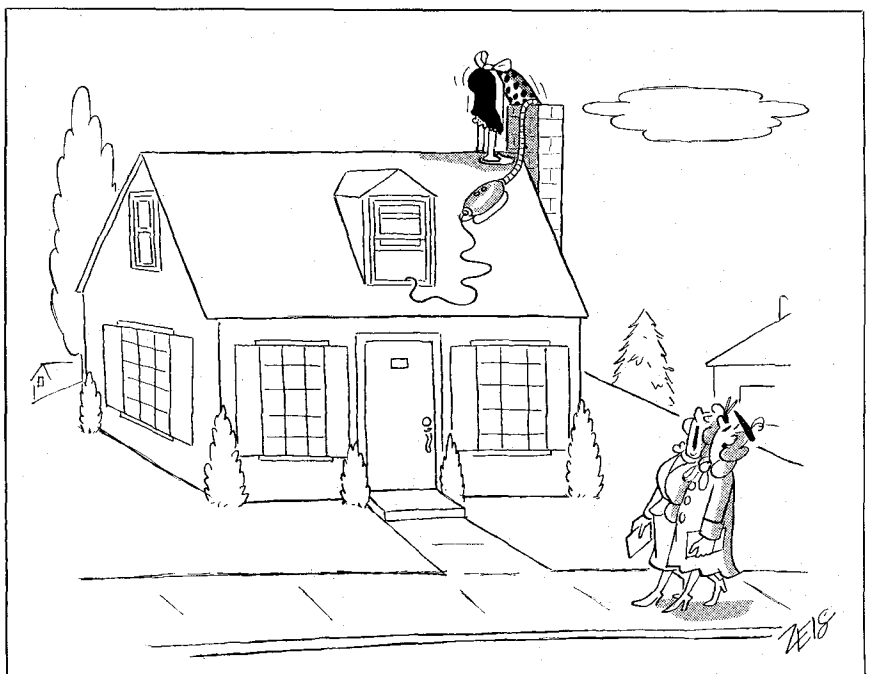
It was coming dusk before we rolled into the yard. By then our clothes were dry and dusty again, as if all that world of water at the river was just something I'd dreamed about.

We let the barrels down on the plank, and Patrick started the bungs and let the water come glumping out. Ma, Evangeline and Roger all came down and watched. Roger ran back and forth and made glopping noises with his mouth like the bungholes did with the water running out. But by the time we'd dumped all eight barrels, it didn't seem like the cistern splashed much deeper than it did before.

"We'll go back tomorrow," said Patrick.

We did—and again and again. We even took a couple of old barrels that were so bad shook that they'd hardly hold dried corn, let alone water, but we left them to soak in the river while we hauled another load.

The last barrel gloop-bloop-glooped, and water splashed pretty nigh to the planked opening. I rolled the barrel back, and Patrick jammed the bung in and said,



"They say she's a very thorough housekeeper."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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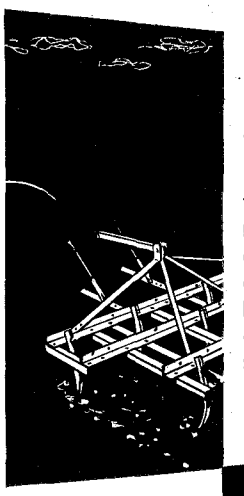

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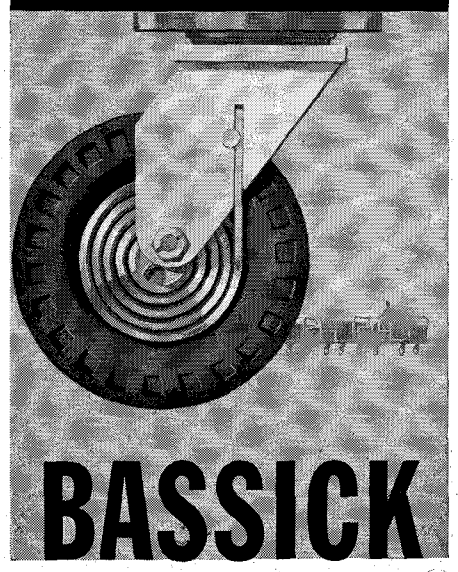

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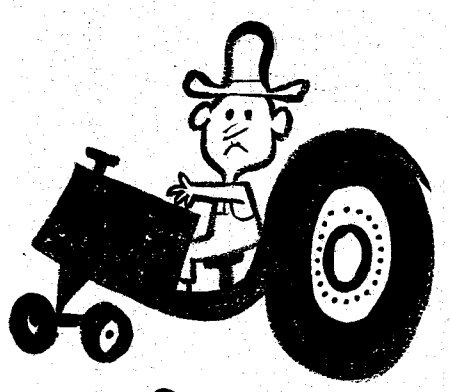

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"Now, by George, there's water!" and for just a moment he sounded something like pleased with himself. I started for the front of the wagon, and he said, "That's all right, boy. I'll put the team up."

When he came past me, he checked, almost as if he were about to say something else, but he didn't. He went around and got Buck by the bridle ring and led him off.

Roger said, "I wanna drink."

"All right," I said. I dropped the bucket in and hauled it up and handed him the dipper. He didn't want a drink; he'd had a drink not five minutes before. He took a mouthful and swallowed it. Then he took another mouthful and grinned, showing his white, wide-spaced little baby teeth, and sprayed it all over me. He laughed like a banty rooster crowing.

"You little devil," I said. "I'll smack you good!"

He turned and ran, only he couldn't run worth a hoot, of course, and I caught him in about two jumps and got the dipper away from him and dumped it over his head, and then I laughed at him, and he squealed like a little pig and ran back to the bucket and plunged his face down into it and sucked in a big mouthful and turned around; only this time he spewed it all over Evangeline, and she squealed the way a silly twelve-year-old girl will, and one thing led to another, and the first thing we knew we had a dandy water fight going. Vangie had picked up an old tomato can, and I had the dipper, and Roger was still trying to spit, but laughing so much he'd pretty near choke every time he got his face down to the bucket.

Ma came out, hearing the noise, and Roger got to laughing and lost his mouthful of water, and Vangie chased him with her tomato can sloshing, and he ran to ma, and she snatched him up, laughing and ducking, and Vangie drenched them both. I got Vangie with the last of the water in the bucket and dipped up another bucketful, and ma was crying in mock terror, "Hiram, don't you dare!" and Vangie came running back for another refill. Then Patrick said in his level, dry voice, "Now that's a fool waste of water."

I guess we did look like a pack of fools. I know I hadn't heard him come. I remember Vangie's face, as it changed from laughing to a dumb-looking, half-scared, open-mouthed expression.

Ma put Roger down and took a couple of steps forward. Her face was flushed and her eyes were sparkling, and she looked like a girl. I was charged up. There was a lot of laughter boiling up in me, and then the look on Vangie's face shoved a cold lead stopper down on it. And ma, with her face still laughing, but with an odd pleading note in her voice, said, "Patrick, they're only playing."

Maybe if he'd said something, anything, it might have been all right. But he just stood there, looking at us, and then he turned away.

I saw ma's eyes blaze up. I saw her lips come together in a firm, almost colorless line. Then she stooped and picked up the bucket and soused him, caught him as he turned away, and the drenching blow of the water staggered him, knocked his hat off, soused him as wet as if he'd fallen in the cistern itself.

He staggered. And he caught himself. And he turned, with a shocked look, an incredulous look, his mouth sagging open and his pale blue eyes open, and his cropped beard streaming and his hair pouring little rivulets down on either side of his nose. He shook his head and water sprayed aside as he stared, gape-mouthed.

Ma laughed. It was something like a dam breaking. Her laughter just come bursting out, sweet and high-pitched, just this side of hysteria, but genuine, nonetheless; and the cold, leaden plug blew out of my throat and I laughed with her, and Vangie giggled hysterically, and Roger crowed like a little rooster.

Patrick stared. His face was livid under the brown. He raised a hand to his head, bewilderedly, feeling for the hat that wasn't there. He stared, as we laughed, and then the color came surging back to his face, and his mouth clamped closed and the stubborn line of it showed above the stubborn jaw, and he looked at us in turn; and then he stooped down and snatched up his hat and clapped it on his head and wheeled away, still without having said a word.

And as quickly as it came, the laughter was gone. Not plugged off, pushing and boiling—just gone. I felt a little sick.

I looked at ma. She was staring after Patrick, and her mouth wasn't laughing any more. She put her hands up, to cover her mouth, but her eyes showed above, shamed and weeping.

"Patrick," she said. "Patrick."

I don't know if he heard. He didn't look around. He went at a steady, trudging gait, down to the barn and around it, out of sight.

Ma watched him. She cried, silently, unashamed, probably unaware, uncaring, at least, about our presence. Then little by little she stood straighter, and then she stopped suddenly, shook her head, fished a handkerchief from her sleeve and wiped her eyes, blew her nose vigorously. Then she noticed that Roger was clinging to her skirt, crying in a rather dismayed and mechanical fashion, and she picked him up and petted him a moment and then set him down and whopped his little bottom briskly. "Run along," she said. "You're all right."

He stopped and looked around thoughtfully. Then, satisfied that he was all right, he cuffed at his eyes a couple of times and came running to me. "Come on and play with me, Hiram," he said. I took his hand. I felt a little like bawling, too, but I didn't.

Ma went in the house. I fooled around with Roger. Vangie was in with ma. I didn't see any sign of Patrick. I wasn't sure I wanted to. It's a pretty bad thing to see a man's pride lying at his feet like the hat that's been knocked off him.

Ma called us to supper finally. We went in. I guess none of us felt much like eating, but none of us wanted to admit it. Oh, Roger ate. He babbled like a brook, and he ate. Not his crusts, though.

The rest of us picked. Then we heard the steps on the porch. I know I didn't turn my head at first—just my eyes. I saw ma's face—pale, almost bloodless. Vangie looked scared to death. I *felt* pale, but I looked at the door.

He had pulled the screen door open and was looking at us, expressionlessly, leaning a little forward. Then he took two steps into the room and he brought the bucket from behind him in one smooth swoop. It was the biggest bucket on the place—sixteen quarts—and the way the water looked coming out of it must have been something like the flood looked to Noah—just about the end of the world.

It came at us in pretty nigh a solid chunk. It sluiced the dishes right off the table. It washed us back in our chairs. I heard ma gasp, and Vangie scream—the scream choked off as quick as it started. I do believe there was more water in that one bucket than there was in the whole river.

Patrick put the bucket down gently. He pulled back his chair and seated himself. He pulled off his hat and hung it on the back of his chair. He put his elbows on the sopping tablecloth and looked at us, each of us, with close interest, something as a man might at some strange bug stuck on a pin. He looked at me and at Vangie and at Roger, and finally he looked at ma.

And in a soft and gentle voice, he said, "What's for supper, Becky?"

I don't remember who broke first. I guess it just came out of us all, in a great hilarious explosion. I saw Patrick's mustache crack loose from his stubborn beard in a great guffaw, and from there on I was blinded by my own laughing tears and roaring so loud I couldn't hear much of anything else.

I do remember ma getting up and going around the table, and I couldn't tell whether it was fresh water or salt on her face. Not that it made any difference. She walked around to Patrick, and she tipped his head back and kissed him the way I've seen few men kissed, and I knew how she felt.

For that was the moment I began to love Patrick Huggins. I knew him forty years longer, and there were times when we fought like a pair of bears over a honeycomb, but I loved the man to the day he died and every day since. That was the day Patrick Huggins became my father.

THE END

"Your appeal registered one thousand on the laugh meter."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Second-String Baby Sitter

(Continued from Page 41)

Dace nodded. "Who said the art of conversation was dead?"

"Why don't the three of you go inside?" Kris asked. "I'll be in as soon as I've fed the children."

"I'd rather stay out here while they eat and keep them entertained," I told her.

She looked doubtful. "You don't know these children very well."

I just smiled. People tell me I have a knack with kids, and it wasn't five minutes before I had them all practically in hysterics. All it amounted to was clowning around, pretending to do some magic tricks with dishes, imitating Custer's last stand, and so on. Even Kris got a kick out of it. She was shaking like a leaf.

"Maybe we'd better stop now," she said. "Duncan gets sick if there's too much excitement."

"Maybe we'll have to make Duncan walk the plank." I pretended to scowl like a pirate and pointed at one of the girls. "Are you Duncan?"

"Duncan's the one you've got riding piggyback," she said.

I put him down. "That's all, kids. Why don't you show your mother how fast you can carry dirty dishes into the house?" I knew they'd go for that—all kids love to show off. Elaine was twelve—the blond, self-assured type. Molly and Walter were eight and more rambunctious, and Duncan was six. He was pretty short on front teeth and said such things as "fank you." He also said "bafroom." He said it about every twenty minutes. I had a notion he was a secret drinker.

Later, in the living room, the subject of children came up again. "Most of these problems would solve themselves," I remarked, "if we would only think of children as adults on a small scale."

"Very interesting," Stan nodded. "And what would be your reaction if one of these adults on a small scale drew an arrow on the wall with lipstick? An arrow that started in the kitchen and went all the way up to the attic."

I suggested, "Let's look at it this way ——"

"It had feathers on the downstairs part," Stan said, "and it went through three pilgrims in our bedroom."

"A child craves self-expression," I observed.

Kris interrupted me. "Where have you been making these observations?"

"My sister has three or four kids, and I've watched them from time to time."

Stan went into the hall to answer the phone and came back looking unhappy. "Mrs. Harper can't come tomorrow—all her grandchildren have measles."

"No!" Kris said. "And I've been counting on it for weeks. Why couldn't she have let us know earlier?"

It appeared to me somebody should take charge. "These things work out better if we get all the facts," I said. "Who's Mrs. Harper?"

"Mrs. Harper," he said. "Didn't I tell you?" I shook my head.

"Well, it doesn't matter. But Kris and I wanted to drive to Chicago tomorrow, and Mrs. Harper was coming in for the day. But we might as well forget it."

"O.K.," I said, "Mrs. Harper can't come in tomorrow. What could she do that I couldn't do?"

"Well, actually," Kris said, "the children can do just about everything for themselves, and they'll be at school all day—it's just that I feel it's an imposition."

"Nonsense," I told her, "ten minutes in the morning to get them off to school—it won't be any trouble at all."

"No reason I can't drop over after school and fix their supper," Dace said.

"I certainly wouldn't worry about leaving them here with you," Kris said, "because they can look out for themselves very well."

"I'll see that they're taken care of."

"I'd feel better if you didn't try to do too much for them," she said. "Much better."

It was getting late by then, and Dace had to teach in the morning, so the party broke up. I tried to think of some way to take her home, but since she was driving and I wasn't, it didn't seem practical.

I went up to bed. There was nothing to worry about that I could think of. These kids were all past the stage where they needed supervision. However, I tiptoed down the hall to Kris and Stan's room. All I had to do was follow the red arrow. I tapped on the door.

There were sleepy sounds, and then I could make out Kris's voice, mumbling. "Go to the bathroom and get back to bed," she said. I went back down the hall, trying to sound like the patter of tiny feet.

Stan came in about seven-thirty in the morning. "We're on our way," he said. "The kids know what they're to do, so you have no worries."

I could hear the children milling around in the kitchen, so I hurried down. I asked each one what his favorite kind of juice was, and the choices were clam, sauerkraut, tangerine and passion fruit. The only one I could locate was sauerkraut, so I had to ask for second and third choices, and we wound up with sauerkraut, pineapple, limeade and carrot nectar. I put the glasses in front of them. "You should always start the day with a nice glass of juice," I said.

"We've already had ours," Elaine said.

"You've already had it." I nodded. "What kind?"

"Orange juice," Molly said. "That's the only kind we ever have."

"I see. How does it happen all these other kinds are your favorites?"

"Because we hardly ever have them," Walter said. "I don't even know what they taste like."

"Tomorrow morning you'll know." I put the glasses in the refrigerator and gave them cold cereal. I didn't ask them what their favorite was either. I just put all the boxes on the table and let them pour their own. It doesn't pay to do everything for children, and later in life they would thank me for it. I went upstairs and took a couple of aspirin.

Duncan called up while I was in the bathroom. He said he had engine trouble and wanted to know if he should land on the main runway. I suggested he call the tower, but he said I was the tower. I said O.K., use the main runway.

When I got downstairs, I found out the main runway was the stripe in the middle of the tablecloth. There was milk halfway down the hall. I smiled. "Well, looks like there's been a little accident."

Elaine gave me a frosty stare. "Maybe if you had your best school shoes full of wet corn flakes you wouldn't think it was so funny."

I stared right back at her. "I still wouldn't feel that gave me the right to be impudent to my elders."

"*I* didn't give Duncan permission to land on the main runway," she said.

"That's enough of that," I told them. "We've got to get this mess cleaned up."

Elaine started for the door. "Here comes the school bus."

"All right," I yelled after them, "just don't forget what I told you." Then I started cleaning up. Since the tablecloth was wet already, I decided to use that to mop up the milk. By the time I was through, it looked pretty shabby. Somebody once told me you can use milk to remove ink stains—or maybe it was lemon juice you used for ink—maybe it was milk you used for bloodstains. The phone rang. It was Dace.

"I don't have a class this period, so I thought I'd see how you were making out."

"Swimmingly," I said. "Do you happen to know if it's lemon juice you use to remove ink stains?"

"What did you spill ink on?"

"I haven't spilled it on anything yet," I told her. "There may be a few bloodstains, but they don't amount to much."

"How long were you alone with the kids—about an hour?"

"An hour and seventeen minutes," I said, "more or less; who keeps track of time? I fixed their breakfast, gave them an idea or two regarding moral and social responsibility and sent them to school. I hope they won't forget all I've taught them."

"That's the chance you take when you send your kids to school. Not that you have any of your own ——"

"I like to think that all children might be mine," I said. "Just a little philosophical notion ——"

"It's notions like that one that teachers aren't encouraged to discuss. Anyhow, not over the school telephone. Good-by." She was a nice girl.

I hung up and followed four sets of milky footprints to the front door, which had been left open. There were half a dozen school books on the table, and the sweater Molly was supposed to be wearing and Walter's gym shoes. Somebody once said a school was composed of a teacher on one end of a log and a student on the other. I hoped this school had a good supply of tough logs. And teachers.

I got some beer from the icebox and came back to the living room and sat down. There were a couple of lead soldiers on the chair. I put them in the ash tray. Stan had some fine Havanas, so I lit one up. Bringing up children, it seemed to me, was mainly a matter of patience and understanding and things like that. Adults on a small scale is what they are. There was no real problem. I got another beer.

At three-thirty Duncan came home. "Hey," he said, "do you know what?"

"It isn't polite to say hey," I told him.

"Huh?"

"And don't say huh."

"O.K.," he said. He turned a somersault, landing with his feet on the couch. "Daddy, do you know what?"

"Your daddy's in Chicago."

"Huh?"

"Oh, good heavens," I said. I went to the kitchen for a moment. When I got back to the living room he was pulling off his sweater. "Just a minute," I said. "How did you happen to tear your shirt?"

"Huh?" he said—I gritted my teeth. He rolled over and stood up. "You mean this shirt?"

I walked over and stood looking down at him. "Your daddy has to work hard to earn a dollar to pay for a shirt like that one. Did you think they grew on trees?"

"These big kids at school were teasing this poor little lamb," he said, "and when I tried to stop them, they tore my shirt. Lambs don't grow on trees either." He pulled a few threads out of the tear in his sleeve. "Where do lambs come from?"

"They come from Mary's house." Molly walked in and threw her books on a chair. "Then they follow her to school one day ——"

"Pick up your books," I told her. "You don't act like that when your daddy's home."

"He never is here when I get home," she said. "He's at work. Don't you have a job?"

"Everybody doesn't work the same hours," I said. "Go upstairs and change your clothes."

"O.K." She picked up her books and got as far as the stairs. "Where do lambs come from?"

"Australia," I said. "I don't want to tell you twice."

"All right." She started up the stairs. "Duncan, you know mother told you not to wear that torn shirt until she had a chance to mend it."

Duncan lay down on the floor and rolled under the couch. "It's dark under here," he said. "Did you know that? I can even see the stars."

"Duncan," I said, "I don't care how you tore your shirt."

He rolled out. "Walter did it," he said.

(*Continued on Page 86*)

"Good afternoon—is the man of the house out?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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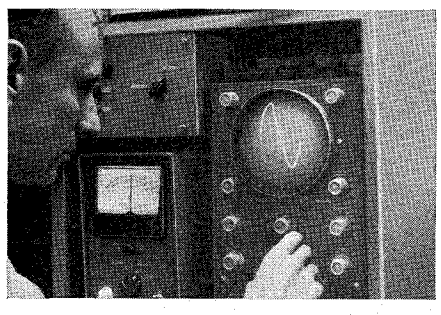

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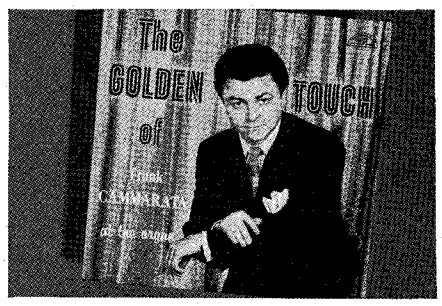

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Continued from Page 84) "All this talk about Mary bringing a lamb to school ——"

"I didn't say anyfing about that"—his face started twisting out of shape—"Molly did."

Walter came in, swinging his sweater around his head. "Hey, what did you do to make Duncan cry?" he asked.

"He tore his shirt, and then he said you did it."

"I just heard him say Molly did it."

"He meant that she said Mary had a lamb that followed her to school."

"Molly didn't say that," Walter said; "the teacher did. She read it out of a book. That was a long time ago. But Molly never did say it."

"What didn't I ever say?" Molly called downstairs.

"You never said Mary had a lamb," Duncan said, "'at followed her to school. That's what Walter said."

"I did so," she said, "when you asked where lambs come from. Walter never said it."

"Get going," I said. "That goes for the rest of you."

"I think I'll put on my space helmet." Walter stopped halfway up the stairs. "Where do lambs come from?"

Duncan went to the front door. "Where do you think you're going?" I asked.

"I fought maybe you wanted me to put my skates away." He came in and slammed the door.

"Certainly I want you to put your skates away." He went out and slammed the door.

I glanced out the window and saw him start walking up the block. I went to the door and yelled at him to come back.

"Where do you think you're going?" I wanted to know. "You're supposed to be putting away your skates."

"I lent them to Joey," he said. "I was going over to his house and get them."

"Go up to your room and change your clothes."

"If you want me to leave my skates out in the rain ——"

"It isn't going to rain."

"Not ever?" He looked at me closely for a minute and went upstairs—backward, pulling himself up by the railing. The front door opened, and Elaine came in.

I turned away from her and lit a cigar. "O.K., you can register all your complaints at the desk and then put on your play clothes and don't disturb the others."

"Would you like me to make you some coffee first?" she wanted to know.

"I'm not much of a coffee drinker," I said. Elaine went upstairs. Somebody slammed three doors faster than you would believe. Molly came downstairs.

"What's the idea of leaving your sweater on the couch?"

She went over to look. "It's your sweater," she said.

"Then tie your shoes." Molly went into the kitchen. Walter came downstairs chasing Duncan. The phone rang. It was Dace.

"I thought maybe I'd come over and help fix dinner," she said.

"Come over anytime," I said. "We're having a simple meal—baked Alaska, peanut-butter sandwiches and clam juice."

"Listen." Her voice sounded urgent. "Don't do anything until you hear from me. I'll be over in a few minutes. Try to relax."

"I find no reason to relax," I told her. "After all, children are no problem." I went on to explain that a child requires discipline and authority. The world of the child is a wonderful, awesome and frightening place, and we should try to keep it that way. Duncan came downstairs again, and I told him to go outside and play. Elaine came down, and I told her to go upstairs and change. The doorbell rang. "Molly," I called, "please answer the door."

Walter stepped into the room. "Molly's next door," he said. "You can phone and tell her to come home."

"I'm using the phone. Kindly answer the door. . . . I'm sorry," I returned to my conversation. "A minor domestic crisis, but nothing I can't handle." Walter went out, and Dace came in.

"I came right over—oh, excuse me, I didn't know you were phoning."

I studied her for a moment and hung up. "I'm sorry," she said, "you didn't have to hang up without even saying good-by."

I looked at her. She looked lovely. "Good-by," I said.

"I'm not going anywhere."

"You already went," I told her.

She put her packages on the table and sat down. "I'm just the new schoolmarm," she said. "Maybe that's why things seem strange."

"I was still talking to you on the phone when you came in," I said.

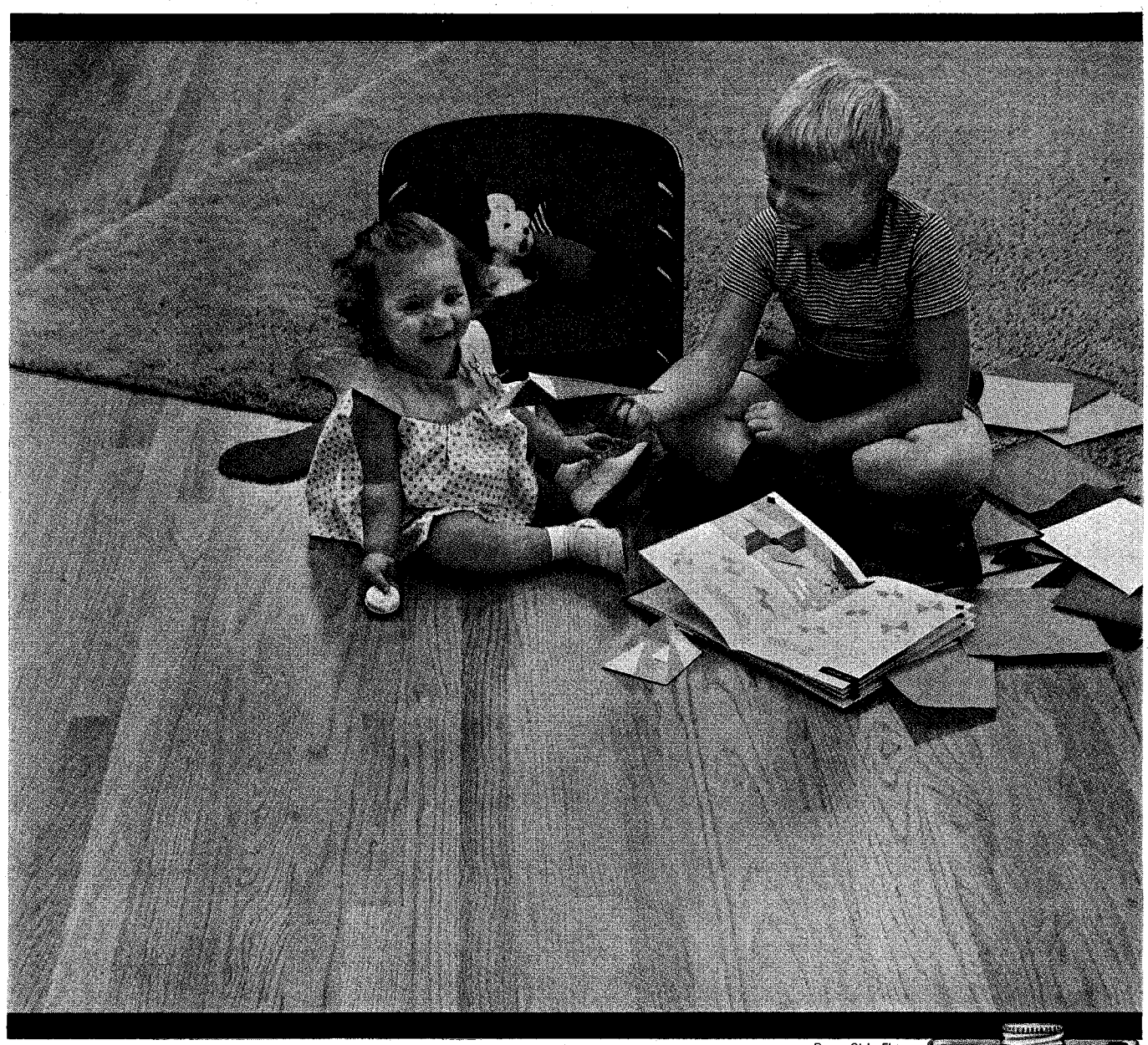
"I'm sorry," she said. "Didn't you hear the buzzing when I hung up?"

"Sure," I told her, "I've been hearing it all day."

She smiled. "Well, after all, four healthy children—I mean you don't expect them to sit around reading the Bible all day."

"I'm glad you reminded me." I walked over to the stairs. "Duncan," I called, "better put away your Bible now—the one I brought you—and go outside and play. Tell the others. . . . They need the fresh air," I explained to Dace.

"If only more people felt that way." She glanced out the window. "You know, Duncan certainly moves fast—he's up in



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the top of that tree already. He must have gone right out the upstairs window."

"Why don't you watch a good educational TV program," I asked, "while I start getting dinner?"

"I think I'll learn more watching you."

The kitchen was a little less organized than I had remembered it, but she didn't seem to notice. "I was thinking about baked Alaska and beef Strogonoff," I said.

"Fine. Why don't you check the ingredients while I organize the sink? Did you intend to mend this china or throw it out?"

"Throw it out," I said. "There's plenty of iodine and bandages on the shelf." I opened the icebox. There were all kinds of food there and in the freezer. I tried to remember what beef Strogonoff tasted like. Duncan came in and put a coffee can on the table.

"Maybe you should put this in the freezer," he said and went out. The can was full of caterpillars.

"Who was it," I asked Dace, "who said heaven lies about us in our infancy?"

Dace was wiping her hands. "Do you think we should wrap them in freezer paper?"

"You don't think it's sort of—well—heartless?"

She shook her head. "Some of the kindest people in the world spray their gardens. Caterpillars freeze in the winter anyhow."

"Caterpillars don't freeze," I told her; "they turn into butterflies. Or is it the other way around?"

"What a lovely idea," she said. "Imagine opening the freezer some spring morning and having a cloud of butterflies leap out. What are you smiling at?"

"I was just thinking—you know the newspapers run a column about how he proposed?" I reached down and wiped my hands on my apron—her apron actually. "I mean, it would be kind of amusing if somebody wrote in and said he proposed holding a can of caterpillars in front of a freezer—I believe they pay two dollars."

She was looking at me kind of funny, so I thought I might kiss her on the forehead and see what came of that. Well, what happened was that when I leaned forward I must have jiggled the can and one of the caterpillars fell down her neck. I started to reach for it, and then stepped back. "Well," I said, "I guess we better start thinking about supper."

"Oh, shut up," she told me, and left the room. She had a way of walking when she was mad that I'll bet the school board didn't know about.

"Listen," I said when she came back, "there's no point in being provoked just because somebody started to kiss you. You've got to move with the times."

"You know what I've been thinking?" she asked. "It's a darned good thing all the third-graders aren't in the third grade." Then she smiled. "Well, let's feed the troops."

So we did. I let Dace take care of some of the details, which was probably just as well, because Stan's garlic crusher didn't suit me at all, and by the time I had taken it to the basement and hammered it into shape, Dace had boiled potatoes and fixed dried-beef gravy, fruit salad and tapioca pudding. Nothing that a chef could point to with pride, but fine for kids.

They were all good eaters—good talkers, too, Molly in particular. "Duncan," she said, "if you're going to do that, you can just leave the table."

"Stay where you are," I said. . . . "Molly, you don't happen to be top sergeant here."

"I don't know what you were taught," she said, "but mommy always told us it wasn't polite to scratch yourself like that when there's company."

"It itches," Duncan said.

"Duncan, leave the table," I said. . . . "Molly, you too."

"I didn't do anything wrong," she said.

"Don't you ever scratch yourself," Duncan asked, "when you have a bad itch?"

"Just sit down and eat," I said quickly. . . . "Walter, drink your milk."

"Maybe someday you'll have a little boy," Molly said, "and you won't tell him what isn't polite, and then someday, why, maybe he'll be supposed to meet the President on TV and, um—when he's supposed to shake hands ——"

"One more remark and you'll go to bed without your supper," I said. "Now, eat your supper."

The kids seemed to be watching me with a certain amount of respect. It occurred to me that it might be pleasant to have a few children of my own who would look up to me, and so on. "Duncan, get your elbow out of the gravy," I said. I mean, there are military schools that will take kids when they're quite young.

... ...

Well-Timed

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Is quickly learned;
The coffee's done
When the toast is burned.

Richard J. McGuiggan

... ...

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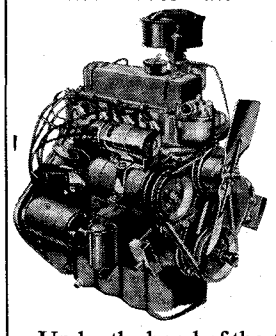

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"Hey, you know what?" Walter said. "There's a kid on the school bus that chews tobacco. He's got warts too."

"When I grow up I'm going to chew tobacco," Duncan told me.

"That's just about enough," I told him. "I'm going to have warts too."

"Do you want to be sent to bed without your supper?" I asked him. "I'm not going to stand for one more bit of this nonsense. You understand? Duncan, did you hear what I said?"

"Uh-huh," he said. "How long is it going to be to Halloween?"

I got up and went into the living room. Pretty soon Dace came in and sat down beside me. She patted my hand. "You know, after the first class I taught I sat down and listed forty-three separate mistakes I'd made. So cheer up."

"The trouble is," I said, "I haven't made any mistakes. I don't get mad. I always keep my voice low."

"Even when you have to tell them something for the tenth time?"

"Keep it calm."

"And when one of these adults on a small scale lands a six-engine plane on the breakfast table?"

"Keep your voice gentle and serene," I said. "I don't mean to say you don't have to whack them a few times."

"Let me get you a beer," she said. I waited until she came back.

"You know," I said, "if a kid in your class stays home because he's sick, I think you can count on it—he's sick."

"I believe that's the nicest thing you've said to me to date."

"Don't mention it." I took a swallow of beer. "There's one thing that's been bothering me—what did parents do during prohibition?"

"They bit their lip and tried to smile," she said.

"Weren't Stan and Kris supposed to be home by now?"

"Didn't you know?" she looked surprised. "Kris called while you were in the basement—Elaine talked to her. They were later than they expected, so they're going to eat on the road."

"Elaine," I called, "come here." She came in presently. "Elaine," I said, "when somebody phones and leaves a message for me, I should like to be informed. Is that too much to ask?"

She thought that over. "No, I don't think so." She started to leave.

"Elaine, come back here. Why didn't you tell me your mother phoned?"

"She didn't leave any message for you."

"I see," I told her. "All right, you can go. And after this try and keep in mind what I told you." She went.

"Just what did you tell her?" Dace asked.

"What difference does it make? She'll forget it anyway."

"You know," Dace remarked, "you've come a long way in the last twenty-four hours."

"Schoolteachers should relax more," I told her. . . . "O.K., Duncan, what do you want?"

He came up and stood by my chair. "I just wanted to say good night—I'm going to sleep in the tree house."

"Go soak your head," I told him. He started out of the room. "Wait a minute—you're going to sleep in your own bed, so go up and get undressed, and then you can come down and say good night." After he had left the room, it occurred to me that these kids took everything literally. "Put on your pajamas," I called, "before you come back down."

Molly came in wearing her nightgown and gave Dace a big hug and kiss. Then Elaine and the boys came in, ready for bed.

"I'm glad to see all of you going to bed so early." Dace said.

"Elaine gets to read for a while, but for the others it's lights out," I added.

"Looks like you've established military discipline around here," Dace said.

"He's awful strict," Molly said. "If we don't do like he says, he whacks us."

"Wif a hockey stick," Duncan said.

"When we get noisy," Molly went on, "he locks us in the coalbin."

"Yes," Walter added, "and if we still make too much noise, he calls up and has them deliver a ton of coal."

"Off to bed," I said. "You've got two minutes."

Walter kissed Dace good night, and then the girls did, and Duncan and Walter—"All right," I told him, "don't spoil a good thing."

He came over and shook hands with me. Molly and Elaine kissed me on the cheek. Duncan looked kind of undecided. Finally he kissed me on the ear and started upstairs. He hesitated then and came back and shook hands. "I was glad to meet you," he said.

Dace was leaning back on the couch, the lamp bringing out the golden lights of her throat. She chuckled. "Stop looking so worried. Let's just say that children have a tendency to exaggerate."

"It's a good thing you weren't here this afternoon," I told her. "I spoke a little sharply to Duncan, and all of a sudden he started to cry. He stood there with his shoes untied, his shirttail out and his sweater on backward, and his pants half-zipped, and no front teeth, and tears dripping off his chin. It was more than I could stand. Then Walter said something, and Duncan started to laugh."

"They're wonderful," she said. "That was some act they put on just to build you up."

I couldn't see what they'd built me up on unless it was a scaffold. "If you're talking about the coalbin episode, you've lost me."

"Well," she hesitated, "I guess they got the idea somehow that you wanted to make a good impression on me. Naturally they figured a harsh disciplinarian would appeal most to a teacher."

I still didn't feel I had what you could call a firm grasp of the situation. I got up and started walking around. "I hope you don't think I'm being personal or anything, but do you happen to be interested in anybody special?"

"I'm interested in somebody, but he's nothing special."

"Pretty good with kids, I suppose?"

"I wouldn't say he was real handy at the moment," she said, "but he's willing to learn, and kids like him. That's more important than knowing what kind of cereal to give them."

"That is a problem," I said. "Corn flakes scatter more, but oatmeal carries farther."

She laughed. "Last night you talked like an expert. Tonight you sound more like a parent. I like you better this way."

I didn't see what I had to lose, so I kissed her. She didn't push me away or anything, so I kissed her again. That was at nine-fifteen. By ten we were engaged. I don't believe in a long courtship.

"I think two boys and two girls would make a nice family," Dace said. "Don't you think so?"

"I think you would make any family a nice family," I told her.

"I think we're going to get along all right," she said. "What are you frowning about?"

"Nothing, really," I told her. "You don't really suppose they'll ever ask one of our kids to shake hands with the President, do you?"

She put her arms around my neck. "We've got a lot of bridges to cross," she said, "and that one is quite a ways away." Which was true.

And as the steamship companies say—getting there is half the fun. THE END

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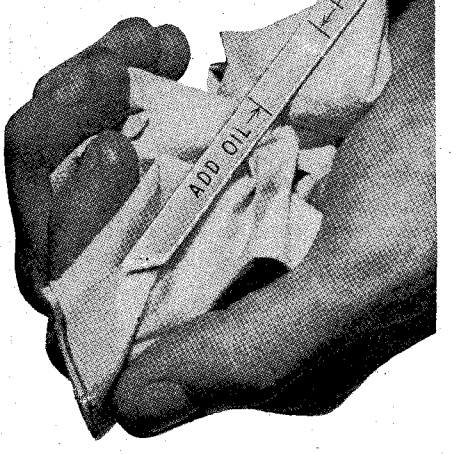

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Haven for the Uninhibited

(Continued from Page 28)

in a climate of uninhibited gaiety, he dismisses stuffy, pretentious or boring people with his favorite term of contempt—"Spaghetti!"

The playwright Lillian Hellman wound up a week's sojourn at the Oloffson in such a euphoric state that she forgot to reclaim her jewels from the hotel safe. After Coster forwarded them, she wrote, "I have gone into all the unconscious reasons for my lapse and have come up with some Woolworth Freud." The actor Maurice Evans, who arrived during the 1955 season, feeling distinctly ungregarious and demanding what, in that convivial environment, is an impossibility—absolute privacy—later wrote to Coster, "None of the other places can compare in charm. Thank you so very much."

Foreign correspondents reporting on the Caribbean's perpetually turbulent political scene often make the Oloffson their base. Paul Kennedy of *The New York Times* met his future wife there in 1957. "It's a second home to us tropical tramps," he says. Haiti itself was then seething, and amid sporadic rioting and gunfire the army imposed a curfew. But inside the Oloffson the customary high spirits prevailed, as its merry proprietor presided over a series of "curfew parties." Last summer, when reports of impending revolution, of bombs exploding in the Port-au-Prince casino—four persons were killed—and of Cuban invaders landing on the southwest coast scared away droves of tourists, the Oloffson regulars, nervous but game, lingered on. In fact, Coster chalked up the biggest off-season business since he opened, with the hotel never less than half full, and on several weekends overflowing. One young couple, who had left to spend the last week of their vacation in a plushy Jamaica resort, cabled the Costers, HATE IT LOVE YOU COMING BACK.

Several of the Oloffson's more spacious accommodations Coster has named in honor of famous occupants. There is the Charles Addams Wing, after *The New Yorker* magazine cartoonist, and the James Jones Cottage, after the logorrhetic author of *From Here to Eternity*. Jones turned up in 1957 with his bride-to-be, Miss Gloria Mosolino, a spectacularly constructed Hollywood bit player, who was once Marilyn Monroe's stand-in. They were married in the hotel by a Haitian judge, under the Napoleonic Code, Coster giving the bride away, and stayed five weeks.

The hotel now ranks among the sightseeing curiosities of Haiti, along with fire dancing, voodoo worship and cockfights, so that even conventional tourists, who would not dream of staying there, feel impelled to look the place over at least once. "Let's go to the Oloffson and see the Bohemians!" is the rallying cry.

Every aspect of life at the Oloffson is pervaded by its owner's pungent personality and antic tastes. They are reflected in the twenty Disneylandish characters comprising the staff, headed by César, the bespectacled, elfin barman, standing not much higher than the top of the bar, who mastered his trade under the United States Marine occupation during the First World War. They are reflected in the piquant cuisine, basically French, but with discreet Haitian accents; in the hot-hued native art glowing upon every wall like molten lava, one of the choicest collections of Haitian primitives to be seen anywhere today outside a museum; in the riotous Monday-night entertainment featuring erotic voodoo dances, which Coster stages and emcees. They are reflected most vividly in the innkeeper's stanchless conversational flow, by turns comically ironic, amiably insulting, wildly hyperbolic and imaginatively nonsensical. When so performing, his favorite position is flat on his back on the floor; he says he feels more comfortable that way.

During the political confusion of 1956, after president General Magloire fled for his life, a transient reporter interviewed Coster in the hope of enlightenment. The conversation—reporter vertical, Coster horizontal—proceeded as follows:

"Monsieur Coster, what is your impartial view of the over-all state of Haiti today?"

"Tell your readers zat ze best view of 'aiti eez from ze terrasse of ze Gran' 'otel h'Oloffson."

"I was thinking of the political rather than the scenic situation."

"Ve 'ave no politique 'ere. Everyzing eez peacefool always. Tell ze touriste zere are a few rooms left h'at ze h'Oloffson."

"I have read reports of gunfire in the streets."

"Lies, all lies put out by ze touriste commission of Jamaica, Puerto Rico an' ze Dominican Republique."

"Harrington, I hear you're not happy in Frozen Foods."

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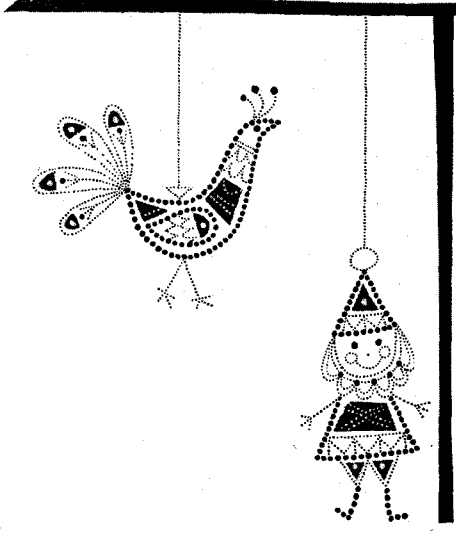

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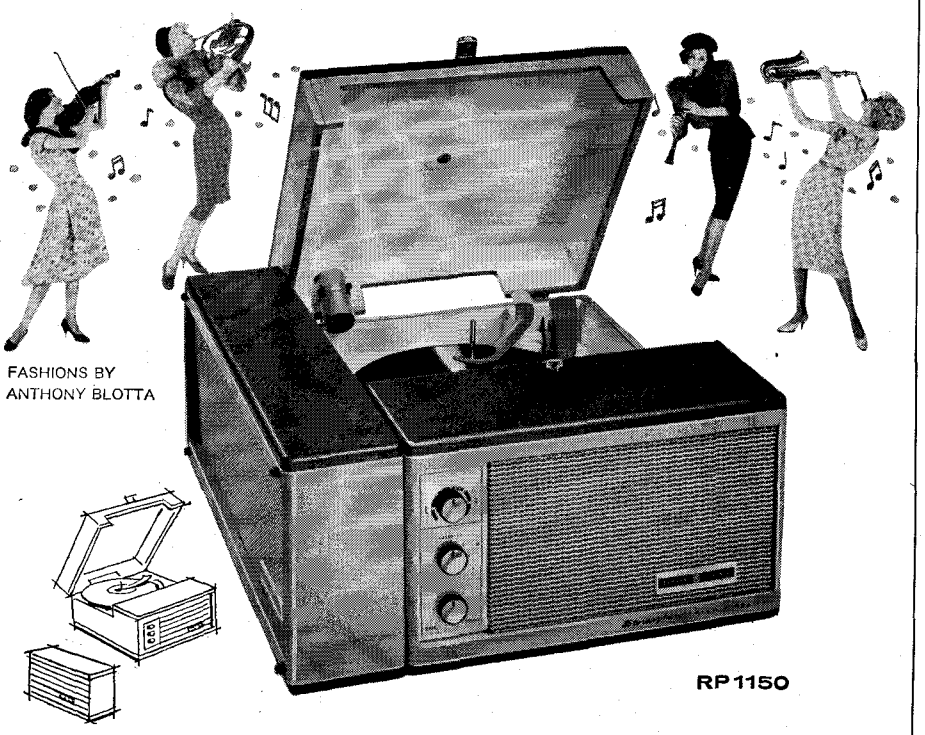
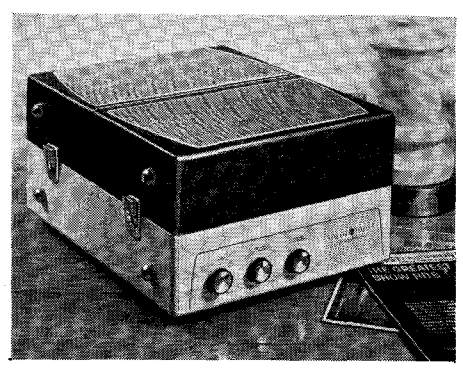


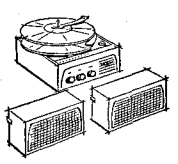
FASHIONS BY ANTHONY BLOTTA

RP1150

High Fidelity Stereophonic Portable. Truly outstanding with 14 watts of high-performing power. Plays with lid closed for improved tone. Dual loudness, continuous tone, and infinite balance controls. Four 5¼-inch speakers...two in each speaker enclosure. Extension speaker enclosure faces outward...you get four-speaker performance whether attached to the turntable section or separated for true stereophonic performance. 45-rpm spindle included at no extra cost. In two-tone blue.



RP1115



Compact and Light—weighs only 16 pounds. Designed for people on the go, with value-packed performance features. Lid splits into two stereo speaker systems... each with a 5¼-inch speaker. Individual volume control for each channel. Dual continuous tone control. Blue & ivory, or tan & ivory.

90-day warranty on parts and labor. General Electric Co., Radio Receiver Dept., Bridgeport 2, Conn.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

"You mean there's been no shooting?"

"H'at ze h'Oloffson I do not permit eet. Eez 'ouse rule."

"But Haiti is said to be a hotbed of political ferment."

"'Ot bed, cold bed. Zere are no beds in ze Caribbean more comfortable zan h'at ze h'Oloffson."

"About those merchant strikes, when the shops closed down, what harm has that done to the country's economy?"

"No 'arm vhatevair eef you stay h'at ze h'Oloffson. Ve 'ave everyzing—sveeming pool, veesky, soap, toilette papair, everyzing."

"Then you regard it as normal that the country is being run by the army, with a former president in hiding?"

"'E eez not 'ideeng h'at ze h'Oloffson. All our accommodation eez available for ze touriste, tell your readers zat."

"Thank you, Monsieur Coster. Most illuminating. By the way, I notice some excavation work going on in your patio."

"Ah, yes, ze countree 'ave nevair been more peacefool. . . . Ze h'excavation? I am diggeeng for ze h'Oloffson ze safest bomb sheltair in ze Caribbean. Only ze h'Oloffson offair zees special service."

As new arrivals to the Oloffson debouch from their taxis, Coster comes bounding down the entrance stairs in a candy-striped sport shirt, beaming like a Billiken. Beside him, demurely smiling and lissome as a doe, glides Laura Coster. "'Ow are you, my dear friends?" he chortles, flinging his arms about any of the men in the party whom he recognizes from previous visits, and heartily bussing their wives. "Ve 'ave been vaiteeng for you."

The man unloading your baggage may be the assistant headwaiter, a mercurial type, who is usually chuckling to himself over some private joke, when he is not furiously hissing at guests for lingering over cocktails after dinner has been announced, "Pliss, come now, pliss, pliss!" What most people remember longest about him is his name, C'est Dieu—That's God. Or the helping hand may be Edmond, the impeccable headwaiter, lean and grim-visaged as Mephistopheles. Edmond seldom speaks or changes expression. But then, as Coster points out, he probably has a good deal on his mind. He is one of seventy-three children. Or it may be the waiter called Jules, whom some guests consider to be the most beguiling member of the staff, chiefly because he resembles Harpo Marx. Jules, too, is preternaturally silent, so much so that a departing guest, under the impression that he understood no English, tried to apologize in sign language for repeatedly being late at meals. "Sir," said Jules, addressing him for the first time, and in clipped accents worthy of an Oxford don, "it has been my pleasure to serve you at any hour."

While one of these nonpareils transfers your baggage to your quarters, the Costers lead you up to the terrace, seat you at a table and order a round of rum punches à la César. This is the little barman's masterpiece, and he is frequently called upon to bottle it for guests to take home. The formula: fill a tall glass with cracked ice; sprinkle with nutmeg; add 3 drops Angostura Bitters, ½ oz. grenadine syrup, 1 oz. lime juice, and 1½ ozs. Three Star Barbancourt rum; stir; garnish with orange slices and a maraschino cherry.

César is a frequent butt of some of his employer's most diverting chaff. "'E 'as ze soul of a h'addeeng machine," Coster maintains. "'E carries in 'ees 'ead w'at everybody owes for dreenks. I show you. . . . César, 'ow much ze people in Numbair Eleven owe?"

"Thirty dollars and seventy-five cents, monsieur," César mumbles behind the bar.

"No more! But zees eez trageek! Pad zeir beel, César. . . . I am ovairchargeeng you, h'of course, but I need ze money, because I 'ave h'expenseeve vi-ces. . . . César, anozzer round."

"Right away, monsieur."

"César, you fool! Why you 'ave to answer? Make believe you do not 'ear. Nevair mind, ze 'arm eez done. Take ze ordairs ze same as eef zey were payeeng. W'at am I sayeeng? I weel be bankrupt. But nevair mind. Ordair w'at you like. Don' be shy. Geenger ale, orange pop, soda watair, anyzeeng you weesh. A brandy? You inseest. . . . César, zere eez a fly in zat martini. No, no, *misérable*, don' t'row eet h'away. Pour eet back for ze next cruise ship. . . ."

You start on your second rum punch. You exchange pleasantries with some of the Oloffson regulars. You cool off in the sky-blue (*Continued on Page 92*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Prescott, promise me you won't be melodramatic if I tell you something."

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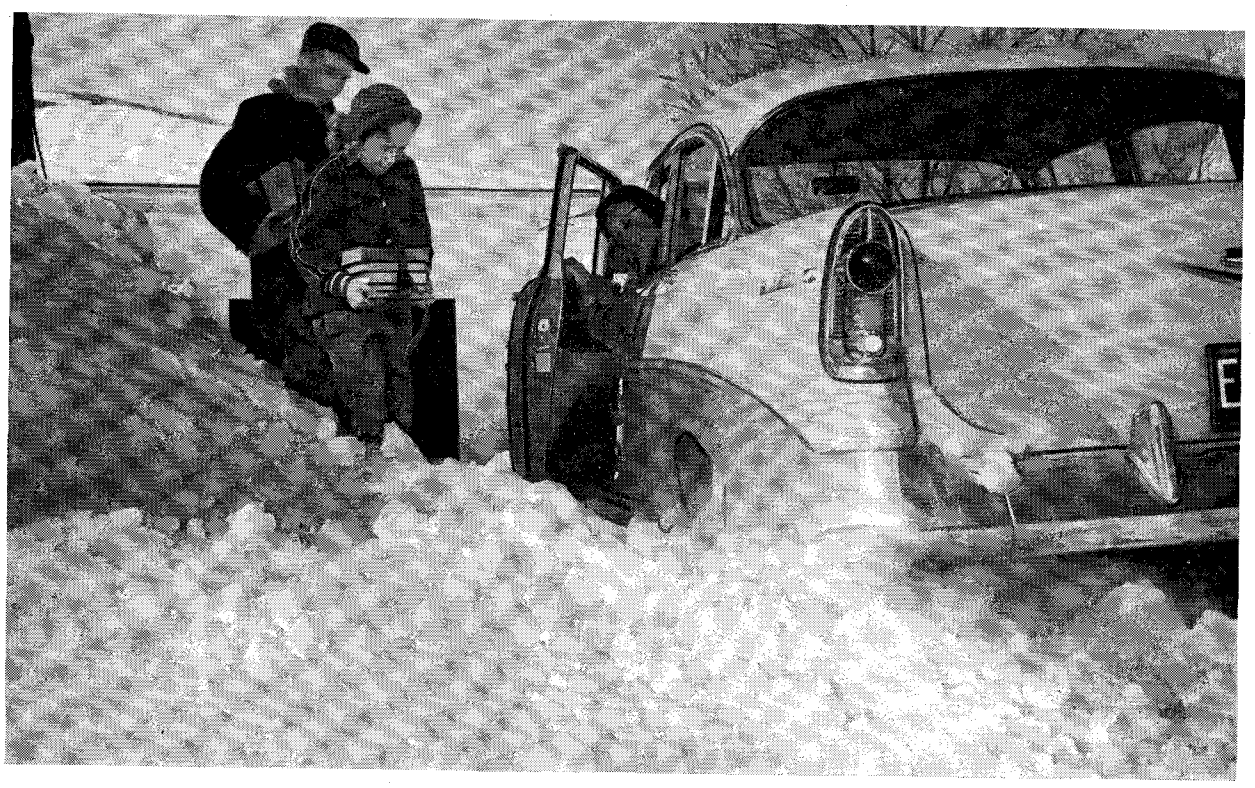

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B.F.Goodrich *Trailmaker tires*

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(*Continued from Page 90*) pool. You savor your first meal to the accompaniment of sentimental French ballads from Coster's never-silent hi-fi set. You take a long siesta. You drive a rented car—ten dollars a day with no limit on mileage—through the majestic, jasmine-scented hills. After dinner you go to Choucoune, a vast night club in the shape of an African hut. You dance the merengue, the easiest Caribbean dance to learn, and the hardest to perform with style. You goggle at some of the loveliest women on earth—the flowers of Haiti's light-skinned, so-called *élite*. Back at the Oloffson toward dawn, you fall asleep to the gentle blip-blip of starlings' wings as the thirsty birds skim the swimming pool. Some of Coster's guests have been known not to recover their emotional equilibrium until they got home.

The Oloffson, to introduce a cautionary note, is no place for anybody who requires to keep in close touch with the outside world. Although a telephone stands on Coster's desk, no message has been transmitted over it—and none received—for two years. Such are the vagaries of the repair service. Indeed, excepting those in the government buildings, no Haitian telephone functions regularly. The last time Coster's telephone rang—causing him to blanch from shock and That's God to drop a stack of dishes—the caller turned out to be a repairman wanting to know if the instrument was working. Before Coster could muster a suitable reply, the line went dead again, not to revive since. This should be borne in mind for the fullest enjoyment of the current directory issued by the Service des Télégraphes, Téléphones & Radio-Communications, which Coster urges his guests to read. The foreword proclaims:

Automatic telephony enables modern man to transmit his voice at a distance after manipulating by remote control several organs of communication that have a precision and delicacy of which we are scarcely aware. It accustoms the public to make ready use of an invention which constantly poses difficulties to engineers and which specialists are perfecting more and more.

The mechanism of the central switchboard should function in such a way that the simultaneous dialing of telephone numbers occasions neither damage, congestion nor disorder. The selection of a number involves a certain activity on the subscriber's part. The latter should realize that the mechanisms of remote control placed at his disposal act upon the mechanisms of communication according to a predetermined law.

As soon as you are sure of the number you want, unhook the receiver and ascertain that the apparatus is functioning—that is, that you hear a series of rhythmic clicks. If you don't hear this signal, hang up and try again after a few seconds. If after two or three attempts you hear nothing, it means the apparatus is not operating. Notify the repair service.

Avoid repeatedly jiggling the receiver. This confuses other calls, and may compromise the efficiency of your own apparatus, or of a delicate component of the central switchboard. If you still hear the intermittent signal after dialing the first two or three digits of the number desired, call Repairs, and the necessary adjustment will be undertaken immediately. Never fail to explain what has happened to your apparatus.

When the conversation is finished, hang up. Never leave the instrument off the hook. You run the risk of burning up one of the delicate components of the central switchboard. Don't shout into the mouthpiece. Your apparatus is very sensitive. Hold it about an inch from your mouth and speak very softly. Acquire this habit and you will find that the person at the end hears you better, whereas a person only a meter away can't hear a word you say.

As a raconteur Coster draws heavily upon his own picaresque career, which began in Paris, where he was born to a culture-loving taxi driver of Muscovite origin and his Algerian wife. The senior Coster's passengers got more than their money's worth, for in his native Russia he had been an operatic tenor, and as he drove he would sing arias from Boris Godunov or Eugene Onegin.

Though his father continually exposed him to good music, literature and art, Coster decided early in life to be a movie cameraman, and after a spotty public-school education he attended a cinematic trade school. At seventeen he landed a job with the Pathé Studio. He never got to turn the crank of a movie camera, but he became so proficient at shooting publicity stills that he was appointed chief of that department.

Compulsory military service interrupted his rise. "I was," he confesses, "ze mos' lamentable soldjair in ze entire 'istory of ze French h'army. But I make flattereeng peectures of ze h'officairs, an' so zey treat me h'O.K." No sooner had he completed his training in 1939 than war broke out. Equipped with a bicycle and a rifle left over from the Franco-Prussian War, he wound up in Alsace-Lorraine as a liaison messenger. On his first day of duty he was ordered to carry a dispatch to a battalion commander twenty miles away. When he got back, he collapsed, half dead from exhaustion. A medical officer, concluding that he was drunk, let him lie there, and by the time he recovered his unit had moved on. For a week he wandered around in circles trying to find it, leading on a string a duck he had liberated from a farmyard in case he ran short of food. At one point he blundered into enemy territory, but the Germans somehow failed to notice him. Before he managed to rejoin his unit he was caught in a cross fire, and although the bullets missed him, he had to be hospitalized for shell shock, then discharged from the service.

When France fell, Coster bluffed, hoaxed and jollied his way to Lisbon, where he set himself up as a portrait photographer, pending an opportunity to get to the United States. One customer, the purser of an American merchant ship, liked his work so well that he promised to arrange for an affidavit of sponsorship. A year later Coster stepped ashore at New York, possessing $47.90, an extra pair of pants and a portfolio of portraits. "A custom h'inspector look h'at my peectures," he recounts. "'E shake 'ees 'ead. A trageek moment. I am terrified he weel make me pay duty. But soodenly (and here the narrator's eyes fill with tears of grateful remembrance) he say, 'Wunner-fool! I weesh I could buy zem myself.'"

During his first three hours in New York, Coster's cup of joy overflowed. Scurrying with his portfolio three miles uptown from the pier, he found his way, at eleven A.M., to the offices of the Condé Nast fashion publications. "In zose days," he says, "my h'Engleesh was completely unperfect. Not like today. But zey onderstan' French." At noon Condé Nast hired him as a staff photographer. At one o'clock he was able to quench a burning curiosity, dating from early boyhood, about a renowned American institution—he went to Minsky's burlesque.

When the United States entered the war, Coster was drafted and assigned to an Army Air Forces publication, or what he calls "ze front line h'at one 'undred an' one Park Avenue." During the post-war years, specializing in feminine fashion and beauty, he came to rank among the country's star free-lance photographers. He might still be popping flash bulbs had not love smitten him with the force of a thunderbolt. The object was Laura Cadet, an American-educated Haitian. "Faboolus!" Coster sighs, recalling their first meeting in the New York office of the Free French Committee, where she was employed as a secretary. (She had formerly been secretary to Thurgood Marshall, chief counsel of the N.A.A.C.P.) They were married a month later, and have two sons, Roger, Jr., now sixteen, and Robert, ten.

While visiting with his wife her native land, Coster, entranced by the natural artistry and gaiety of the Haitians, decided that was where he wanted to live. For a few years both husband and wife continued working in the States, she in the Haitian Consulate in New York. Then, in 1948, they rented a villa in the hills above Port-au-Prince, and with Laura's savings opened a dress shop, which they called simply *Aux Belles Choses* (Beautiful Things). They were prospering when a nervous student driver crashed into the building, knocking over a structural support, bringing down the roof and wrecking $25,000 worth of *belles choses*. The settlement, which took three lawyers to win, came to $800. "So," says Coster, with a nonchalance he did not feel at the time, "we start all ovair again from zero."

At this period, the early '50's, the Haitian tourist industry was barely out of its infancy, with fewer than 700 hotel rooms the country over. About operating a resort hotel Coster knew beans, but he did know the kind that would appeal to him, one combining fine food, furnishings and entertainment typifying authentic native arts ("No spaghetti!"), and an atmosphere congenial to offbeatniks. The Grand Hotel Oloffson, or what remained of it after years of neglect, he learned, could be acquired for $5000, which was all the money salvageable from the wreckage of *Aux Belles Choses*.

The gingerbread palace had had a curious history. In 1885 Tiresias Sam, who later became president of Haiti, built it as his private residence, importing a French architect of the Victorian school. When the marines occupied the island during the First World War, they converted it into a maternity hospital for officers' wives. What is now the James Jones Cottage served as the delivery room, an association which has prompted Coster to remark, "I shoo'd maybe call eet From 'ere to Maternity." In 1936 a retired ship's captain named Oloffson reopened the place as one of Haiti's first hotels, and it became a rendezvous of Caribbean seafarers, who were attracted partly by the great dinner specialty—turtle soup. It passed next to an American crocodile hunter. Distracted by other interests, he allowed the hotel to deteriorate to a degree that when Coster took over it was little more than a derelict shell, lacking hot water, adequate plumbing and bug-free beds. "Everybody," he says, "tell me I am cra-zee. Zis ees true."

The initial improvements were perforce modest and gradual, consisting mainly of hygienic measures and the installation of minimal comforts. For professional entertainment Coster relied on a quartet of street musicians—folk singer, bongo drummer, guitarist, *vaccine* player (the *vaccine* being a kind of bamboo bassoon which is simultaneously blown and beaten)—who wandered in unbidden one night and reappeared thereafter whenever the spirit moved them. The Shabby Four, Coster dubbed them. He had to fire them finally because of the drummer's addiction to *clairin*, a raw rum of explosive properties, under the influence of which he would keep up a frenetic tattoo until forcibly parted from his instrument.

To adorn the public rooms, Coster borrowed paintings and sculpture from *Le Centre d'Art*, whose American director, DeWitt Peters, has been chiefly responsible for the astonishing emergence and international recognition of primitive Haitian art. The collection which Coster has since purchased has a value of about $25,000.

Another valuable and colorful asset, if a troublesome one, proved to be the chef Coster hired, Luc Emmanuel Bernard, a strapping, dusky Haitian, who, though chronically morose and disgruntled, cooked superbly in diverse styles. This tropical Escoffier, an imperishable part of the Oloffson legend, was a confirmed anarchist. All employers he considered natural enemies whom the workers of the world must ultimately eradicate. Tossed out of hotel after hotel for trying to subvert the staff, he was starving when he went to work at the Oloffson. There, under the humoring of the Costers, he mellowed somewhat, and even manifested a certain affection for them. He persisted, however, in reading anarchist literature to the help, holding the book with one hand while with the other he confected dishes fit for the fussiest plutocratic palate. None of his hearers were subverted.

To cite an instance of Luc Emmanuel's culinary versatility, there came to the Oloffson a charming old gentleman who had retired from the underwear-manufacturing business at the age of seventy-three to take up painting. A tradition-minded Jew, he liked to observe the amenities of the Jewish (*Continued on Page 94*)

At the Hotel Oloffson, the Haitian Machete Dance is performed with a bared blade.

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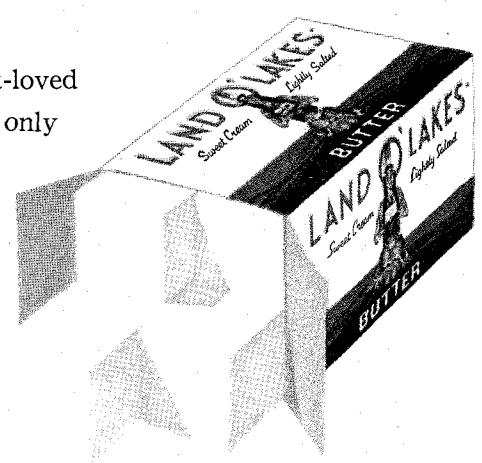

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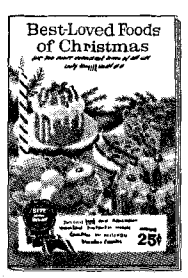

(*Continued from Page 92*) table wherever he traveled, and accordingly he instructed Luc Emmanuel in some of its subtleties. His fellow guests were then urged to share with him such classic fare as gefüllte fish and matzoth balls. Thus, for a time, the Oloffson enjoyed the additional distinction of being the only hotel in the world to combine Haitian with Jewish cuisine.

Luc Emmanuel displayed other rare gifts. He appeared to be able to withstand fire. This is an ordeal which aspirants to the voodoo priesthood must undergo. Whether Luc Emmanuel had so aspired, Coster never discovered, but he frequently watched him handle the white-hot coals on which he cooked without visible signs of distress. The chef was also prone to prophecies, most of them dismal. Of his own fate he predicted, "I will die like a dog in the street and be buried like a dog." The first part came true—in 1958 a truck ran over Luc Emmanuel—but not the second. The Costers saw to it that he got a proper burial and, weeping, followed his coffin to the grave. They have since replaced him with a tiny, aged Frenchwoman of signal accomplishments but few picturesque crotchets.

The Costers' first guest, back in 1954, did not precisely exude that spirit of gay abandon which they proposed to encourage. He was a Seventh Day Adventist missionary. "'E dreenk nossing strongair zan lee-mon-ahd." Worse, he liked the place, and on his recommendation other teetotaling missionaries in the area began patronizing it. Clearly, bold measures were needed lest the hotel gain a reputation for temperance and respectability.

Coster had long been a fan of Charles Addams, whose name is a synonym for macabre humor. Recognizing in the architectural grotesqueries of the Grand Hotel Oloffson the kind of setting against which Addams poses his witches, ghouls and human freaks, he sent him a batch of photographs and an invitation to drop in. "I was fascinated," says Addams, who has always longed to inhabit an authentic Victorian monstrosity himself. Not long after, he arrived with the second Mrs. Addams, a statuesque and beautiful corporation lawyer, spent three weeks happily delving into the more gruesome voodoo practices and departed full of comic inspiration. One result was a cartoon wherein a plump Haitian housewife sits on the floor of her hut surrounded by dolls bristling with pins. As she impales still another doll, the man of the house protests, "Can't you get along with *any*body?"

Addams' enthusiastic accounts of his stay spread through New York's artistic, literary and theatrical circles, of which he is a popular member, and thence abroad. Presently Coster received a letter postmarked London. It said, "My friend Noel Coward has heard of your hotel through mutual friends, and from what he tells me I believe I should like to spend a fortnight." The writer was Sir John Gielgud, the eminent Shakespearean actor, who duly arrived with a sizable entourage. The suite he occupied—two bedrooms opening on a preposterous fretwork gallery that winds halfway around the top story—Coster named the Gielgud Suite.

By the end of his third year as a hotelkeeper Coster had played host to a weirdly mixed bag of celebrities, major and minor, of real and pseudo sophisticates, of eccentrics and happy beachcombers. They included the British novelist, Graham Greene, who once startled a gullible fellow guest by blandly inquiring, "Where can a chap buy opium in these parts?"; the Hollywood idol, Farley Granger; the political pundits, Max Lerner of the Left and Eugene Lyons of the Right; the Broadway producer, Alfred de Liagre, Jr.; the fashion photographer, Richard Avedon; the contract-bridge master, Baron Waldemar von Zedtwitz; and a Mr. Ted Peckham, who formerly operated an escort service for the unattached. Quite a few New York psychoanalysts have also patronized the Oloffson. One of them, in fact, married the star of the weekly show, a voluptuous, twenty-year-old Creole singer. "I just love Freud," she told Coster, as she left to begin her new life in Manhattan.

Though jolly Roger's tolerance for the caprices of his clientele knows practically no limits, it sometimes undergoes severe strain. One morning not long ago, for example, a giddy belle from California chose to appear on the terrace wearing only a bath towel, and that wound around her blond tresses like a turban. "An' where," asked the innkeeper, more perturbed than he might have been had not a party of clergymen just checked in, "do we seenk we are goeeng zis morneeng?"

"To breakfast, of course," said she. "Where else?"

"H'of course, h'of course. 'Ow sensible in zis hot weathair. But let us 'ave ze privilege to serve you on your private balcony, yes?" and at the clap of his hands César, Jules and That's God closed ranks around the fair, bare one, and gently propelled her back to her room.

Then there was the doctor who mistakenly fancied himself to be a gifted amateur violinist and practiced incessantly within earshot of the other guests. "Strictly spaghetti," Coster reports. He finally shamed the offender into silence by playing through the hi-fi set, whenever he reached for his fiddle, a recording by Fritz Kreisler.

There are moments, especially toward the end of a busy season, when Coster feels as though he would just as soon never have to gaze upon another glowing tourist face. It was in such a mood that he conceived a scheme for providing vacationers with all the allurements of the Caribbean without the inconvenience of actual travel. He calls it Coster's Quick Frozen A & B Vacation Kits. "Keet h'Ay," he explains, "eez for h'airplane, Keet B for boat. Ze first contain leetle peels wheech make you h'airseek, ze second 'ave peels to make you seaseek. But you weel not suffair too long because bot' keets also 'ave Dramamine. Next you swallow anozzer peel an' soodenly you get Caribbean stomach h'upset. Peel Numbair Zree eez meexture Kaopectate an' antibioteek wheech cure you queek."

Additional items will include a lotion that produces, in rapid succession, excruciating sunburn, unsightly peeling, and a mottled tan; a chemical that causes dollars to evaporate; a selection of souvenirs, to wit: mahogany salad bowl, conical straw hat three feet high, voodoo ceremonial mask, wax doll to stick pins into, and the United States duty-free liquor allowance of one gallon. Coster further proposes to airmail post cards to friends of the armchair tourist, bearing enthusiastic comments—"That Haitian rum! Those merengue rhythms! Those Creole cuties! Boston was never like this!" Finally, he will furnish long-play, stereophonic recordings of characteristic Haitian street sounds, such as bongo drums, wheedling panhandlers ("Gimme fi' cent, poppy."), rocking jitneys jampacked with volatile natives, roosters, parrots, pigs, the screech of tires on unbanked curves—all together enough din to insure a full week of uninterrupted insomnia. "Wiz ze Queek Frozen Vacation Keet," says the 'ilton of 'aiti, as he sometimes styles himself, "I 'ave no more 'eadache. People stay 'ome an' just send me ze money." THE END

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Help for Homeowners (Continued from Page 31)

Ernest Curtis, president of the National Home Owners Club, showed me a letter from a New England drug salesman who wrote that he had read about the NHOC in a newspaper on January 19, 1959. The idea seemed so good, he related, that he quit his job and started a club with his life savings of $2000; but he went broke before he had enrolled twenty members. The fellow described his method of procedure and wound up asking Curtis to tell him where he had made his mistakes.

"Look when the letter was written," Curtis said. It was dated January 29, 1959. "Exactly ten days after this benighted oaf first heard of a strange business, he already was reviewing his career in it as a flop," Curtis said. "I can't imagine how such a gullible guy kept his money so long."

Curtis' speech is a curious goulash of slang and archaic words, spiced with the thickest Hungarian accent this side of Zsa Zsa Gabor. "I am the only native of Akron, Ohio, who needs an interpreter to pass immigration authorities on the Canadian border. As soon as I open my mouth they reach for the handcuffs. Fortunately my son is a baseball nut, so I can demonstrate I am a genuine Yankee-Doodle kid by reciting the Tigers' batting averages."

Akron, indeed, was Curtis' point of origin in 1920, but his only memento of it is his birth certificate. His father, a lawyer and part-time journalist in Hungary, had fled to America when the repressive regime of Admiral Horthy took a dim view of his efforts to unionize the hansom-cab drivers of Budapest. When Curtis was three months old his mother took him on a visit to the old country, where she was stricken by a fatal illness. Curtis was raised as a Hungarian by his grandparents until the approaching war in 1939 made his American passport a priceless document. He left Europe just before Hitler marched into Poland, but soon afterward was doing a good deal of marching himself with the United States 10th Mountain Division in Italy.

After the war Curtis and his older brother Ted were partners in a Detroit metal-products company, making tools and parts for automobile manufacturers. They prospered until the recession in 1957 cut their orders by 60 per cent. Curtis was looking for a more stable business when Albert Schonwetter, his young office manager, showed him a clipping on the United Home Services in Los Angeles. A recent experience gave the clipping special meaning for Schonwetter. Three contractors, whom he had called to convert the basement of his home into a recreation room, submitted estimates of $1100, $1700 and $2100.

"Al argued that the difference in the bids proved two of the three builders were thieves or bunglers," Curtis says. "My mother-in-law had just been gypped out of two hundred and sixty bucks by a shyster who switched her from his advertised cut-rate metal awning to outrageously overpriced junk. I heard so many similar tales of woe it didn't take the perception of a genius to spot the basic trouble.

"What happens when the typical homeowner needs a repair or construction job? He plays Russian roulette with the yellow pages of the telephone directory. He selects the contractor nearest his home or the one with the biggest ad. Then he is at the guy's mercy for an estimate, because no other expert is on the premises. Al and I decided an agency co-ordinating all home-maintenance services could go over as big in Detroit as it had in Los Angeles, if we organized it properly."

Curtis went to Los Angeles for Doctor Leck's advice on the project, and was staggered by the preliminary research it entailed. He and Schonwetter spent the better part of a year digging through statistics compiled by the United States Department of Commerce, the Bureau of the Census, trade associations and the University of Michigan. Detroit, they found, was well above the national average in owner-occupied homes—70 per cent—and annual expenditures on upkeep, $144. The likeliest location was in the northwest section, where there was a heavy concentration of upper-middle-class families who could afford a twelve-dollar membership fee and provide the volume of commissions the club needed to show a profit.

Curtis and Schonwetter were soliciting customers when they suddenly ran into competition. Allan Ostervik, who sold commercial listings and advertising, was distributing free memberships to a service he was introducing in the same territory.

"Each club was giving away what the other intended to sell," Curtis explains. "Ostervik was charging contractors fees for the exclusive rights to orders placed by his members. We were charging members for furnishing them with the same caliber of contractors. On the face of it, he had us backed off the map. The only chance of saving the twenty thousand bucks I had sunk in the club was to meet Ostervik and convince him my program would give members better service."

Surprisingly enough, Ostervik agreed with Curtis. "Ernie's plan was sounder because it gave him the leverage he needed to keep contractors in line," Ostervik says. "I've been in the building business and I know you've got to put pressure on a lot of birds to get quality work. That's particularly true in 'one-shot' trades such as construction, insulation and furnace installation, where a contractor doesn't have a selfish motive for cultivating good relationships with customers who may never have another job for him. In extreme cases his attitude may even be, 'Good-by, Charley, sue me if my work is lousy.'

"A contractor who has to qualify for an appointment on a panel will bear down because he stands to lose a lot of business if he's dropped from the club for poor service. When you sell franchises, as I was doing, you have no control over contractors. Besides, people attach no value to something they get for nothing. They don't use free memberships."

Ostervik returned to the contractors $8000 he had collected in franchise fees and then switched his investment of $10,000 to the National Home Owners Club. Another asset he brought into the new partnership was a personal knowledge of the contractors in the Detroit area, gained through his work selling advertising. Ostervik blackballed a number of individuals and firms tentatively approved by the NHOC because he knew they were bill dodgers or had been accused of unethical advertising.

The process of screening more than 2000 contractors for a panel of 350 was tightened. The NHOC checked their credit with wholesalers, their prices with trade associations and their reputations with the Better Business Bureau. "Our chief guides were comparisons of prospects' hourly rates and minimum charges with national averages obtained from trade associations," Curtis says. "We eliminated people whose prices were well below, as well as considerably above, the averages.

"For example, a TV technician who charged much less than four bucks an hour for a service call, the prevailing United States rate, was suspect on the grounds that he had to skimp on materials to make a profit. The national average for TV maintenance shows that 70 per cent of the service calls are for minor repairs such as changing a small tube. If a spot check of a technician's bills showed more than 30 per cent of his calls were for major, expensive repairs, it was a tipoff he swindled customers."

The partners discovered the complications of their new business when they announced the office was ready to accept calls on June 27, 1958. The major sales pitch of a home-service club is immediate action in emergencies. Since many crises pop up at night, a responsible party must be on duty round the clock to ride herd on contractors, who have no fondness for getting roused out of bed at three o'clock in the morning.

"We called a meeting to discuss the problem, knowing darned well what the solution had to be," Schonwetter says. "The assignment was too important to entrust to an employee, so we rotated it among ourselves. The night-duty officer accounts for his movements just like a doctor and leaves a phone number where our answering service can reach him in a hurry. If the three of us are out of town on a franchise deal, our wives hold the fort."

Curtis was on duty the night the bat barged into Ray Daneman's basement. "I must've turned eleven shades of green when I realized bat disposal was not included in our service," he says. "Bela Lugosi, another Hungarian, had an affinity for bats when he played Dracula in the movies, but the repulsive things scare me witless. As the poet said, I died a thousand deaths before Schonwetter and I cornered the bat and killed it with tennis rackets."

Why didn't he summon an exterminator, instead of answering the call himself?

"I didn't know whether anyone would come that time of night. The club had been operating only a week. It still was on trial with a lot of members, so I had to act fast. Besides," he added with a grin, "it was a wonderful chance for free publicity. The coverage we got in the papers brought us ten times as many members as a crew of eighteen salesmen had signed."

Members average three calls a year, with the first usually made within two weeks after joining the club. "It's generally an insignificant chore just to see whether we deliver on our promises," Curtis says.

The critical period for a club's word-of-mouth reputation is the first six months, when it receives a good many emergency calls from members who forget they belong to the service until a ticklish situation arises. That was the case when Mrs. Peter Jameson's crystal chandelier dropped from the ceiling.

"My maid was cleaning the chandelier," she says, "but instead of moving the stepladder to reach different sections, she turned the fixture and snapped it off the ceiling cap. She managed to catch the chandelier as it fell, but she screamed that she couldn't hold it long. She also was scared of getting a shock from the wires. I put my ten-year-old son on the table under the chandelier to help the maid hold the thing.

"Then I started to run around like crazy. I called the electric company, but they told me my trouble wasn't part of their service. Two electricians said they couldn't come for an hour. In desperation I called my husband at his office to have him send help. He reminded me of the club. I called, and it seemed to me I had just hung up when an electrician was here. It was the fastest work I've ever seen in my life."

The club's Chicago and Irvington branches were as resourceful as firemen in bailing new clients out of recent jams. On Memorial Day Mrs. David Rumick of Glencoe, Illinois, invited fourteen guests to a surprise birthday party for her sister, Mrs. Barbara Gordon. At six-thirty P.M. she went to take the canapés out of the refrigerator. She pulled the handle of the door—and it snapped off in her hand. The refrigerator was locked as securely as a bank vault, with all the party trimmings inside.

Mrs. Rumick's reaction approached hysteria. The head of the house was about to make an irresolute pass at the box with a screwdriver when he remembered the club guaranteed twenty-four-hour service. "It can't get anybody on a holiday," Mrs. Rumick wailed. It could and it did. A repairman had the refrigerator opened when the first guests arrived at seven o'clock and he improvised a latch that could be used until the handle was replaced.

Another rocket was sent up by Mrs. Anne Yeskel of South Orange, New Jersey, after she knocked a hole in the rear wall of her garage while parking the car. She wanted the damage fixed the same day before her husband saw it and went into a song and dance about women drivers. It is not known what Mr. Yeskel said when the bill came at the end of the month, but the chances are Mrs. Yeskel was ready with a plausible story.

"No, he doesn't really care for music . . .
but he's always been rather fond of girls!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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As the National Safety Council has been pointing out for many years, the home is the scene of all sorts of improbable accidents. A tree split by a windstorm threatened to crash on Mrs. Sylvia Paris' house last Memorial Day. The tree surgeon on call in Detroit during the holiday weekend arrived in time to avert serious damage. Mrs. Herbert Robinson locked herself out on a freezing day last winter, with her nine-month-old baby in the house. A rescuing locksmith was so shaken by Mrs. Robinson's distress that he did not submit a bill. A man cleaning leaves out of his roof troughs later discovered he had lost a diamond ring worth $3000. A plumber searched the drain pipes and a roofer poked through the eaves. The ring was found—in the eaves—at a cost of ten dollars for two service calls.

The NHOC's champion client for getting into inopportune scrapes is the family of Nathan H. Siegel, the Detroit steel executive. "We never were more accident prone than any other family," Siegel says, "but so many unforeseen things have hit us lately I can't help wondering whether a hex is on us. All I know is we would have been put to a lot of extra bother and expense without the club's terrific organization."

At two P.M. on New Year's Day the Siegel's TV set blacked out. "That's not an emergency by the terms of our contract," Curtis remarks, "but I'd hate to have to prove it to an adolescent boy two hours before the telecast of the Rose Bowl game." At five P.M. there was a call from the Siegels for a plumber to look into a drain pipe clogging up the dishwasher and kitchen sink just as a big dinner party was getting under way. A week or so later an exterminator was needed to eject a family of squirrels from the Siegel chimney. Finally, a locksmith was called on the double after a gang of hoodlums held up young Roger Siegel and took a master key to the house.

Commentators on the changing social scene have conflicting views of the pronounced trend toward organizations that offer related services in one comprehensive package. Home-maintenance clubs are the latest extension of this concept, already adopted by automobile clubs, travel agencies, caterers, decorators and janitorial firms. Service facilities are mushrooming so rapidly that they now account for 39 per cent of our personal expenditures. A generation ago services claimed only 20 per cent of the average budget, with the remainder spent on consumer goods.

Most authorities see this sharp increase as a reflection of a rising standard of living. Certainly the time has long since passed when a handy man could take care of the odd jobs around a house with a screwdriver, wrench and roll of tape. Homes are outfitted with complex equipment and appliances that were not even on the market a dozen years ago—laundry unit, air-cooling ducts hooked up to the furnace in the basement; food freezer, dishwasher, garbage-disposal unit in the kitchen; TV, hi-fi, indirect lighting in the living room; air conditioners and intercom system to the nursery in the bedroom; electric-eye door and power lawn mower in the garage.

The most adept do-it-yourself addict cannot possibly acquire the skills required to keep his gadgets functioning—and all machines break down eventually. A problem of mounting concern to industry is that its production of appliances is outstripping the training of technicians to service them. According to the latest census there are 2,000,000 mechanics in the United States—but try to get one when you need him in a hurry!

The scarcity of competent repairmen is so acute that employers are buying memberships in home-service clubs for employees who travel a lot, so that their families have protection while they are away. Joseph Slavik, a leading builder in Detroit, has given 300 prepaid NHOC memberships in the last year to stimulate sales of houses. Eleanor Clair, a real-estate agent in South Orange, New Jersey, is following the same procedure.

"A twelve-dollar membership won't clinch a deal, but it helps to overcome a prospect's resistance," Miss Clair says. "First-time buyers have heard so much about the expense and trouble of keeping a house in good shape that they hesitate. Experienced owners always ask for a list of recommended repairmen when they move into a new community. To many people the availability of labor for the upkeep of a house is getting to be as much of a factor as the purchase price."

A tidy saving gained for members of some service clubs is the elimination of charges for traveling time, an old source of annoyance to the public. It is customary for plumbers, electricians, heating men and the like to start charging the hourly rate from the time a mechanic leaves the shop. If a six-dollar plumber drives thirty minutes to reach you, three dollars is tacked on the bill before he opens his tool kit.

The NHOC did away with travel charges by dividing Detroit into forty-four zones and routing mechanics to jobs in their immediate localities. At first many contractors invited to join the panel would not waive traveling time. They laughed at Curtis when he asked for that concession, plus a 10 per cent commission for the club. "Who needs you?" they snapped. "We've got all the full-price work we can handle."

But progressive contractors realized that the new accounts steered to them by the club and its guaranteed payment of bills would more than compensate for the commissions and loss of travel charges. On the average, people in home-repair trades lose about 10 per cent of their bills by customers who refuse to pay for a variety of reasons.

Joining the panel brought other advantages—for example, a saving on advertising and public relations. Robert Angove, a sewer-maintenance man with three employees, said he spent $6000 a year on advertising before joining NHOC. "It was out of all proportion to my gross, sometimes as much as twenty per cent. Now the club does a better job of selling me with its national and local advertising."

Lewis Barnett, a plumber, sounded like a Madison Avenue executive in discussing public relations. "This industry has been antagonizing customers for years by submitting bills with an over-all total instead of itemizing the costs for labor and materials, as the club insists I've found people are less unreasonable about bills since I've conformed to the club's system."

Not all the contractors are happy with one NHOC procedure. Before it pays a member's bill, the club phones to ask whether he is satisfied with the work. If he is not, the job is inspected by Ostervik, who has a builder's license.

When the club mediates a dispute, the decision may go against a member. "A contractor deserves his dough for an honest job," Curtis says. "Reviewing bills has a good psychological effect on both parties. It shows the member we're protecting him and it forces the contractor to buckle down."

Contractors must accept such pressures because home-service clubs are controlling an increasing volume of business. One customer like Mrs. Bernard Kessler is worth her weight in commissions. A former apartment dweller, Mrs. Kessler moved into a house in Livingston, New Jersey, and went through the first-time owner's ordeal of finding something at every turn that needed fixing.

Mrs. Kessler arranged with the NHOC for a battery of repairmen to tackle the place methodically—a gardener one day, a mason the next, then a plumber, electrician, roofer, painter and so on. A week later, still in trouble and told she needed artisans she had never heard of, Mrs. Kessler cracked. She staggered to the phone, called the club and cried wildly, "Send me one of everything!"

This Is No Game for Kids (Continued from Page 32)

palled around together. But on a football field one man has to be the boss. It hurts a team to have to operate under two different leaders. Even the cadence in which the quarterbacks call out the signals can vary enough to throw the players off. The linemen, for example, must get off the mark the instant the ball is snapped. That's their bread and butter. It takes split-second reactions and anticipation, and they have trouble achieving this when there's constant switching at quarterback.

As for me, I don't like sitting around, even part time. When I'm not playing I have a serious weight problem. Part of the weight goes where I'm sitting and the rest to my stomach. I figured that if this was going to happen, I might as well be in Lubbock, Texas, as in Detroit.

In the end, though, I didn't go home. A Detroit friend of mine, Jack Nancarrow, who's in the tool-and-die business, cautioned me against leaving. "That's not the way to do it," he said. "Pack up during the season, and they'll say you're a quitter."

Carol flew into Detroit to join me instead. She arrived the Monday night after the Green Bay game. As we walked into the airport from the plane gate, I heard myself being paged over the public-address system, "Telephone call for Bobby Layne."

I turned to Carol and said, "They're probably gonna tell me I've been traded. Ha, ha."

Sure enough, George Wilson, the Detroit head coach, was on the line to say I was going to Pittsburgh. For all my dissatisfaction with the Lions, it hurt that they would peddle me off like that. I grew up as a player with the club, and the club grew with me. We had become used to winning, like the New York Yankees, while the Steelers had never been champions of anything in their twenty-four years of existence. At the moment they were on the bottom of the Eastern Division, with no wins and two losses.

It was pretty late for me to be starting all over. I was thirty-one and running on an ankle that had been fractured against the Cleveland Browns the previous December—many people thought that would finish me for good. But in spite of all these things I jumped at the chance to go with the Steelers. They had a full-time job opportunity for me, and it was a challenging one. Also, I would be playing again for Buddy Parker, who was my head coach at Detroit from 1951 through 1956.

After being notified of the trade I traveled all that night just to get to Pittsburgh in time for practice Tuesday. I made it, all right—and had one of the most miserable experiences of my life. When I walked into the Steeler dressing room, no one spoke to me. Not a guy even looked at me, although I wasn't exactly a stranger around the league. For that matter, of the thirty-five men there, I didn't know more than five by sight.

Later I found out why nobody came up and talked to me. Harry Gilmer, a Steeler assistant coach and a former teammate of mine in Detroit, had told them how tough I was in practice. They acted almost like they were scared of me.

Well, I don't like sloppy practices. But do you know what my first rule is for being a good quarterback? Get the boys to like you. Then they'll block for you and take care that Li'l Bobby doesn't get hurt. Why, in Detroit we had a fullback, John Henry Johnson, who had a tendency to get discouraged with himself. I pampered that boy all the time. I wanted him "up" and blocking for me.

SEPXG=52x(VMC)

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Anyway, winning in football is more than just a matter of playing ability. Coach Parker told me right off that the Steelers had enough good players, but that all some of them wanted to do was stay on the payroll and keep from getting their salaries cut. My job was to get 'em thinking about beating somebody.

As a quarterback you have to make the boys believe in you. Just the way you bark out the signals can tell them if you have confidence in the play you called. And they have to want to make it work. They have to be willing to put out an extra 10 per cent.

Take Les Bingaman, our middle guard at Detroit during the championship streak of 1952–53–54. Although he weighed over 300 pounds, for ten yards or so he was plenty quick. And you couldn't move him with a bulldozer. Yet he was a guy who always came to training camp afraid he wouldn't hold his job. From the first moment of practice he gave it everything he had.

In one preseason scrimmage he was breaking up every play I tried to run. He seemed to know exactly what was coming. We had a new boy in our backfield, Don McIlhenny, now with the Green Bay Packers. Bing told me after practice that Don was tipping off the plays.

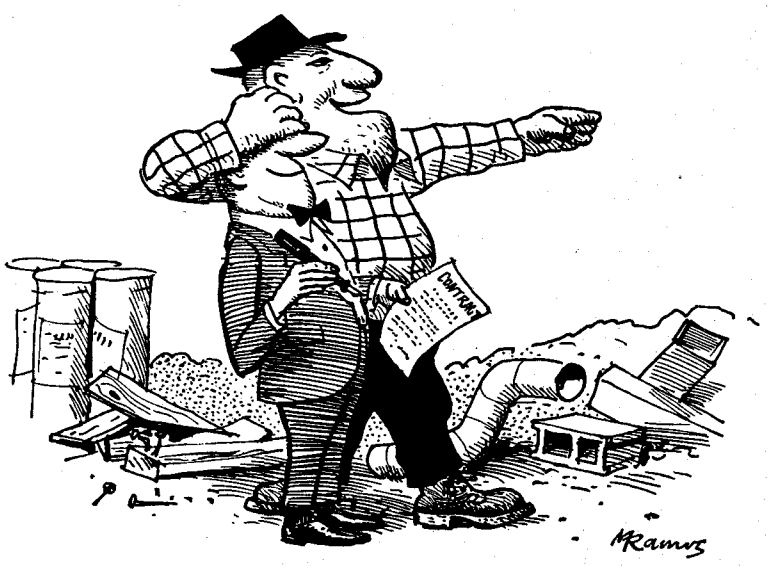
I said, "Look, tell me what's he's doing. It might help straighten out the offense."

Bing shook his head. "Oh, no. Not until they make the final squad cut. Then I'll tell you."

I want competitors like that playing on my side. That's why I got burned up after my third game with the Steelers last year. We came into New York to play the Giants and got beat, 17–6. Yet nobody seemed upset. They all acted like they'd done great.

The game was played on a sloppy field. Pass receivers were dropping the ball all over the place—when the ball carriers weren't fumbling it. Jimmy Orr, our rookie end, didn't hang onto one long pass I threw him; and when he came back to the huddle I told him, "If you drop another pass on me, you Georgia so-and-so, I'll kill you with my own hands."

I was only speaking figuratively, of course. Jimmy's too good to do away with and he's one of my best friends. He's



You be the Judge

By JOSE SCHORR

The Youngloves bought a dream home from a builder who assured them positively that the heating bills wouldn't run more than twelve dollars a month "even in the coldest weather." By November, however, the furnace burned a fantastic amount of oil without heating the house. When the builder refused to reinsulate or do anything else about it, the half-frozen Youngloves did the job themselves and sued the builder for what it cost.

"In effect, he sold us an unfinished or inadequately built house, and we had to rip it up and install proper insulation," the Youngloves complained. "Therefore he should pay the difference between what he promised and what he delivered."

"I only gave them my honest opinion of what the heating cost should be," the builder replied. "Beyond that it was a matter of *caveat emptor*—let the buyer beware. There was nothing to prevent them from having a heating engineer investigate and estimate the cost."

If you were the judge, would you make the builder pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The builder had to pay. The court said that an expert house builder who overpraises his construction to an inexperienced home buyer should be required to make good. It added that it was "investigation" enough for the buyer to rely on the builder's word.

Based upon a 1958 Missouri decision.

YOU BE THE JUDGE is not intended as legal guidance. Laws vary from state to state. Anyone having a legal problem should consult an attorney.

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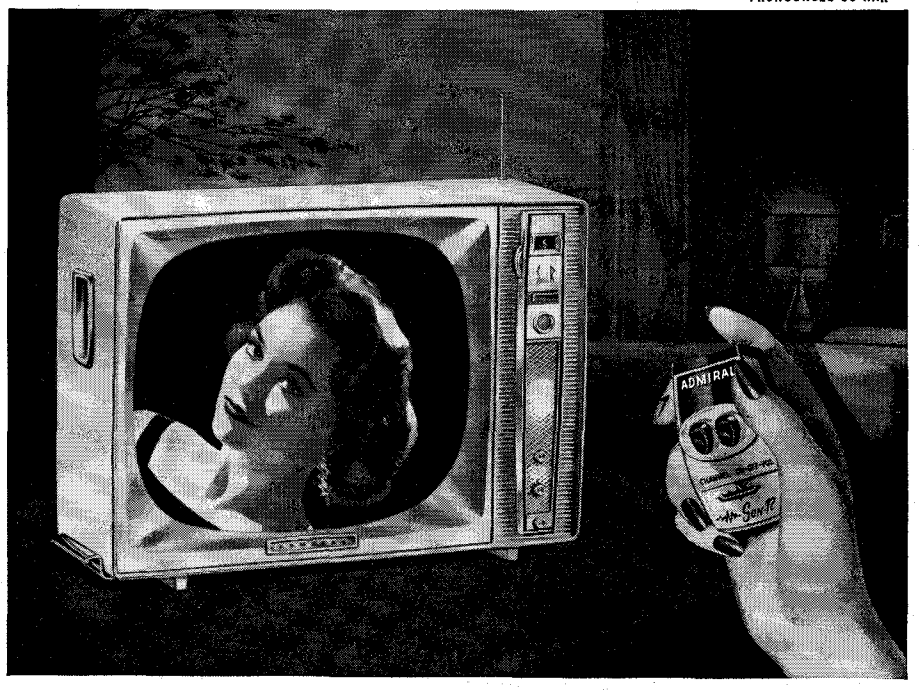

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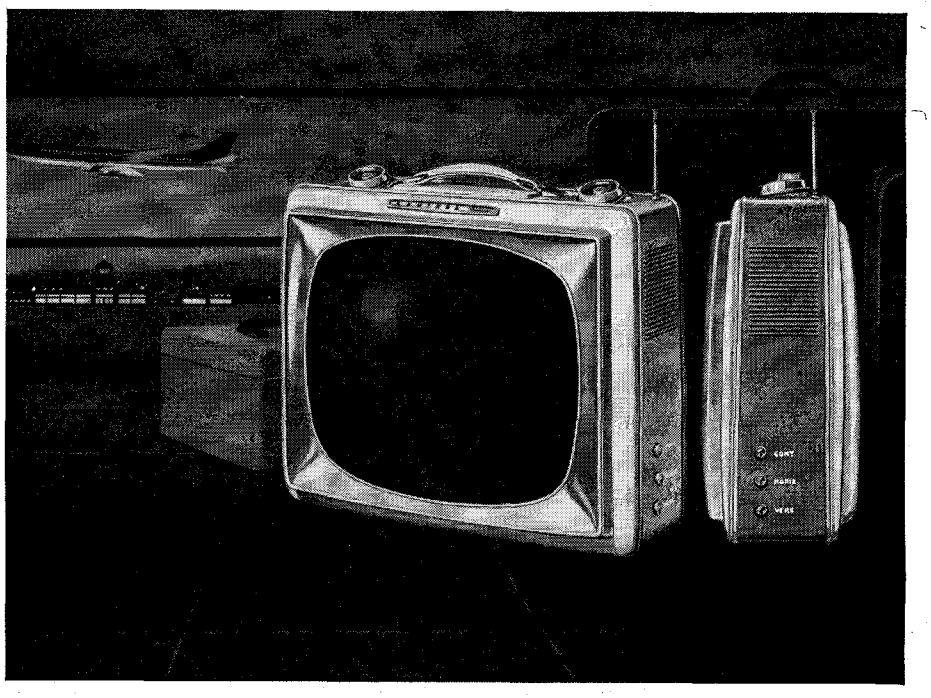

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the closest thing you'll ever see to Don Hutson, the former Green Bay star, who's rated the finest end in pro history. I never saw a defensive halfback catch Jimmy all season once he broke into the open. He also never dropped another pass.

I was still steaming after that New York game when some fellow walked into the dressing room with a couple of jockeys in tow. I was introduced to him, but I was so mad I didn't bother to catch the name. Later I found out it was Art Rooney. He owns the Steelers.

Well, after that game we began to do a better job for Mr. Rooney. We didn't lose again in 1958. We won six and tied one of our last seven games. The tie came against Washington in the next-to-last week of the season. We had to go some to salvage even a 14–14 deadlock out of it, because I threw two interceptions in the first half that led to Washington touchdowns. The Steelers wound up the year in third place, with a record of seven wins, four losses and one tie—the best performance by a Pittsburgh team in eleven years.

This season a lot of things went wrong in the early weeks. Every receiver we've got has been hurt at one time or another and missed vital action. Our best defensive back, Jack Butler, hardly got into the first three games. It's been kind of a crazy year for the National Football League anyhow, with the teams as even as I've ever seen them in my twelve years. But with all our guys in good condition, I'm confident we'll make the same strong finish we did in 1958.

Last year was my best ever as a pro passer, even though I had to switch clubs during the season. I threw for more yards than ever before—2510—and had my best average gain per pass attempt, 8.54 yards. If it weren't for a guy named Sammy Baugh, a fellow Texan who played for the Redskins and who was the greatest passer football has known, I might also have got my name in the career record lists.

[Editor's note: Last year was Layne's eleventh season. Baugh played sixteen. Through 1958, Layne ranked second to Baugh in total passes attempted—3016 to 2812; completions—1709 to 1378; and yards gained—22,085 to 20,077.]

But I don't claim to be the best passer around. I'd like to be able to throw the long one like Norm Van Brocklin, of the Philadelphia Eagles, or handle a wet ball like Charley Conerly, of the Giants. I still don't see how Y. A. Tittle of the San Francisco Forty-Niners can get off the accurate passes he does when he's rushed off balance.

From an over-all standpoint, though, I don't think there is much difference in actual ability among the pro quarterbacks. On my own team we have a young boy, Lenny Dawson, who can outrun me any day in the week and who has just as strong and accurate an arm as I do. He should be great someday. All he needs is the chance to get into an important game in a crucial spot and click. That'll give him confidence. It may be a while before he gets that chance, however, because I intend to play as long as I can stay in shape to do my job.

There have been misconceptions as to just what constitutes my idea of being in shape to play football. I go out on the town once in a while. Why shouldn't I? If I'm not mature now, I'm never going to be. When I feel like a beer or two I don't sneak in the back of a saloon on some side street, hoping no one will see me. The Steelers always know where to find me. I go in the front doors of the best places in town.

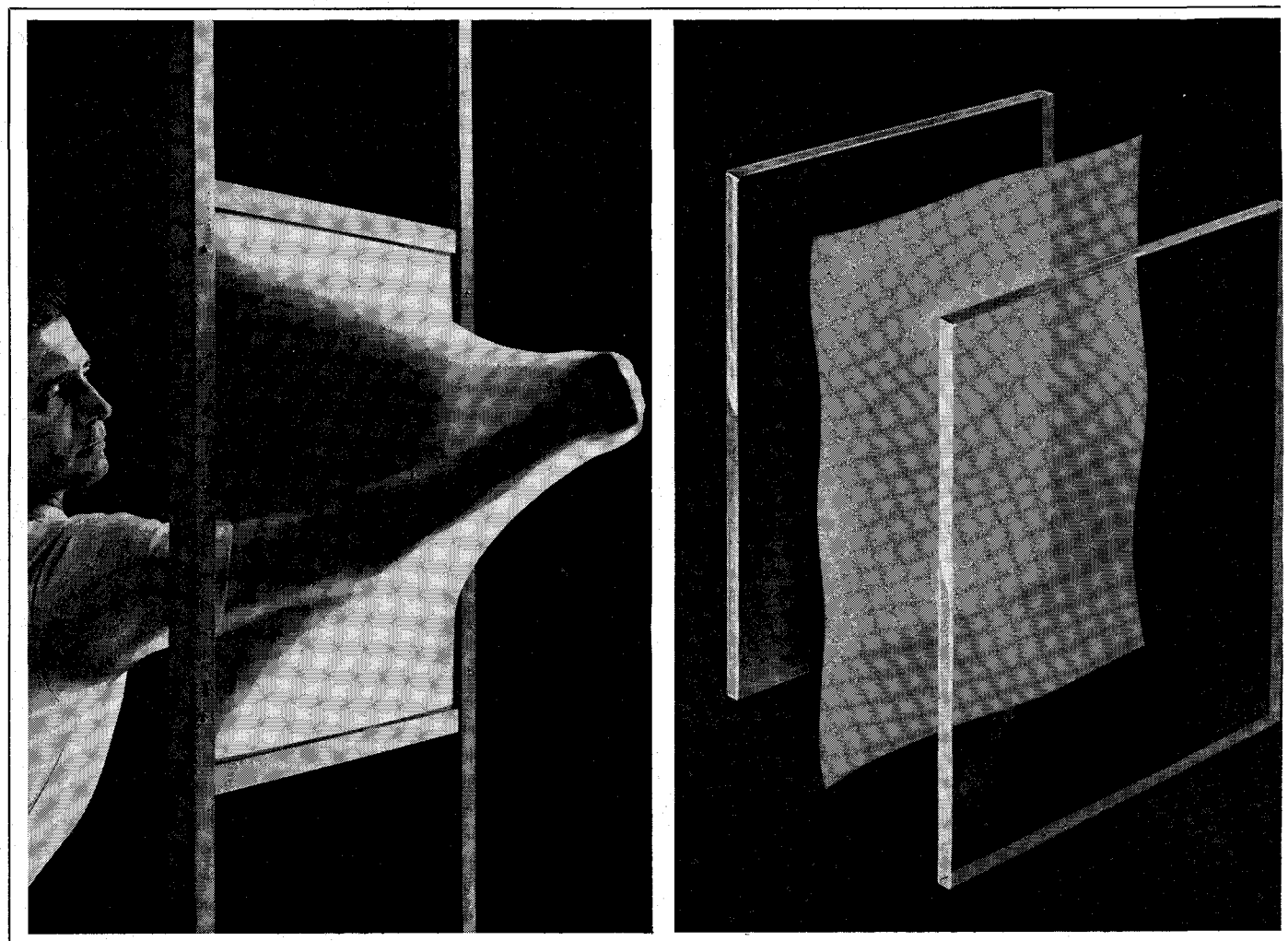
No one is going to tell me how to act. I set certain rules for myself. I take things easier than I did five years ago, because I find I need more rest. I wouldn't still be in the league if I hadn't taken good care of myself.

My playing weight is around 200 pounds, and has been for years. There have been times when I've had trouble keeping my belly inside my belt. That's not unusual in pro ball. There are linemen with some puffiness around their waists. We need that padding. It's a long, hard season—eighteen games, including six exhibitions—and you take a lot of bumps along the way. If you come in lean and drawn like a Thoroughbred, you're going to wear out. What you can't afford to sacrifice is speed. In our league even a 288-pound tackle like Gene (Big Daddy) Lipscomb, of the Baltimore Colts, can really move.

With fellows like that trying to tear you apart, this is no game for kids. You have to be a man and be treated like one. That's why I appreciate playing for Buddy Parker.

When Buddy quit the Lions just before the season started in 1957, he's supposed to have said, "I just can't handle these guys any more." He made his surprise resignation at a banquet attended by the players. Later that night a couple of the older boys and I went to him and asked him to reconsider. He told us that our behavior had nothing to do with his decision—that he resigned over a club-policy dispute.

Buddy is this kind of man. One Thanksgiving Day we played Green Bay and were heading back to the hotel for the traditional dinner. "Now, fellas," he said to us, "don't eat too much—or drink too much."



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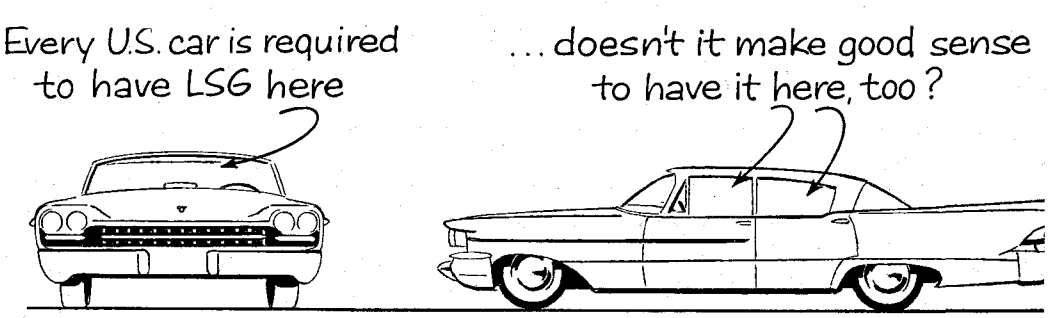

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We all went back and had a couple of beers. But if he'd told us point-blank not to drink, the boys might have gone out and stayed late to express their defiance. Buddy does have a few rules to keep the boys in check, but they aren't too tough. Primarily he expects a man to know his limitations and to know how to behave.

I'm one of those people who can get along on five to seven hours of sleep. If I go to bed at eleven the night before a game, I'll get up at five. By kickoff time I've already played one game in my head, with the real one still to come. But if I get to bed at one, I'll sleep until eight. Then I won't have so much time to fret before the game starts.

Before the 1954 championship play-off game against Cleveland, Buddy asked us all to be in bed by ten P.M. We all were. And we got beat by the Browns, 56–10. This is no excuse for the defeat, but it does go to show that it takes more than an early bedtime to win football games.

Although my off-the-field activities have been widely publicized, I don't think any coach or player could say that there was ever a game for which I wasn't 100 per cent ready, both mentally and physically. I wouldn't want to let down the other guys on my team. And I'd certainly not do anything to embarrass my wonderful family.

A couple of years ago I was arrested in Detroit one night on a charge of driving while intoxicated. It was in all the papers because I was Bobby Layne. I could have ducked a lot of the publicity by simply paying a fine. What happened was that I got flagged for not having put my lights back on after stopping at a pizza place which turned out to be closed. I was on a well-lighted street, going twenty-three miles an hour. I'd been to Les Bingaman's bar earlier in the evening, and the officer made a big fuss about that.

When they booked me I had the presence of mind to call Carol in Lubbock, and she in turn got in touch with Nick Kerbawy, then the club's general manager. Because I had done nothing wrong I insisted on a jury trial.

Most of the Detroit team was in the courtroom the day the verdict came in—"Not guilty!" The whole place broke out in cheers. It was like we'd just won a ball game.

Part of the trial testimony involved my Texas drawl, which can be tough to understand. At least the cop found it so. The Lions had a posttrial party, and the equipment man, Friday Macklem, fixed up a sign which he trotted around, AH-ALL AIN'T DRUNK. AH'M FROM TEXAS.

We had that kind of spirit on the Lions. You can call it cornball, but it's effective. Football is a team game, and the guys have to belong. This is a feeling you can't get in a day. When rookies come along they have to prove themselves. At training camp they buy soft drinks for the club's veterans and bring flowers to their rooms. At meals we make them stand up and sing their school songs. They are the last to get taped before going on the field,

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The things that get mom up in the morning are usually the same ones that get her down the rest of the day.

S. S. BIDDLE

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and they don't eat at the same table with the vets.

I make it a point to remind rookies that when I broke in with the Chicago Bears in 1948 I shined shoes for Bulldog Turner, the all-pro center. I cleaned his car and brought him food. He was on the fat man's table, getting a restricted diet. I would sneak extra food out to him.

Sometimes a newcomer rebels. When Hopalong Cassady, an All-American hero from Ohio State, came to the Lions in 1956, the boys began calling him "Parrot" and mimicking him because he talked all the time.

In scrimmage one day he got smeared on a running play. He came back to the huddle crying, "Cripes, I got better blocking at Ohio State!"

We gave one another the eye. I called Cassady's signal on the next play, and the flood gates opened. Eleven tacklers came through without a block laid on them, all looking for Hopalong. He woke up on the bottom of the pile. Before the season was over, though, Hoppy was one of the gang. He developed into a fine back for the Lions.

Practice sessions are where you win games. Practice badly and you play badly. If you don't start preparing on Tuesday you won't win on Sunday. To do yourself any good at a workout, you have to put some fire into it. I'll quit football when I stop looking forward to practice.

I don't stand for any goofing off. Sometimes when you're going through pass drills, the decoy receiver will loaf, figuring he's not going to get the ball anyhow. I straighten him out by hitting him in the back of the head with a pass. There's nothing more embarrassing to a receiver.

Last January I played in Hawaii's Hula Bowl with Elroy (Crazylegs) Hirsch. Crazylegs had been retired for more than a year but you'd never have known it. He ran out every pass pattern, even

Helps hold laminated safety glass together under impact. Even when smashed with a sledge hammer, the tough plastic interlayer helps hold the shattered pieces of glass together, reducing the hazard of flying fragments.

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ook for this thin line . . . . . .

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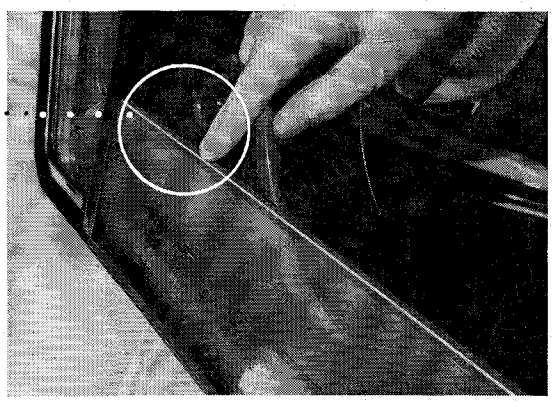

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when the play was on the other side of the field. I knew right then why he'd been such a great player with the Los Angeles Rams. He put out all the time.

If I'm starting to sound like a coach, ignore it. I want no part of football after I'm through playing. Oh, I might consider keeping my hand in if I could be a third or fourth assistant coach. But I don't want any of that other junk, like talent recruiting and speechmaking.

Carol and I have a fine home in Lubbock. I have a bowling alley in Austin and some sound investments. I also deal in oil leases. Meanwhile I've turned down some excellent offers that would keep me in Texas the year round. I explain to people that playing football is in my blood. I'll stay with it as long as I'm able.

I've been lucky to last this long. After the 1954 season I was holding a horse one day for my little son Rob at a riding academy in Lubbock. There was a rifle shot, and the horse bucked. I grabbed the reins—and was almost ruined as a passer. My right arm was pulled out of joint. It took more than a year to heal properly. Meanwhile we finished last at Detroit in 1955.

Then there have been my football injuries. I should have known better than to turn my back on Ed Meadows of the Chicago Bears in the game that decided the 1956 Western Division championship. It was the last day of the regular season. We Lions had won nine and lost two, while the Bears were eight and two, with one tie.

Early in the second quarter I called a simple pitchout play to halfback Gene Gedman. I spun and tossed the ball to him quickly. Since I had nothing more to do, I turned around and watched Gene dive forward five yards. Then the lights went out.

I understand the movies show that Meadows jumped me from the blind side, and my head hit the hard ground as we went down. I was led off the field with a brain concussion. The Bears won the game and the division title, 38–21. Two weeks before, we had licked them, 42–10.

Let's say it wasn't premeditated on Meadows' part, but it could have been avoided.

I've had worse things done to me than that. There are a few players who go in for a lot of unnecessary roughness. In a pile-up you may find one of them yanking your throwing arm or giving you the knee. The great players, like Gino Marchetti and Art Donovan of the Colts, Gene Brito of the Rams and Joe Schmidt of the Lions, don't have to resort to such stuff. And most bad injuries are freaks—as when a bunch of Browns busted in on me on a pass play in 1957 and my cleats caught, snapping my right ankle.

I went into pro football in the first place with the idea that a T quarterback leads a sheltered life. At the University of Texas I had started out as a tailback in the single wing. In my senior year, when Blair Cherry became the Longhorn coach, we switched to the T formation. That winter, the late Dr. Jock Sutherland drafted me for the Steelers, but because he used the single wing, I wasn't interested. Then the Bears secured the rights to me, and George Halas talked me into signing for 1948.

Chicago was well fixed for quarterbacks with Sid Luckman and Johnny Lujack, and I was traded to the New York Bulldogs in 1949. That was a school of hard knocks. Ted Collins, who owned the team, was Kate Smith's manager. Attendance was so poor that we were always afraid that if Kate got a sore throat, we wouldn't be paid. On the field, if I was ever gun-shy before, I darn well had to get over it. We won one and tied one and lost all our other games. I saw the league mostly from a reclining position.

I would have quit if the Lions hadn't bought me in 1950. In Detroit the protection was better, and so was the team. But I'm a gambler. The colleges were all going wild over the new split-T offense. It called for the quarterback to drift behind the line of scrimmage to a point between tackle and end, and then exercise one of several options, including keeping the ball and getting tackled.

The pros clung to the notion that the quarterback was too valuable a man to risk frequent contact as a ball carrier. Tactically, though, if your quarterback runs as well as throws, it adds another weapon to your offense. I was game to try it and I guess I started the trend of having N.F.L. quarterbacks do some running. In 1952 I gained 411 yards rushing, only forty-six less than Bob Hoernschemeyer, our leading ground gainer. So it was worth the gamble.

Another gamble I often take is to rely on the judgment of other players in my signal calling. They help me pick 90 per cent of the plays by tipping me off to what's going on. That doesn't mean we hold any powwows in the huddle. I do all the talking there; too many chiefs and not enough Indians will spoil the huddle. But when I have fellows like Doak Walker or Jimmy Orr playing with me, I consult them at odd moments during the game. They know when they can get loose.

The Lions won the N.F.L. championship play-off in 1953 because Jim Doran told me he could get behind the Cleveland left halfback on defense. Jim had played defensive end until late in the season, when he was pressed into use as a pass receiver. He hadn't scored a touchdown all year.

With only four minutes left and the Browns leading, 16–10, we gained possession on our twenty-yard line. They were paying no attention to Doran, so I hit him with a short pass to get us out of the hole. Then I switched to other receivers to bring the ball past mid-field. The clock showed just over two minutes as we reached the Cleveland thirty-three.

Jim nudged me. "Now. The halfback's not picking me up."

I hit him all alone for a thirty-three-yard touchdown play, and we pulled out the game, 17–16.

Doak Walker once gave the pros a play that's been copied by everybody. It stemmed from something he noticed against the Browns in 1952. We had a play called "26 cross buck," in which the No. 2 back—the right halfback—ran to his left and cut into the No. 6 hole, between left end and left tackle. He was preceded by his right guard, who pulled out of the line to run interference.

The No. 3 back, who happened to be Walker, acted as a decoy on the play. He would fake a dive into the No. 3 hole, which had just been vacated by the right guard.

Well, in that 1952 game against the Browns, Doak saw that every time our right guard pulled out on 26 cross buck, the defensive left tackle, John Kissell, would chase him, leaving Walker to fake into the No. 3 hole all by himself.

"Kissell's not even touching me," Doak whispered in the huddle. "Give me the ball just once." So I called 26 cross buck, but varied it by slipping the ball to Walker. Kissell, seeing the guard pull again, didn't even look at Walker. Doak burst through the line without a hand laid on him. This play is now called "33 take-off"—the No. 3 back through the No. 3 hole—and it is widely used by all pro teams to keep defensive tackles honest.

In a Pittsburgh Steeler game with the Cardinals last November, we were tied late in the fourth quarter, 20–20, when I noticed that a Cardinal defensive halfback, Dick Nolan, was playing Jimmy Orr too deep. We had the ball back around our own twenty.

"Let's try to suck him up," I told Orr. "Fake a short hook." This meant that Jimmy would go down eight yards, stop and turn around, forcing Nolan to come up to cover. So Jimmy sprinted a few steps, then stopped as if to hook. Nolan came running up. Orr turned on a sudden burst of speed and left the Cardinal back standing still. I hit Jimmy in the clear on their forty-yard line, and that was the ball game.

Earlier in the game I'd hurt us because I didn't have sense enough to change signals when we had first down and goal to go on the Cardinals' eight-yard line. As we lined up, I saw that the Cards were out of normal position, but I stuck with my original call anyway. It was a "keeper" play, in which I was to retain possession of the ball and run with it. Well, I ran right into the arms of Luke Owens, who weighs 255 pounds. I got belted, lost the ball and muffed the scoring chance.

I should have switched signals before the ball was snapped. This is probably the most technical and demanding responsibility of a quarterback today. After you call signals in the huddle and line up, you may find that the defense has moved into an alignment which will obstruct the play you had in mind. Then you should bark out a code word to let your men know a switch is coming. The next signal you call out will be the new play.

The way linebackers move around on defense these days, switch-offs are absolutely necessary. A smart quarterback can often catch the other side off balance. This is why I'm against having the coaches send in every play from the bench, the way they do on the Browns and the Rams. I guess if I had played from the beginning for Paul Brown, who has my respect as a winning coach, I'd have got used to it, as Otto Graham did. But I'm bulldog enough to believe that out on the field I'm in as good a position as anyone to know what's going on.

That's what they're paying me for. I'm Buddy Parker's personal ambassador to see to it that the Steelers do the job. If a lineman misses a block or forgets a signal and I get smeared, he's going to hear from me. For one thing, I don't like to get my nose rubbed in the dirt. For another, that kind of playing doesn't help us to win, and winning means making money.

Furthermore, winning is fun. At my age, if I couldn't have any fun, I wouldn't be playing—and the Pittsburgh Steelers wouldn't want me. THE END

NEXT WEEK

JERRY GIESLER'S OWN STORY

THE CHARLIE CHAPLIN CASE

By Jerry Giesler as told to Pete Martin

WE SALVAGED THE AFRICAN QUEEN

How Four Amateurs Raised a Fabulous Sunken Ship

By Lloyd Deir as told to Clay Blair Jr.

IN COLOR:

INSIDE THE VATICAN

By Ernest O. Hauser

A PRIMER FOR CHUMPS

Advice From an Expert on Gambling Odds

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND, 40

WHAT IS EXISTENTIALISM?

By William Barrett

A SHORT STORY BY JOHN O'HARA:

THAT FIRST HUSBAND

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Too Many Ghosts (Continued from Page 45)

"I saw it do so," the professor replied stiffly.

"Not of its own volition," Mr. Jellicot explained helpfully. "It is the invisible poltergeist, of course, who carries it."

"Through a closed windowpane without shattering it?"

"The mischievous entity can do any thing," Mr. Jellicot contributed. "That's why it is called a poltergeist."

Professor Paulson was growing angrier. "As a psychical researcher, sir, you ought to know how to evaluate evidence from competent sources and eyewitness accounts. I am telling you what I saw with my own eyes. Do you doubt my word?"

Mr. Hero contemplated the flint for another moment and then dropped it onto the table and replied morosely, "No, not your word, but your common sense." He went out, got into his car and drove off toward East Walsham.

Hero already regretted his loss of temper as he nosed the cream-and-black car through the huge wrought-iron gates of the estate; through his mind flashed the qualifications necessary for the perfect psychical investigator as listed by Hereward Carrington, the American psychical researcher whose book he had encountered as a boy. The paragraph had fired his imagination, and he had tried to model himself upon its contents. He saw the page now before his eyes, and remembered every word:

A specialized training is necessary for this work; our ideal investigator must have a thorough knowledge of the literature of the subject; he must have a good grounding in normal and abnormal psychology, in physics, chemistry, biology, photography and some laboratory experience; he must be a keen observer, a good judge of human nature and its motives; he must be well trained in magic and sleight of hand; he must be shrewd, quick of thought and action, ever on the alert, patient, resourceful, open-minded, tolerant, rapid in his observations and deductions, tactful, sympathetic, and have a sense of humor. He must be free from superstition, and at the same time unswayed by bigotry, theological or scientific. In short, our ideal investigator is hard to find, and it is probable that such a man is born rather than made. . . .

Hero weighed his shortcomings against this list and was not pleased. He was long enough on science, psychology, sleight of hand and other physical attributes, with the exception of photography, but open-minded tolerance, tact and sympathy did not appear to be his strong points. Just because Professor Paulson was a fool was no excuse for calling him one. Among the first duties of a psychical researcher was to avoid making enemies. The images of the attractive and available Mrs. Wilson and the cool and aloof Susan Marshall flashed through his mind—"and not friends either," Hero told himself.

He entered the village; drew up at the post office and went into the telephone box. At least his deficiency in photography was to be remedied. But he knew that in addition to desiring his stepsister's knowledge and skill, he rather desperately wanted to be able to talk to her. He would somehow also feel safer when she was there.

He called her at the Barbizon studio, and when he had got through to her said, "Hoy, Meg; Sandro."

"Are you all right?" was the first thing she asked.

"Yes."

"How many women are pursuing you?"

Hero thought immediately of Mrs. Wilson and wished he hadn't. He felt his face grow hot and had the feeling that Meg's eye was peering right along the telephone wire and out of the instrument at him. He tried to make his voice sound natural. "Dozens," he said.

"And who have you got your eye on? Susan Marshall, I suppose. I've seen a picture of her."

Hero grated at her in imitation of a badgered husband, "Darling, there's never been anyone but you," and heard her snort of delighted laughter. "Seriously, sis, you will be receiving an invitation shortly to visit your old friend Isobel. When it arrives get here on the double."

Meg said feelingly, "You bet I will. Do I bring the usual?"

Hero said, "We'll want Little Snooper, that's for certain, and the infrared. Your subject has an unpleasant preference for dark corridors."

"Oh, goody," Meg said. "I've a wonderful new attachment for the Weimar X-100. It will photograph your whiskers at the bottom of a coal mine."

"Would it photograph a black soul?"

"Sandro!" Alarm freighted Meg's gay voice. "You're worried!"

"Yes. I thought I'd managed to conceal it. I am. There are altogether too many."

"Too many what, Sandro?"

"Ghosts! They're not supposed to hunt in packs, you know."

Meg said, "And I suppose the usual prophecy of deaths."

"What worries me is the temptation offered parties bodied and disembodied to help the prophecy along, just to hold the franchise."

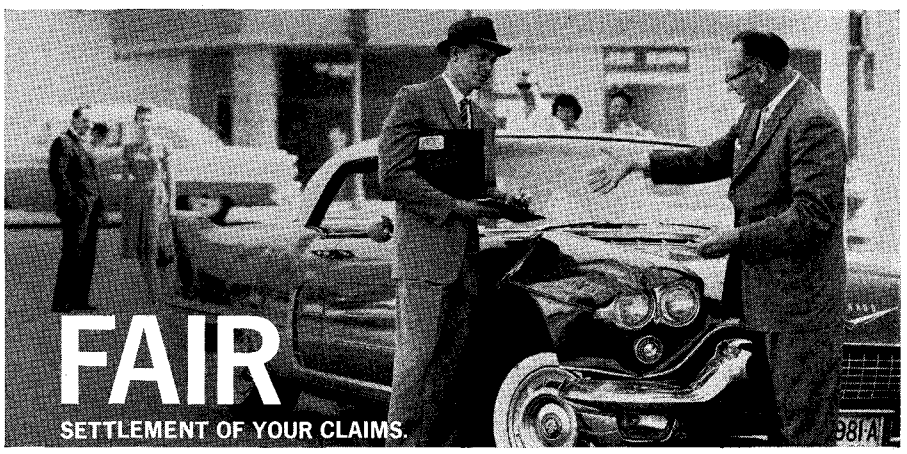
Meg asked, "When will I hear?"

Hero said, "Lord Paradine is writing today. Hurry down, sis." And then added, "It will be good to see you," almost absent-mindedly, and hung up, for he had just been struck by another disturbing thought—the manifestations in Isobel's room as well as those in the Spendley-Carter apartment were both typical poltergeist phenomena; but they were not the same poltergeist. And there just was not enough room under one roof for two of them.

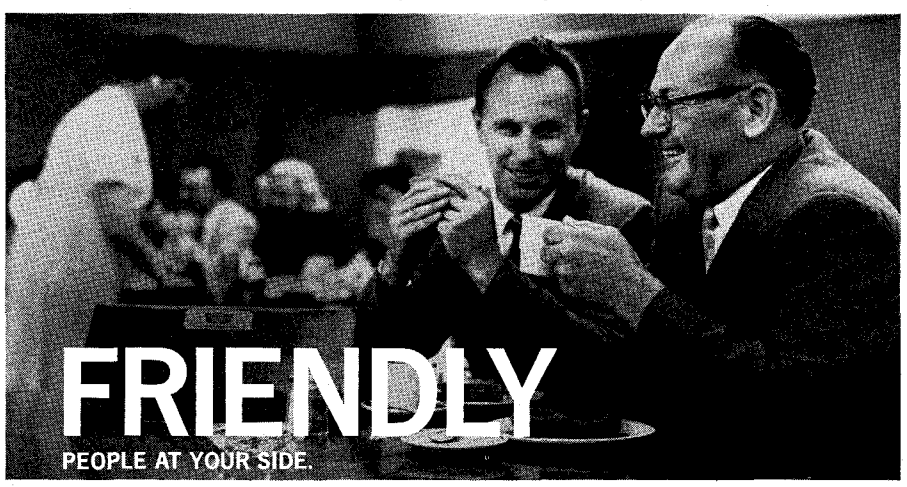
He came out into the sunshine and sized up the village, charmingly located in the shimmering Walsham Broads with their numbers of elegant motor cruisers, houseboats and sailing yachts tied up at their slips. He went to St. Dunstan's Church, with its square Norman tower built of stone blocks faced with half-flints, the same kind of flint pebbles, he mused, as had materialized through a closed window at the Hall.

The Rev. Harry Witherspoon was not there. It had been in Hero's mind, among other things, to apologize for his abruptness the previous morning. Instead he found a verger, a venerable gentleman by the name of Butterworth of some seventy-five years. The old fellow was refreshingly uncomplicated; he believed in God, the Rev. Harry Witherspoon, in St. Dunstan's Church and in East Walsham as the center of the universe. He was also a first-class antiquarian and historian, and had filled some six minutely written notebooks on Paradine Hall, the Paradines and other great families of the surrounding district. He was as happy as a child to let Mr. Hero delve into this material to his heart's content. Later on, Hero visited the public library and the council hall, where there were further rewarding archives; and finally he drove over to Great Yarmouth, where he paid a visit to the hydrographic office and had a fascinating conversation with the chief hydrographic officer of the district. It was late afternoon by the time he had finished

7:35 AM. An accident at Kingsley and Bay Shore. A phone call to the nearest FARMERS representative, and he's on his way...fast.



8:14 AM. The man from FARMERS is at the scene. No red tape or delay. He inspects damages, arranges for repairs, can even sign the check. That's the FARMERS way of doing things.



9:20 AM. The paper work is done, repairs started. FARMERS people are friendly people...ready and willing to serve you quickly, efficiently, cheerfully. A phone call does it.

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and returned full of information and disturbing thoughts.

Almost without realizing it, he let his car drift to a stop on the broad main drive leading to Paradine Hall while he sat eying the stately mass of the great Tudor building, the beautiful regularity of its towers, dormers and turrets, and the equally beautiful irregularity of the tall chimneys sprouting from the dark slate rooftops.

Here was a mass of stone welded together in beauty that had emerged from the brain of man. From its earliest days it had been filled with human beings good and bad, with love, with hate and with lies. The stone had solid permanency; only the people and the lies changed with each succeeding generation. He reflected upon this magnificent effrontery—that one man and his family should require so great a pile to house them—and, too, of egos so frail and pitiful that they needed to be bolstered by that much masonry.

He was reflecting also upon the incongruity that this manor which for so many centuries had curtained the privacy of the Paradines should perforce have been turned into—call it what you would—a public hotel, and what, if anything, this metamorphosis might have to do with the strange superfluity of ghosts that had suddenly come to infest it, when he became aware that he was being watched.

"Come out, come out, wherever you are," sang Mr. Hero. Twelve-year-old Noreen Spendley-Carter then appeared diffidently from behind a tree. She was clad in tan corduroy slacks and sweater, and her dun-colored hair fell lankly to her shoulders in a half-tangled snarl, framing the sallow skin and freckles of her face. She looked as though she had been made of mud, and then not painted.

She came forward, eying the car admiringly. "Could I sit in it just once for a little?" she begged.

"Certainly," Hero replied. "Come around." He leaned over and opened the door. Inside she stretched and sighed as luxuriously as a young kitten.

"Oh, isn't it wonderful?" she breathed. "It's just like a dream."

"S-s-sh," Hero whispered. "You must try not to wake up then."

She sat up and looked at him now with more interest. "Oh," she said, "you know that too? Sometimes when I'm having the best dreams, I know that I am and try ever so hard not to wake up."

"What kind of dreams?" Hero asked.

She became slightly wary. "Oh, things," she said. And then added half to herself, "Like being in a hospital and wearing a white cap and starched uniform and holding a thermometer."

"That's a nice dream," Mr. Hero said.

The girl turned her dark eyes upon him. They were irregularly placed and the wrong color for her hair, but Hero was aware of something pleading and touching in their depths. She said, "But I always wake up." Then she asked, "What are you really doing here?"

Hero answered her frankly. "I am trying to find out about ghosts."

Noreen asked, "But what is there to find out about them? A ghost is or isn't, isn't it?"

Mr. Hero smiled and said, "It depends a good deal upon how you look at them. Do you believe in ghosts?"

"Of course I do. My ghosts are all 'is' ones; I love them. They make me feel all squiggly and shuddery inside."

Hero asked, "Are you afraid of them?"

"Of course not. What is there to be afraid of? They aren't solid."

Hero took a long, comfortable draw on his brier. "Even those that knock vases off mantelpieces, tip over pots and pans and throw stones?" he suggested.

"Pooh," said Noreen with fine scorn, "they never hit anybody."

"No, but they do seem to frighten people," Hero suggested. "I think, for instance, that your mother is greatly frightened of them."

A curious expression that Hero could not fathom came into the child's face. There was a quickening of interest. She said, "Oh, mother's afraid of everything, including daddy. She hates daddy. They're not my real, real daddy and mummy, you know; I'm adopted."

Hero had not known; and yet now that he had been told, it seemed as though it must have been at the back of his mind ever since he had laid eyes upon that ill-assorted trio. He turned to look at the girl and said, "I see. When did you find that out?"

"Not long ago," Noreen replied complacently, and got into a comfortable narrative attitude. "They were having a row. I listened. Daddy was browbeating mummy—it always makes me furious when she lets him—and saying that she was so rotten lazy and self-centered that she wouldn't even have a child; and mummy said that she always wanted a child, but didn't want his child because he was mean, vain, shallow; a liar and a big windbag, and that was why she adopted one. And daddy said, 'Well, I hope you're satisfied with what you've got now. Look at her; I am a member of Parliament and have to go about meeting people, and she's a disgrace to have to take along as our daughter'—that's me," Noreen confided without rancor.

Hero kept his countenance expressionless during her recital, and merely said, "Are you sorry that you've found out that they're not your real parents?"

Noreen gave some thought to this before she replied, "No, I'm glad, because I'm not them at all, am I? Not the littlest bit. I'm just me, me, me!"

Mr. Hero felt overwhelmed with grief at the bleakness and gallantry of this declaration. "Yes, you are you," he said, "and never forget it, Noreen."

The child looked at him longingly. "I wish you were my daddy," she said. The intensity of her emotion and her wish brought a curious kind of beauty into the ugly little face. She asked, "Can I put my arm around you?" And when Hero nodded, she put both of them about his waist, pressed her face against his shoulder and clung tightly to him.

They sat there thus for a while in silence, while Hero, again permeated with sadness, thought, *This child is so full of love—what is to be done with it? How is it to be released? Who will want her?* He was conscious that Noreen was saying something, and aloud asked, "What, pet?"

Noreen said, "Lean down; I want to whisper something." He leaned his head close to her lips and heard her say faintly, "I want to be a nurse when I grow up."

Hero was startled. It seemed almost as though she had answered his unspoken thoughts. "Then that you shall," he declared. But he saw there was sudden anguish and tears in the eyes regarding him, and thereafter came the outburst.

"But they won't let me," she wailed. "They said they wouldn't let me. Oh, I hate them! Nobody can help me. Nobody, nobody—ever, ever, ever!" Then with a quick movement she turned, released the catch on the door and ran off through the great trees of the park.

When Hero arrived back at the Hall and parked his car, tea outdoors was almost over and there were only Cousin Freddie, Isobel, Beth and Mark left on the lawn. Simultaneously Sir Richard and Susan, clad in shorts and sweaters and wearing blue stocking caps, approached from the other direction of the boathouse. The Hon. Isobel Paradine stood watching them for a moment, tall and proud, shading her eyes with one hand. Then she said, "I'll tell Huggins to bring some more tea," turned and strode off to the house.

The little eyes in Freddie's fat face shone with happy malice. "Ah, there," he cried to Hero. "How's the super spooker snooper today? Spot of tea to keep up the courage?"

"Thanks," Hero said.

Susan and Sir Richard arrived, roaring with laughter at some joke that had been between them. Cousin Freddie said, "Well, here's our little American friend. How's the good old U.S.A., Susan?"

"Fine," replied Susan. "How's Merry England? They make a fine team, don't they?"

Hero said, "Hi, there; what have you two been up to?"

"Dinghy racing," Sir Richard replied. "Susan beat me. She's absolutely marvelous."

Beth said, "Oh, Susan always wins." She smiled as she spoke, but Hero thought that a slightly jarring note struck his ear and that he saw no smile in her eyes. Was it simply the speech of a girl pleased and proud of her friend, or was there something else? If there was, the keen, malicious ear of Cousin Freddie likewise seemed to have picked it up.

He said, "Ah-ah, there, Beth. What's this? Jealous of your girl friend—and your Uncle Dick? Age having its last fling with youth."

A teacup and saucer clattered to the turf as Beth arose, her face drained of all color, her eyes brimming and her young mouth twisted in pain. "Oh!" she cried. "You beast—you unspeakable beast!" Then she turned and ran off to the house, weeping, her hands before her face.

Mark Paradine said icily, "You're a dirty swine, Freddie. Can't you see the kid's been under a strain with all this business happening to Susan? Why do you have to pick on her?"

Sir Richard advanced, his handsome face crimson with fury, his fists doubled. "I ought to smash that fat head of yours."

"That's it," said Freddie cheerfully, "show the girl your muscles."

It was so ridiculous that Susan broke the tension with a roar of laughter. "Oh, Freddie," she said, "you're priceless." Then, "No tea for me—I'm going to change."

"I'll walk you," Hero said, and fell into step beside her. When they were out of earshot he said, "Sweet character."

"Yes," agreed Susan, "isn't he hateful? But you know, he's so impossible I almost like him. I feel very sorry for him."

"Why?" asked Hero.

Thinking lined Susan's lovely brow for a moment. "I suppose because I understand him. You see, it couldn't happen in our country. But over here the way you do things with your families, he's in a trap, isn't he? Old Lord Paradine's will took particular pains to define him as a nobody, and by giving him just enough money so that he doesn't have to work, it pays him to remain that way. The next in line after the eldest son, he will never realize the position, and all because he's the son of a second son. He's been made a kind of pinch hitter who knows he'll never get a time at bat. That might curdle even your disposition, you know, or mine. I don't really mind him."

"Do you get much of that?" Hero asked. "I mean like the cracks about the 'good old U.S.A.,' say, from the others?"

"Oh, yes," Susan said coolly. "One gets quite used to it. We're not the most popular people in the world right now, you know."

"Anyone here besides Freddie?"

"Are you asking me seriously?"

"Yes, I am. Looking for cause, so to speak."

"Oh, well, it wouldn't be that, surely," Susan said. "I mean it will range from something outright, like that animated drum major's baton, Major Wilson, wanting to know why we quit the Korean war when we had it won, to the kind of half-subtle and pitying remarks Lady Paradine might make, such as, 'My dear, do you find it just frightfully difficult to get on with what must seem our very strange ways of doing things?' Of course, what she is saying is that mine are barbarian. Or Beth ——"

Mr. Hero raised his eyebrows. "Beth?" he said.

"Oh, she doesn't really mean it—none of them really do, except Cousin Freddie; it's just the thing today to take a crack at Uncle Sam, the way we used to enjoy twisting the lion's tail."

"What was Beth's line?" Hero insisted.

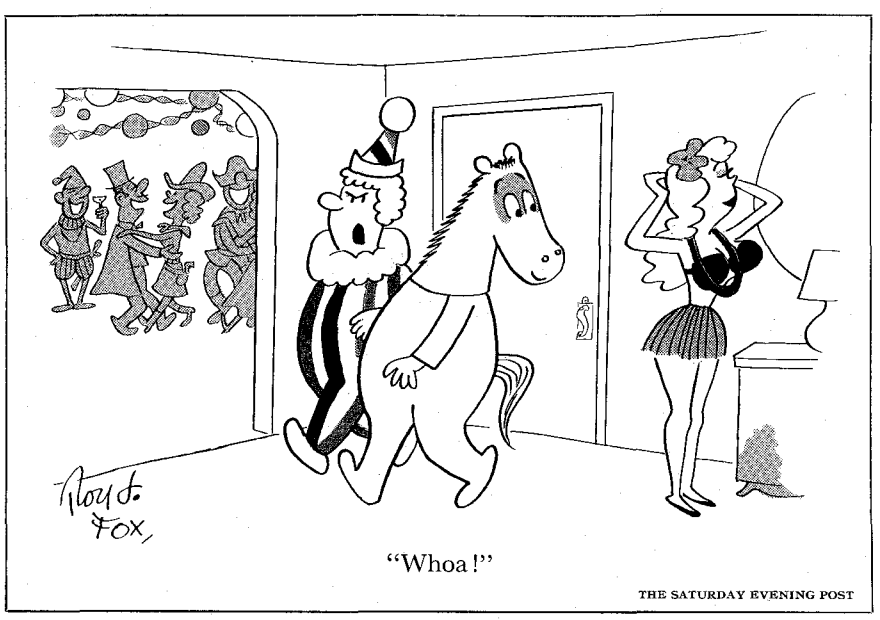
"Nothing, really," Susan replied. "It was stupid of me to have mentioned her. Well, you heard just now. It's just another variation of 'You Americans always play to win, don't you?' that we get from time to time."

"And the Honorable Isobel?"

"Oh, no, not Isobel," Susan said positively. "She is far too kind and deeply gracious."

Hero thought that "deeply gracious" was a most excellent description of Isobel.

"Isn't it strange," Susan said, "how someone like Isobel is only 'honorable' and Lady (*Continued on Page 104*)



"Whoa!"

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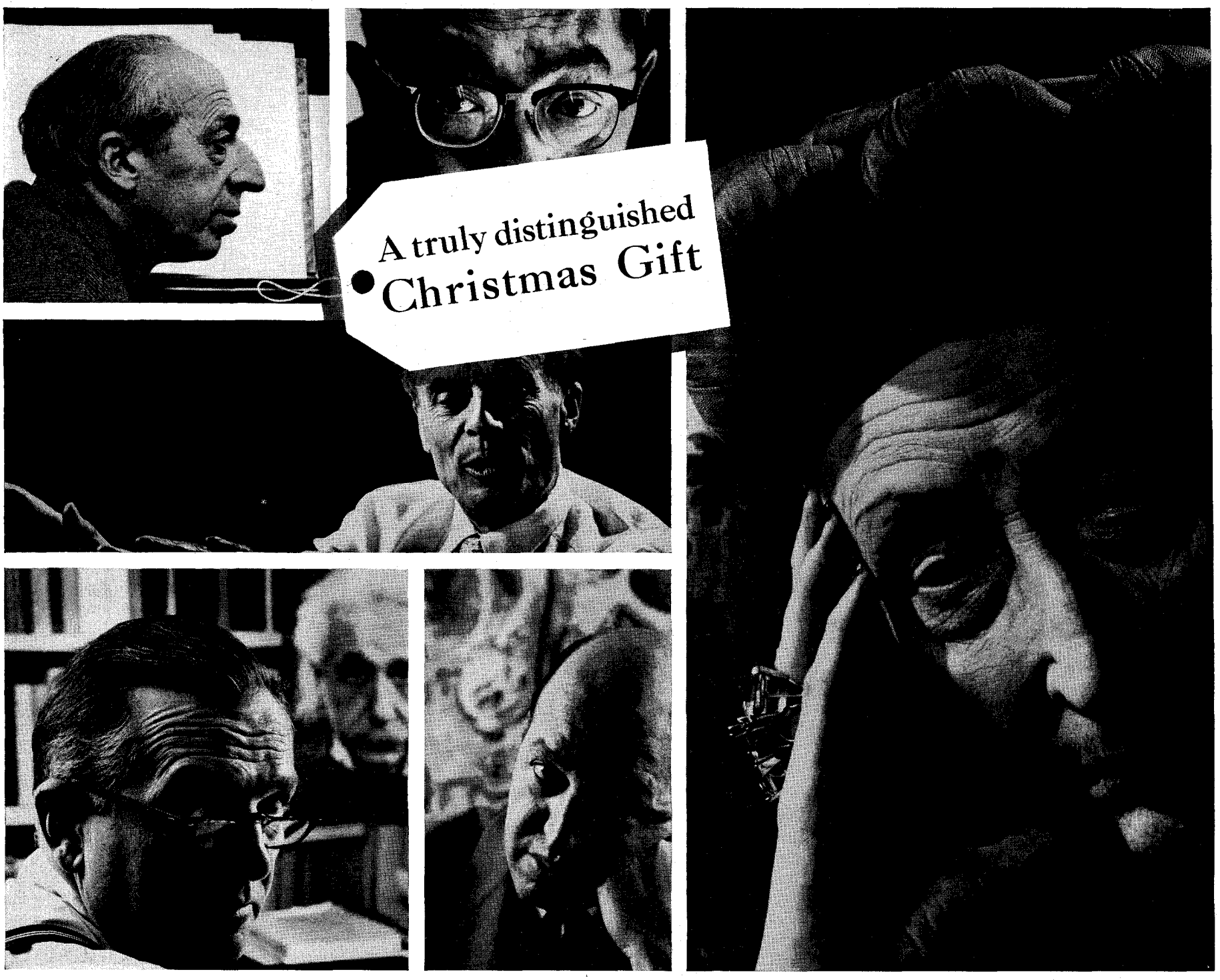

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(*Continued from Page 102*) Paradine——" She stopped and faced Hero and said with a sincerity that was almost touching, "I don't mean that nastily, really I don't. It's only that when I think of the word 'lady' I think of Isobel."

They had arrived at the door of Susan's room and lingered there for a moment. "I think," Hero said, "it is about time for that little experiment—the one I mentioned to you earlier."

Susan reflected. "You mean the one you said was not very pleasant. I don't like things that are unpleasant."

Hero said, "No one does. Yet it's not very pleasant either to be attacked by something in the dark and not know what it was, is it? Or to have to consider that it might happen again—perhaps in even less pleasant form—unless I can stop it?"

Susan said, "I see," and then asked, "What will it consist of?"

Hero thought carefully before he spoke, and then replied, "It will consist of your going to bed tonight, leaving your door unbolted and going to sleep. At some time during the night the exact same thing will happen to you, but with one important difference—this time it will be me."

Susan turned her cool, frank, open gaze full upon Hero and said succinctly, "I don't like men in my room at night." But the trouble was, she realized, that the thought of Hero's being there disturbed and excited her in a manner that she was not at all sure that she wished to be; and she had an odd feeling that everything would depend on how Hero reacted to her flat statement.

The investigator simply nodded and said, "Don't undress; just lie on top of the bed with your clothes on."

Susan asked him, "And should your experiment succeed, will you be any better off?"

Hero suddenly grinned at her. "Oh, lots," he said. "We can stop worrying about that phenomenon."

"I don't see why."

"Anything I can reproduce," Hero replied cheerfully, "we don't worry about any more. Then it becomes no longer a question of what, but who and why."

Susan tried to digest the logic of this and failed. "I don't see that that proves anything," she said, "just because you are able to do what a ghost can do—if it is a ghost."

"Exactly," Hero said; "if it is a ghost. The point is, if it is, it ought to be able to do things that I am not able to do. Otherwise what would be the use of being a ghost, don't you see? All my professional life, and even before, I have been trying to find a ghost that can do something that I can't. So far I have found them singularly restricted."

"Oh!" cried Susan suddenly, "and you're hoping it might be mine! I am to be the guinea pig."

Hero regarded her coolly and silently for a moment and then said simply, "Going to play?"

Susan struggled within herself. *He's heartless; he's using me. Why don't I say no? Oh, why is he so attractive? Why don't I tell him to go and perform his nasty tricks with someone else?* Aloud she said, "All right, if you really think it is important."

He gave her shoulders a light pressure with both hands and said, "Good girl! Try to sleep. Don't worry and don't be frightened." He turned and walked off.

"Do you know that Mark is head over heels in love with Susan Marshall?" Lady Paradine was speaking to her husband across the no man's land of adjoining bath and dressing rooms. Like so many couples who slept apart, they still practiced a kind of communal disrobing, the only time they really saw each other privately and could discuss those matters of intimate concern between a husband and wife of long standing.

"Eh, what—he is? Is he really? Well, I suppose if it were true one couldn't blame him."

"Of course it's true," said Lady Paradine. Her long red hair down to her waist gleamed magnificently beneath her rhythmic brush strokes. She wore a lilac-colored negligee, and her figure was still good, but as far as Lord Paradine was concerned she might have been wearing overalls and a derby hat. He simply had got out of the habit of noticing her. At some time past in their married life he had moved spiritually and physically from the boudoir to the tack and gun rooms. "Would you care to see the next Lady Paradine an American?"

Lord Paradine paused, one leg into his pajama trouser and balancing to insert the other. "Eh? What has her being an American got to do with it, Enid? Susan's a fine girl. Look how she's faced up to these outrages."

Lady Paradine went after a gray hair, isolated it and had it out by the roots. "She hasn't a penny," she said evenly.

... ...

Double Trouble

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... ...

Lord Paradine got his other leg into the pajama and tied up the string above his bulging front. "Oh," he said, "to be a good American, you have to be a rich American."

"Something like that," Enid replied. "Without money they're quite impossible, aren't they? With things the way they are, it is almost Mark's duty to the family to marry for money—and do a better job of it than you did, my dear."

Paradine paused halfway into his pajama jacket and looked at his wife sharply. "What's that?" he said. "I married you for love, and you know it."

His wife had turned back to the mirror and was studying her reflection—the sagging skin at the throat and the lines at the eyes. "Did you?" she murmured. "I wonder whatever became of it?"

Paradine panicked. "What, what? What do you mean, 'What became of it?' It's right here—I mean there. What I mean to say is, I've always loved you. I do right now, don't I?"

Lady Paradine gave up and turned a serene smile upon her husband. "Of course you do, darling," she said. "Don't let it worry you."

A look of exquisite relief came over Paradine's face at being let off what was threatening to become an unpleasant hook. He said, "Well, about the boy. Has he said anything yet?"

"Of course not. And then there's still the question which one she'll take."

"Eh?" Paradine paused in the middle of squeezing tooth paste onto a brush and tried to cope with the new idea. "What do you mean, 'Which one she'll take?'"

"Mark or Dick—they're both in love with her."

"What? You mean Lockerie?" Paradine was genuinely shocked. "Why, Richard's old enough to be her father!"

"Provided he had married at sixteen," said Lady Paradine. "How old can he be?" and (*Continued on Page 107*)

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(*Continued from Page 104*) then supplied the answer. "Forty-two, I think. Just because the war put some gray into his hair and he was in your division doesn't make him as old as you, you know. You're fourteen years older, John."

"But it's ridiculous, Enid," Paradine said and made for the mouthwash bottle. "He's got a son—what's Julian now, getting on eight, isn't he? No young girl would want ——"

"Don't be silly, John; it's fashionable these days for young girls to marry older men. Some of them even like children; there's Beth, for instance."

"Beth? What's she got to do with it?"

"Hadn't you noticed? She spends more time with young Julian over at Lockerie Manor than at home. They seem to adore one another."

Lord Paradine said, "Good for a kid who hasn't got a mother," and inserted his toothbrush into his face.

After a moment's quiet brushing of her hair, Lady Paradine said, "John?"

"Ugh?"

"Was Isobel ever in love with Richard?"

Paradine gave a strangled gargle and freed his mouth. "How would I know? You're always asking that, and what's that got to do with anything?"

"You ought to know, as head of the family."

"Well, I wasn't then," Paradine said with some slight irritation. "Besides, I was away most of the time. I suppose they liked each other as children, but there couldn't have been anything between them, because the upshot was that old Dick married that French girl he'd met during the war, and had the bad luck to lose her after Julian was born."

Lady Paradine brushed six more strokes and then asked, "Why did Isobel never marry?"

Lord Paradine sighed and tried to hurry his ablutions; this was turning into a regular inquisition, and he hated being questioned. "Looking after father and the Hall, I suppose. A shame too; she's a fine woman, Isobel. Ought to be married."

Lady Paradine continued brushing, and this time she did not speak, and Lord Paradine found the hiatus even more uncomfortable than if she had continued the interrogation, for it forced him to think and wonder about Isobel and Sir Richard; and was or had there been anything, or might there be; and to escape from the new would he turn to the old? "I suppose it mightn't be bad for Dick," he said. "Fine young girl like Susan. Keep him up to scratch. Good match, eh?"

Lady Paradine did not reply specifically to this, but said obliquely, "Whether or not she is really in love with Mark, to become Lady Paradine must be a great temptation—particularly to an American."

Lord Paradine stared at his wife in bewilderment. "But I thought you said ——"

Lady Paradine said pityingly, "Oh, John; with a choice of titles, naturally one takes the better one." She dipped three fingers of each hand into a beauty-cream jar and began to dab the peach-colored stuff onto both cheeks with firm, positive strokes, and in time to them she said, "I wouldn't like my Mark to be married to Susan Marshall."

Susan had followed Hero's counsel and lain down on the bed fully clothed, even to her shoes. And to further the proper working of the experiment she had tried to remember what her room had been like the night it happened—the condition of her window, the exact line of the curtains—and she had taken the trouble also to see that candle and matches were handy at the same spot where they had been on that other occasion. Too, she had, as before, read until shortly after eleven, then she had lain in the darkness; only a silver light showed at the curtains.

Thoughts and turmoils whirled through her mind. Who or what hated her? What or who wished her away from Paradine Hall and why? Who and what was Alexander Hero that she should be disturbed by him? Did she like him? Did she not? Was Beth really her friend? Was Isobel? Or Lady Paradine? Did she love Mark? Could she love him enough to give up all her ways, her customs and her life, to be something and someone she had never been before? Did she want to be Lady Paradine? Above all, did she believe in the title—could she ever believe in it as all of them seemed to believe?

And what about Sir Richard—Beth's pseudo "Uncle Dick"—widower with a charming boy of eight? He was still young and vigorous in body and mind. And now there was Alexander Hero, who of all of them seemed to attract her most desperately. What of him, she kept asking herself.

And that was the last thought she had, at which she must have dozed off. And now she was wide awake. There was the cold wind again, and something or someone was in the room. The thought flashed through her mind, *What if it were not Hero? Supposing* —— Then the icy fingers were at her throat again—a hand, horrid, dead cold, moist and clammy, as though straight from the tomb.

It was unbearable, even though she had been expecting it. She thought she screamed, or would have screamed, but the sound would not come from her throat; the touch of the icy fingers paralyzed her.

And then the hand was gone, and someone was whispering, "Sorry, old girl. It's all right. It's all over," and a warm, comforting palm was laid upon her brow. In her relief in reaction from the panic that had gripped her, she reached for him in the darkness like a child, her two arms found him, and hungrily held him, for she needed his comfort now; and he gave it, taking her to him and holding her. And then, as must needs happen, and as she had always known must and would, their lips found each other's in the darkness; and they were both aware of that moment of losing themselves in each other, of that dizzying magic of contact, which if continued would bring the stars down from the heavens.

Yet they parted momentarily, he stroking her hair and murmuring her name, and she wishing not to let him go, wishing never to be let go—and yet knowing that she must, that somewhere something was not yet as it should be, that she had not yet heard the answer to the question in her heart.

It was Hero who recovered first and said, still whispering, "I think perhaps we'd better have the light now," and Susan answered, "Yes, we had better." She felt and heard him move, and heard the click of the light switch of the bed lamp on the bedside table, but no light came on.

Hero felt his scalp tingling suddenly and his nerves taut; he had reproduced conditions of the experiment exactly with but one exception—he had not tampered with the lights. He said softly, close to Susan's ear, "Second thoughts, we'll have it as before. Light your candle as you did that night, but move very quietly." Susan groped her way toward the mantel, struck a match and lighted the candle.

They faced each other with the knowledge that they had just shared a moment of love or, if not that, then something very akin to love, but they were not embarrassed by it; they were able to look at each other with steadiness and appraisal, and to think their thoughts. Susan's was, *I don't know. I don't know. I thought I wanted and needed him then. I suppose perhaps I did. But I don't now.*

Hero's was, *Oh, you fool! Whatever did you do that for? Won't you ever learn? And how will you ever be able to know now whether she is telling you the truth? You're a fool, Hero.*

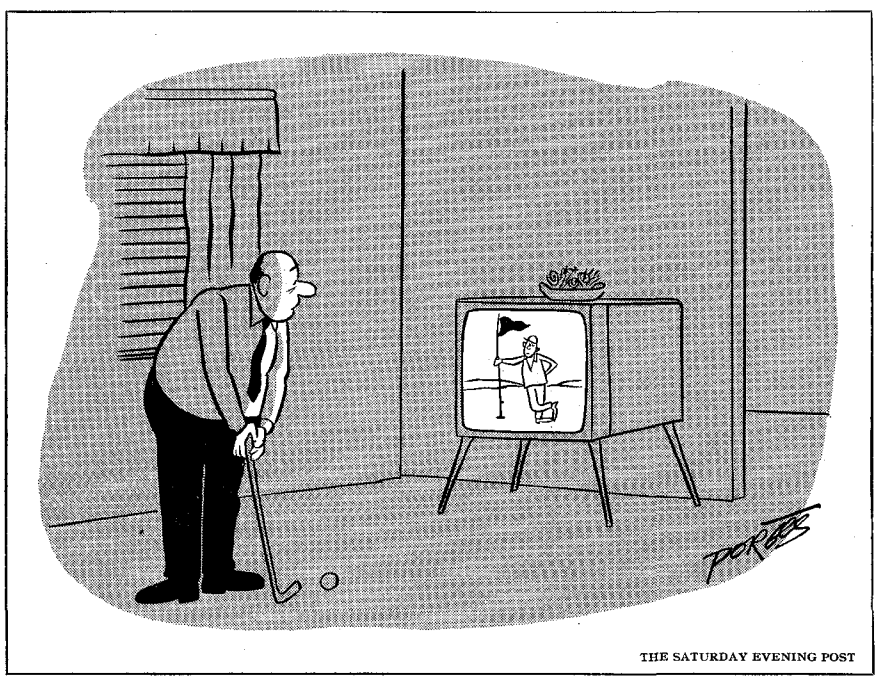
Hero slipped shut the bolt that fastened to the inside of her door, while Susan watched him wide-eyed. She then said, "That was it. That was exactly what it was like. Are you satisfied?"

"Yes," Hero said. He was pale, and his eyes glittered in the candlelight.

"What was it then?" Susan asked.

But the only reply he made was to raise his finger to his lips, and she saw that he was no longer looking at her, but was eying the doorknob, which was slowly, perceptibly and inexorably turning. Susan watched breathlessly, her heart pounding; as the handle turned to its fullest extent, there was a faint noise as though it were being pushed on. Hero was watching it calmly, one hand raised toward Susan in a gesture that commanded both silence and yet gave comfort. They both saw it go through the same revolution once more. Someone or something from the outside was trying it.

TO BE CONTINUED



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Last Chance for Love (Continued from Page 26)

his architect's practice to him. This would more or less coincide with his marriage to Janet, his second cousin. They would live in a pleasant house outside Cheltenham, he would conduct his large and respectable practice which, if it tended to be hidebound with no scope for new ideas, was highly lucrative. A man had to be lucky to have a future like that mapped out for him. He would have to be mad to throw it away.

Not that he had ever asked Janet to marry him, nor were they actually engaged. It was one of those things like breathing, sleeping, waking up the next morning, that was taken for granted.

He had known her all his life. He played with her as a child, ignored her as a boy, took her out spasmodically as a young man. She was always around, in and out of his house. She was there when he was on holiday from school. She was still there, taller, more womanly, during the college vacations. Now Charles, sensitive to general impressions, knew it was considered time they settled down.

Their two families were close and considered it a very happy arrangement. The two young people had grown up together . . . so fond of each other . . . most suitable . . . exactly right.

And if the practical side of the matter was never stated, it was nevertheless implied. Charles would make a large income far earlier than he could otherwise hope to do. No cash sum was involved, though as a nominal consultant his uncle would continue to draw enough for his needs. In return, his uncle could retire early from a profession at which he was efficient without regarding it as a vocation, happy in the knowledge that his practice would continue to prosper sufficiently to provide him with enough money to cultivate the leisure for which he yearned.

> The man who speaks with authority is probably quoting his wife.
>
> HOMER PHILLIPS

There was little fault that Charles could find with all this. Admittedly he had ideas, grand conceptions—"every young architect's daydreams," his uncle called them with tolerant skepticism—which he could never carry out once embedded in his uncle's practice. But Charles was honest enough to admit to himself that he liked money. Who didn't?

And the alternative? The alternative was to sink his savings, run into debt to buy a partnership somewhere else. He would have to postpone marriage indefinitely because he could not then provide Janet with the standards she was used to. Struggle for years with no guaranty then that the things he wanted to do would ever get off the drawing board.

And Janet —— Janet was sweet; he was fond of her. At twenty-two, three years younger than he, she was tall, slim, graceful, elegant, lovely. Men, he knew, would envy him his wife. If only she had ever set him on fire, the way Maria did.

Charles stirred restlessly on his chair, caught the waiter's eye and ordered another drink. It was odd, when he came to consider it, how much of his life was preordained without ever being put into definite words. It had been clearly understood that he and Janet were to take this long holiday together, and afterward become officially engaged. He couldn't recall that it had been said, but he knew it was so, and Janet knew it was so.

If only Janet had been able to come, none of this would have happened. He would be sitting now, gently content, casually talking to Janet, serene, unworried, unaware that there was anything lacking in their relationship.

Janet's mother had fallen ill. It was not serious; rest and nursing would bring recovery, but she was temporarily incapacitated. Janet insisted that she must stay. Charles didn't quite see why—a nurse could have been employed. But Janet was adamant. In that case, Charles said, he would not go either. Janet would be bored. He would stay home and see her now and then.

Janet laughed and told him not to be silly. In any case, John Forrester, an old admirer of hers, was home on leave from the R.A.F. She would go out with him occasionally. Charles was relieved and thought that would be nice for her. That was the way they were—good friends, considerate of each other.

And that, one corner of Charles' mind cried, was how they darned well ought to stay, but he hurriedly shut it up.

Besides, Janet told him, he ought to go for the sake of his work. He had never been to Italy; he would be within reach of Rome. He could travel, spend a few days at Florence, perhaps Venice. Travel. He had scarcely left the blessed place in four weeks.

It was a small seaside resort, not very fashionable, not very expensive. The hotel was comfortable and clean, but promised no more in the way of entertainment than a small bar in one corner of the lounge.

The beach was a broad strip of white sand on which sprouted rows of colored umbrellas, the sea warm and calm. Alternately bathing and drying off in the sun was drowsily pleasant, and by the evening of the second day Charles felt that he was gently being cooked. He was also somewhat bored. He looked up the times of the trains to Rome and lethargically thought he would do something about it tomorrow. He didn't feel like spending another evening in the hotel, where most of the other guests seemed to be German, and only the bookkeeper spoke English.

He decided to dine out and strolled along the sea front looking for a restaurant. He paused at a smart, glittering place, hesitated and walked on.

He had reached the limits of the town and was about to turn back when he saw a sign a little farther on: RISTORANTE. DANCING. It was attached to a wooden structure which protruded over the beach. A balcony overlooked the sea and promised pleasant coolness. This would do.

He climbed the steps, crossed the restaurant and sat down on the balcony. There was clattering from the kitchen, but the place was empty. The light from the restaurant ended a few yards away in the night. Beyond was only the velvet darkness of the sea.

There was a tap of footsteps on the bare boards, and a waitress came across. "*Buòna séra, signore.*" She handed him the bill of fare.

Charles looked at it. His pidgin Italian, strained at the hotel by his effort to remember the phrase for "Where is the bathroom?" deserted him. He saw scampi, which he thought to be Italian prawns, fried, and pointed to that. The waitress made a note on a pad. She said, "*Americano?*"

"No," Charles said; "*Inglése.*"

"Good show," she said unexpectedly.

He grinned at her, surprised. "You speak English?"

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"Just the job," she said proudly and went back to the kitchen, where he could hear her calling instructions. He sat, smiling after her, and waited.

Eventually she came back, set his meal in front of him and sat down opposite him. She folded her hands, leaned her chin on her fingers and watched him begin. "You like it?" she asked anxiously.

He nodded. "Very nice."

"More lemon," she said passing him the plate; "you must have more lemon."

Obediently he squeezed more juice onto his plate. Strangely he found her candid interest in his eating not at all disconcerting. He fetched his phrase book from his pocket, opened it and cleared his throat. She stretched a swift hand out and closed it. "No," she said. "I will speak English. I should practice."

He was relieved. "What is your name?" he asked.

"Maria."

"Charles," he said.

She repeated it. "Cha-arles." She lengthened the *a*, making it a soft, husky sound. They solemnly shook hands. "Where did you learn English?" he asked.

"Some at school. More from my mother. After the war she worked in the R.A.F." She pronounced the initials with great care. "Is that right?"

"Very good."

"The R.A.F. officers' mess."

Charles smiled at her. "Ah," he said, "good show."

"Yes." Maria looked at him with sudden suspicion. "Good show is bad?"

"It is R.A.F. slang."

"Slang? What is slang?"

"Slang is ——" He searched for the right explanation and failed to find it. "It is a sort of private language," he offered.

A party of four came in and sat on the balcony. Maria stood up. "Then I shall not say it again," she said.

She went across to the other table and gave them her ready smile. Charles watched her with amused interest. She was small. Her figure was rounded and good. She had black hair, an oval face, and blue eyes that seemed to shine of their own accord. She was uncommonly beautiful, even in a land of good-looking young women.

Later she came back. "You must speak English with me," she announced. "It will help me with my work."

"Do you like English people?"

"Some are nice," Maria said. "Some are not."

He was to come to know later that she always spoke with frank honesty. A roar, "Maria," came from the direction of the kitchen. She stood up again. "You are nice," she said as she left.

He sat drinking endless cups of coffee, waiting for her to come back from time to time. Each stay became briefer as the restaurant steadily filled. Once he asked, "How old are you?"

"Twenty. And you?"

"Twenty-five."

She nodded. "You look twenty-five," she said seriously. "What is your job?"

"I'm an architect."

"An arch——" She abandoned her attempt to say it. "What is that?"

"Well ——"

But he never did tell her that evening. More customers came in, and she was now fully occupied, gliding quickly to and fro between the tables, throwing him an occasional smile. At ten o'clock he gave up and left.

Charles went back the following afternoon, but Maria was not there. Time seemed to drag until evening arrived. It was merely, he told himself, that she was amusing. She interested him. It was somewhere to go.

Maria greeted him warmly, like an old friend. "I have been looking at my English books," she said. "I shall be much better this evening."

"You are very good indeed."

"Tonight," she said, "you must have scallopine. Veal cutlet. It is nice."

After dinner he again sat on, smoking, waiting for her pauses at his table, the few words of conversation. Odd how eagerly he waited to hear her soft, melodious voice, as if each time were the first.

He said, nodding at the sign outside, "It says dancing. When is the dancing?"

"It is too early yet," Maria said.

It was half past nine. At half past ten three young men arrived, set themselves up in one corner, examined their instruments and began to play dance music.

Maria came out on the balcony. "You will hear better inside," she said, and led him to a table in the restaurant. The main lights had been put out, and fairy lights strung across the floor threw a diffused glow. "It is nice?" Maria said proudly.

It was very pleasant in an informal way. Charles looked at the girl, standing by his table, for the moment doing nothing, her eyes following the dancers. His mouth was unaccountably dry. He was surprised to hear himself say, "Are you allowed to dance with me, Maria?"

She looked down at him and said, "You must ask Antonio."

Charles went over to the plump proprietor, who was standing watching the dancing with a pleased smile. Knowing that his pronunciation was appalling, and only hoping that it made sense, he asked if he could dance with Maria.

"Of course," Antonio said. "Anytime."

"You speak English," Charles said, feeling foolish.

"I was a prisoner of war in England," Antonio said.

Charles nodded, rather embarrassed. "I like England," Antonio said. "Nice people. Jolly good. Very kind to me, anyway. Yes, dance. Before she has to serve again."

Maria danced lightly, fitting herself to his steps. Her hand, resting on his shoulder, seemed to have hardly any weight. "What time do you close tonight?" he asked.

"When there are no more people. Perhaps one, perhaps two."

"When do you open in the morning?"

"Nine o'clock."

"You work all that time, every day?" Charles said, shocked.

"Oh, no. Antonio is very good. I have two hours off every afternoon."

Later Charles came to understand that this was not abnormal in a seaside restaurant open for only a few months every year. Antonio himself took no breaks at all except to sit down and eat a hurried meal. Nor did his wife, a dark, friendly woman who brooded eternally over the cash register. Besides them there was the chef, entombed in his kitchen, emerging only occasionally to complain, sweating profusely, about a lack of some essential ingredient or utensil. Three other waitresses arrived late in the evening to help with the rush, and there was an older woman who washed up and cleaned.

Several times that night, whenever Maria was temporarily disengaged, Charles danced with her. And the next night. And the next. At the end of a week he had a routine. To the restaurant in the morning to have coffee and talk to Maria. Meet her in the afternoon and walk through the town. To the restaurant in the evening to dine, and to dance with Maria whenever he could.

At the end of two weeks he felt like a part of the establishment. Antonio and his wife took him entirely for granted. He often had meals with them; late at night he helped wash up. He found difficulty in paying for anything and had to insist that they charge him.

He said to Maria, "When is your day off?"

"We do not have a day off."

"But you can't work right through the season without a day off!"

Maria shrugged her shoulders. "You must work when the business is there."

Later she explained. "This is a very poor town. The season is short. Antonio has maybe two months when he can make money. Then the town dies. In the winter he takes out his fishing boat, but it is not much."

Maria herself, he found, worked as a secretary at a college in Rome. For the last two years, during the long vacation, she had come to Antonio's for the end of the season. She sent the money to her mother, who was a widow and lived with two younger daughters in Naples.

Charles experienced a strange hunger merely to look upon Maria. Strange, because he had never known it before. Each time he saw her, even if he had been away from her but an hour, it was as if he had never seen her before. Time streamed past while he sought to snatch from it extra minutes with Maria. She was always the same, unaffectedly glad to see him, smiling, interested. Yet there was always novelty, and he felt that no matter how much he saw her there would never be custom, sameness, staleness.

During the third week trade slackened. Antonio dismissed the three-piece band and set up an ancient phonograph. Charles saw little more of Maria, because the three extra waitresses went too.

Toward the end of the week even Antonio's optimism gave out when Charles was the only customer left at midnight. He closed the restaurant for the night.

Charles walked with Maria to the house where she lodged. She said, "Do you like to be an architect?" She said the word easily now.

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

"You do not talk about it. Most men talk about their work. Look at Antonio. He will tell you how much each light bulb is costing him."

Charles laughed. "Architecture can be dull. My sort, anyway."

"Why is that?"

"Well, there are things I would like to do that I am not able to."

"Why not?"

Charles considered the ruthlessly simple question. "It is very complicated," he said finally.

"I would not understand?"

He did not reply, and they walked on in silence. It was true. He didn't think she would understand. She would not understand how he could exchange ideas for security, dreams for money. It was not as simple as that, Charles argued. In this life you had to be sensible. No; Maria, cheerfully working sixteen hours a day to send money to her mother, would not understand.

In the fourth week customers dwindled almost to the vanishing point. The cash register hardly rang at all, and Antonio's wife took to playing solitaire. For the first time the chef left his kitchen and, leaning on the rail of the balcony, stared out to sea and exchanged desultory remarks with Antonio. Charles and Maria sat at a table, talking, looking at each other. With time running short, a curious shyness developed between them. Sentences were started, stopped halfway, and abandoned. Their eyes caught, locked, wrenched apart.

The days didn't pass. They simply disappeared. One evening Charles realized with horror that he had only one more full day, and then he must leave. He wondered where the warm, gently passing hours had gone. Four weeks, three weeks, two weeks, even one week seemed a long time—could be a long time. And now it had all gone, all but one day.

"Tonight," Antonio said with the air of a man ordering an execution, "I shall close the restaurant. We do not open again until next year."

Maria looked at him sharply and said something in Italian. Antonio ignored her. "Tomorrow," he said, "we shall go to Rimini. All of us." He swung his arm round to indicate Charles, Maria, his wife. "I have hired a car"—he smiled at Charles—"for the last day." He touched Maria gently on the shoulder. "Maria too. Afterward she goes back to Rome."

"Why Rimini?" Charles asked.

Antonio looked pained. "You are an architect," he said. "You must see the Arch of Augustus, the Malatesta Fortress, the Malatesta Temple, the Bridge of Augustus. Besides," he said practically, "there are many restaurants there that I wish to see. And we can go to a night club afterward."

Later Maria smiled at him sadly. "You are very honored," she said. "It is not like Antonio (*Continued on Page 112*)

"Dawson, I don't like to interfere in your domestic problems, but . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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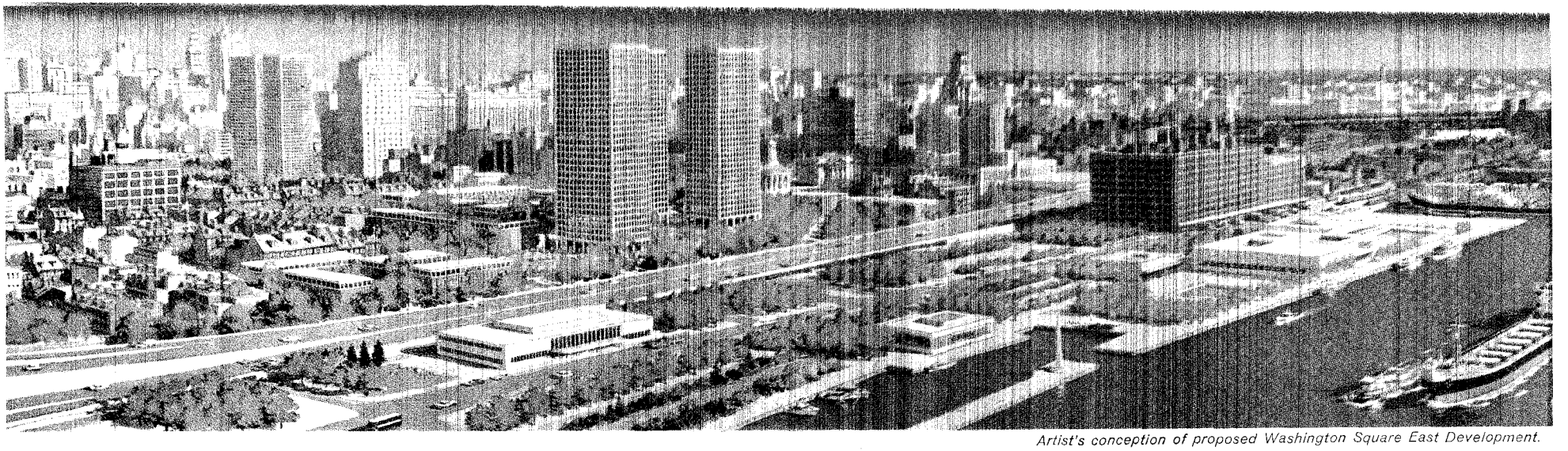

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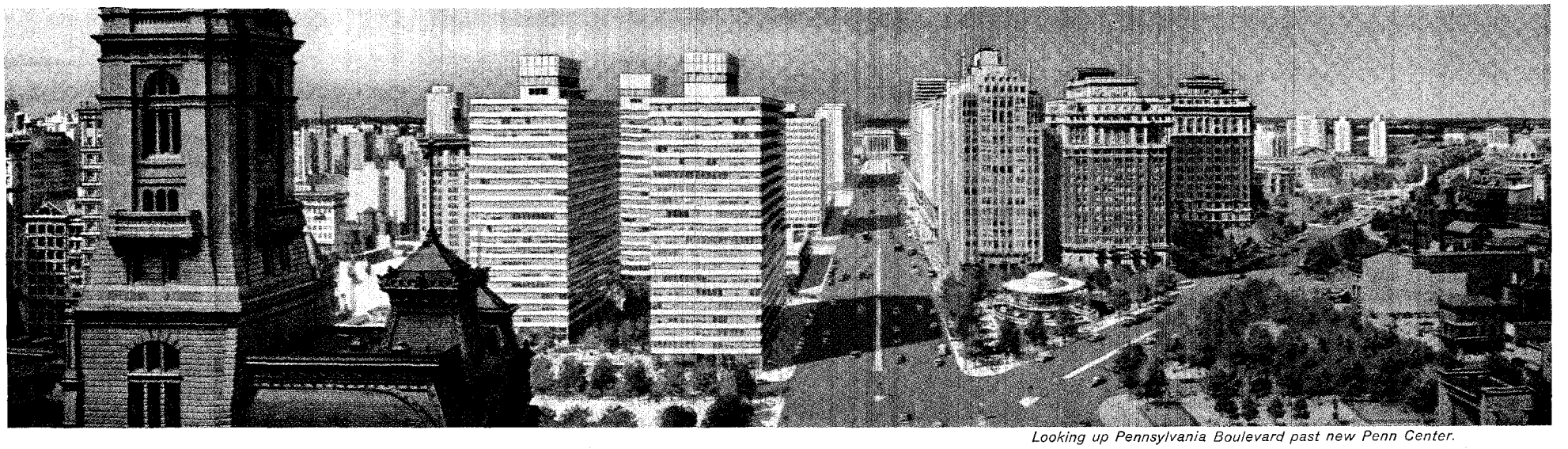
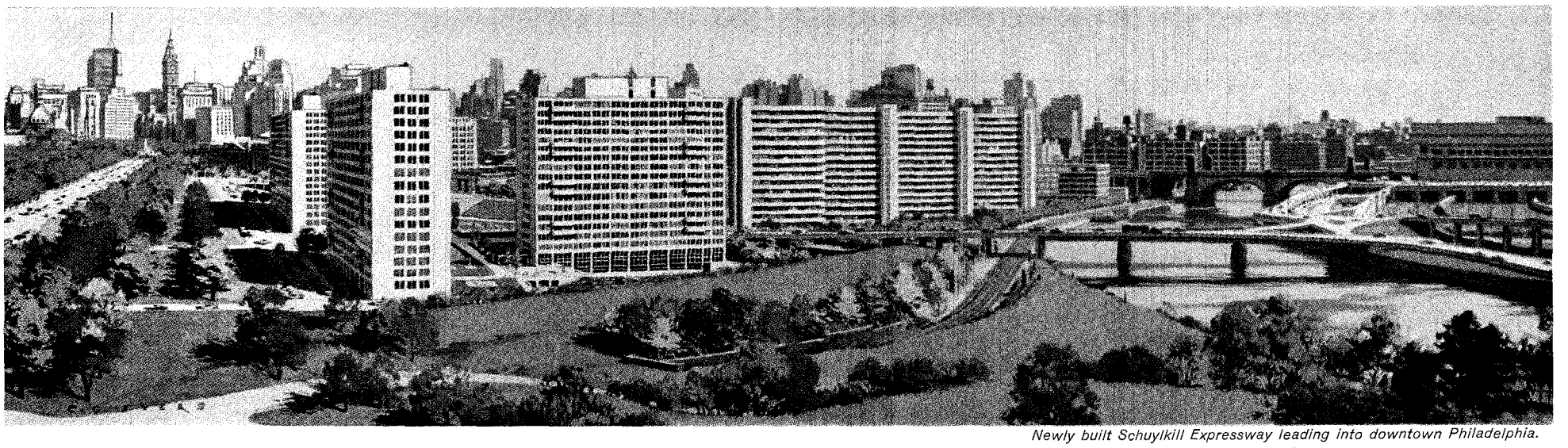


Looking up Pennsylvania Boulevard past new Penn Center.

history in Greater Philadelphia



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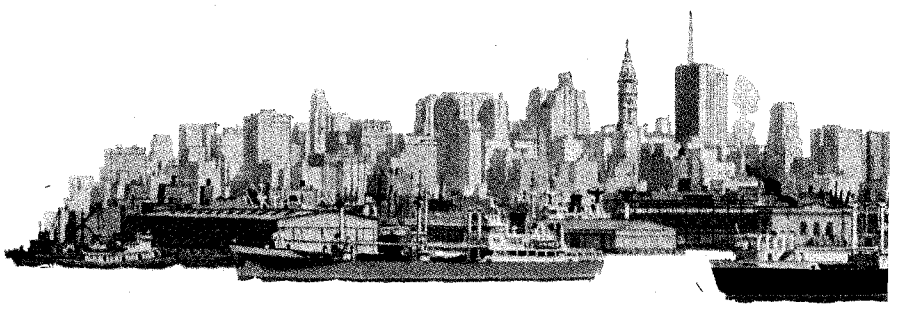

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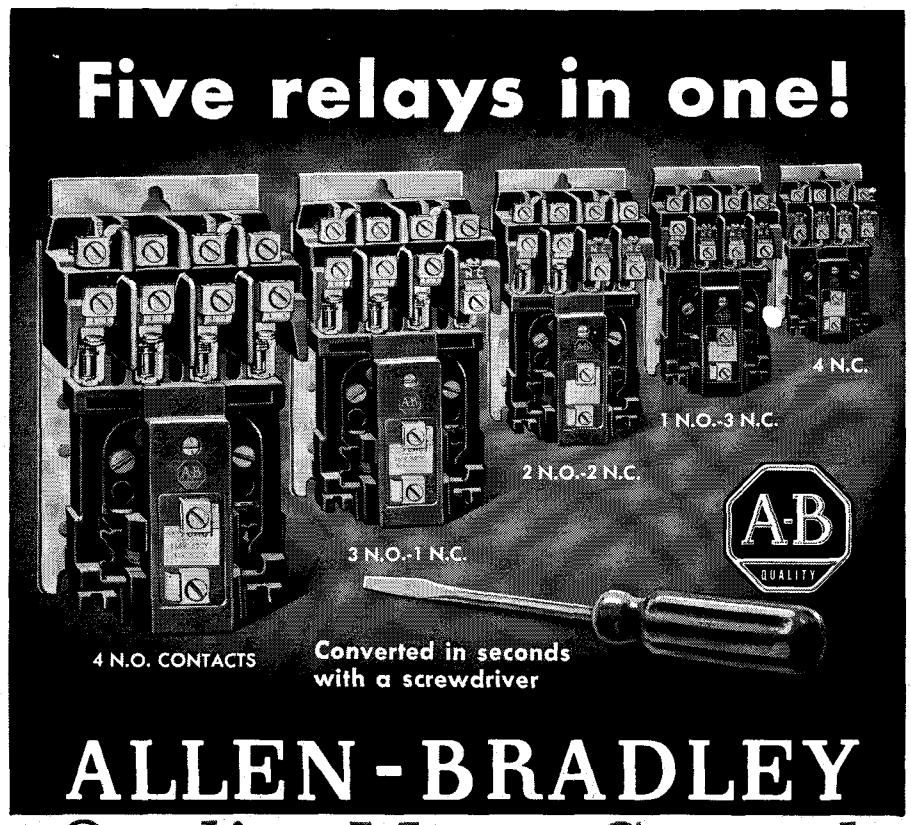

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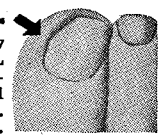

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(*Continued from Page 110*)

to close his restaurant a day early. Not for anyone."

Charles found Rimini an odd mixture. The old town—crowded, buildings packed tight, traditional; the new town—spacious, clean, up to the minute. Looking at the gleaming, pastel-colored hotels overlooking the sea, he found it difficult to visualize the bitter struggle and the destruction that had gone on around here as the Allies fought their way up Italy.

They hired a horse-drawn carriage to see the sights, and clip-clopped gently round the town. The driver, ears tuned to Charles' English voice, tried to charge them two thousand lire. Antonio bared his teeth and flung words at him like machine-gun bullets. They quarreled violently for five minutes, at the end of which time they smiled affably at each other, shook hands, and Antonio paid him one thousand lire.

"He is a robber," Antonio explained happily, "but I like him."

Antonio and his wife went off to look at restaurants, and Charles and Maria strolled slowly along the promenade hand in hand. They said little. The shadow of tomorrow hung over them. Words sounded trite and trivial. It was sufficient that their hands touched, their fingers clenched now and then. Yet Charles knew that relentlessly passing time would break that clasp, sweep them apart.

They all met later at an open-air night club, where vines formed the only roof, and grapes hung from the vines. Charles danced with Maria for the last time.

Soon, too soon, it was all over. They drove back in silence. Antonio shook his hand, started to say something, gave up, and shook his hand again. Antonio's wife kissed him on the cheek. And Charles was left looking at Maria in the dark street where she lodged.

They moved a pace toward each other and kissed. It was like no kiss that Charles had ever experienced before. Her body was warm and fluid, melting into his arms. Her mouth was searching, eager. Time ceased to exist, consumed in a burning intensity of emotion. There was no world, no one else, nothing but him and Maria.

Then it was over, and he stood holding Maria close, she with her cheek to his shoulder, while his heart pounded until he thought his chest would burst. And still there were no words spoken.

At last Maria gave a little sigh. "So you go," she said. "Tomorrow."

He tried to see her face in the darkness. "Yes," he said. "Back to England."

She smiled, a little trembling smile that held less amusement than tears. She said, so softly that he could barely hear, "I should like to go to England."

It was but a moment before he replied, but in that moment were crystallized all the doubts, the arguments, the self-probings of the last few weeks. With a great wrench of sadness he knew that gently, modestly, fearfully she was offering herself to him. And he wanted her. There was no other girl but Maria. In kaleidoscopic procession he saw the faces of his family, of his uncle, of Janet. He saw the small house, the years of work, of worry, of insecurity. He saw the pile-up that would take place if he ripped his life off its preordained rails.

And he said, his body suddenly cold as ice, his lips stiff, "You must do that some time, Maria."

She shuddered, her hands squeezed his convulsively once and dropped to her sides. She turned and walked to her door.

He said helplessly, "Maria ——"

"It is all right." She spoke over her shoulder, without turning round. "I will see you at the station tomorrow."

He was left looking at the black, wooden door. He stood staring at it for many minutes.

The station was crowded. They had difficulty in finding each other. When they did there was nothing to say.

As the train drew in, he said suddenly, "Give me your address in Rome. I should like to write to you."

"Cha-arles," she said, as if pleading for pity. Tears stood out in her eyes.

"Please," he said desperately.

She wrote the address on a scrap of paper, blinking her eyes impatiently as she did so. There was barely time for him to board the train. He turned, and she smiled at him, lifted her hand a little and said, "Good-by, Cha-arles." She smiled at him with her lips, while tears fell from her eyes, and she ignored them, pretending they were not there.

Charles Murray rubbed his eyes and looked at his watch. That was but a few hours ago. Now it was time to go back to Milan station and catch the connection for Basel.

He stood up, slung his jacket over his shoulder and walked. Across the road, through the gardens, up the great flight of steps. The train for Basel was due to leave in fifteen minutes. Across Northern Italy, through the mountains of Switzerland,

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HAL CHADWICK

thunder through night-bound France, to the Channel, to England.

To a life that would never be the same; to a marriage where he would always be a little withdrawn, never able to give himself entirely; to a wife who would grow puzzled, then pensive, then apart. And in exchange he would reap comfort, security, a high income.

The air in the station was close. Perspiration poured down Charles Murray's face. Cursing, he mopped his brow with a handkerchief, but in his heart he knew that it was not the heat only. He knew that he wore the hot flush of the coward recognizing himself. Afraid to risk, afraid to give, afraid to love ——

He took out his wallet, and looked at Maria's address. The handwriting was soft and round like Maria herself. Also in the wallet were several thousand lire and a book of unused traveler's checks.

He went to the telegraph office, got a form and wrote on it: "Forgive me. I love you. Charles." He stood staring at it for a long time, then tore the paper into tiny shreds. A man should have the courage to say that for himself—and to take the consequences if he was too late.

He beckoned to the baggage attendant, spoke a few words to him, watched while his luggage was extricated from the flat baggage cart.

He went to the booking office and bought a ticket for Rome. He put on his jacket and looked at his watch. Thirty minutes to wait. He thought of Maria, of her beauty, her integrity, and he ached for her, he longed for her. Suddenly he was restless and impatient.

He silently repeated the words of his destroyed telegram—*Forgive me. I love you.* There was so much to say. So much that he prayed to hear. He looked at his watch again. Twenty-eight minutes. Would the time never go?

But Charles Murray felt alive again.

THE END

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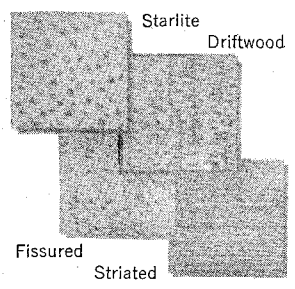

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The Lady Knows Her Rockets

(Continued from Page 39)

nation's effort to get a man into outer space—a generous gesture on her part when one considers that not one of the chosen astronauts is a member of her own sex.

No one will deny, of course, that there are complications to being a woman in a man's world. Things like The Princeton Thing, for example, are always happening. Not long ago she was invited to a symposium of illustrious scientists at that famous university. And since the scientific papers she publishes are usually signed simply "D.M. Simon," her sex is generally concealed. When she checked in at the conference, therefore, the registrar did a double take on seeing a woman in a chic traveling suit answer to the name of "D.M. Simon." He was more than usually nonplused, it seems, because she was scheduled to sleep in a dormitory with thirty men.

The registrar quickly recovered himself, however. "We'll have to see about finding you a room in a hotel," he said, clearing his throat.

Doctor Dorothy, as she is called to distinguish her from her husband, Sidney Simon, who is also a doctor-scientist, takes such things in her stride. She happens to be working in a field where almost all the people are male, but it has made her neither a militant feminist nor an imitator of men. As Joe O'Connell, one of the security heads of the Avco Corporation, the big industrial concern for which she works, and whose job it is to delve deeply into the lives of the thousands of people who work there, puts it, "She's all girl!" And Jane O'Connell, Joe's wife and one of Doctor Dorothy's best friends, agrees with him.

"Although she may spend a good part of the day worrying about what material to recommend for the Titan warhead," says Jane, "at night she worries, just like any other woman, over what material to choose for bathroom curtains."

I got interested in Dorothy Simon about the time that a Thor-Able rocket made the first successful full-range flight last spring with a nose cone that was recovered. The nose cone was produced by Avco, and a friend there told me this extraordinary woman had had a part in its success.

It wasn't long after that that I read a speech by Secretary of Defense Neil H. McElroy to the graduating class of Wellesley College lamenting the fact that not enough women were contributing to our scientific effort. He called American women the largest backlog of "underused brains in the country."

The secretary made me think of Doctor Simon. Here was a woman who, by using her brain, had done exactly what he urged, and had achieved startling success. Exactly how, I wondered, had she done it? What was her life as a result? And what were the chances of other girls doing the same thing?

To get the answers to these questions, I decided to go to Massachusetts and meet Dorothy Simon. I also wanted to meet her co-workers, her friends and her neighbors, and to see where she worked and how she lived. I was not so interested in exactly what she did—her work is highly classified and, despite what men say, I'd found that ladies *can* keep a secret—but in seeing what kind of existence a lady scientist, playing in the major leagues, can have.

Right at the start I discovered I was dealing with no ordinary woman. In Boston the man who met me and was to take me to where she worked appeared in a security officer's uniform, wearing a pistol and holster. And a few minutes later, when we rolled up to the plant—a handsome, new, steel-and-glass complex some twenty miles outside the city—there was a delay comparable to going through customs in a foreign country. Eventually I was given a badge marked VISITOR and cautioned not to go anywhere—not even to the men's room—without an escort. Here obviously was a woman's brain that was not only cherished but guarded.

Doctor Dorothy's office was down a corridor with wall telephones behind boxes marked SECRET. It was a bright, cheerful, ultramodern room with a huge window wall looking out on beds of rhododendron and mountain laurel. It was furnished in high-style shades of coral, beige and brown, and even the blackboard was tinted to match the décor. Doctor Dorothy, who was standing in front of a large chart of the atom, looked more attractive than her pictures. She was slender, with the figure of a fashion model. And when she talked, her face lighted up with animation. She smiled easily and often.

Her white plastic desk top was so neat and uncluttered I complimented her on it. "I was expecting you," she said with a laugh.

We got right to the point. One is apt to with Doctor Dorothy, I found. I wanted to know what she did, as much as she could tell me.

"The story of my life?" she countered, smiling again. "All right. I have two jobs here. First, I am a technical assistant to the president. I check out ideas and projects which come to us and look into their feasibility. Since the president is not a scientist, I advise him as to whether we should go ahead with them. Second, I do a certain amount of independent thinking in my own field."

In the first category Doctor Dorothy could be fairly specific. Although many of the ideas developed by Avco are of a defense nature, there are also many consumer projects of a nonsecret nature. One such project, for example, which she nursed along to completion, is a medical one. "I believe," she said, "it may well change operating techniques in hospitals. It's a plastic bridge that can be boiled and sterilized. When a patient is sewn up after an operation, the suture knots are tied on the bridge rather than on the patient. In this way scars are prevented."

In the second category—the "independent thinking in my own field," as she put it—she was more vague, of necessity. Here she works in the realm of pure science, doing the fundamental research which enables engineers to build successful space vehicles and push the frontiers of man's knowledge a little farther. In the lingo of scientists, this phase of her work is "hairy"—that is, concerned with esoteric, "way-out-there" stuff. Much of it is concerned with missiles and antimissiles. Her particular field is propulsion, for she is one of the world's leading authorities on combustion and the theory of flames. A chemist by training, she has specialized in rocket work. But since chemical rockets, generally speaking, will give man only enough lift to get him out of the earth's atmosphere and a little beyond, Doctor Dorothy has become deeply concerned with more exotic means of getting him around through space—solar energy and such.

An associate whom I spoke with later summed her work up this way, "When a man lands on the moon in, say, ten years' time, Doctor Dorothy, if she isn't there already, will probably have done some of the fundamental thinking behind the work in getting him there."

Like most laymen, of course, I was much more at home in the first aspect of Doctor Dorothy's job—the "nonhairy" projects which she looks into to see if they're promising. Many of these ideas, surprisingly enough, are thought up by her and her friends at Sunday-morning brunches in the Simon home.The plastic bridge was one of them.

These unique Sunday-morning exercises in imagination started several years ago because a friend of theirs, Dr. Frank McCarthy, a well-known surgeon, liked to drop in for a second cup of coffee after the morning's operations. They got to kicking around ideas to solve medical problems, and soon other scientists started dropping in. Before long not only medical but all sorts of schemes were part of the brain-storming sessions.

At the moment, for example, the brunch brains are toying with the age-old dream of a cheap way to turn salt water into fresh. And their five-finger exercise looks as though it might succeed. Their idea is to use a molecular sieve. They hope to produce a plastic mesh with holes so small that water will pass through but not salt molecules. Another scheme, thought up by Doctor Dorothy, but turned down by Avco, was for a hair dryer that would be attached to the vacuum cleaner. Her male bosses thought women would not feel that air generated by a vacuum-cleaner motor would be clean—a point of view she disagrees with.

At the brunches Doctor Dorothy is apt to be the only woman present, a situation she has got used to by now. In the beginning men used to be startled to find a woman in the midst of a male preserve, but they soon grew accustomed to it. One scientist I talked to described his "integration" experience this way, "In the past, I always felt lady scientists belonged in the home. But with Doctor Dorothy I learned differently. She gets along with men simply by knowing as much or more than they do."

And although she doesn't go out of her way to startle men with her knowledge of a "man's subject," she's human enough to enjoy it when it happens. One day, just before getting out of graduate school, she was applying for a job with a chemical company. The man conducting the interview put a test question to her. "How do you detect sulphur in certain compounds?" he asked. There was no recognized way to do so, and she was expected to say so. However, she replied, "There is no standard way to do it, but I'd try to work out a method utilizing radio sulphur—a radioactive isotope of sulphur."

The man was silent, gulped a bit and managed to say, "I don't think it could be done that way." But there was little conviction in his voice. Doctor Dorothy was ultimately offered a job by the firm, but turned it down. A year later, however, she learned the company had found a way to detect sulphur in just the way she'd suggested. To this day she doesn't know whether it resulted from her suggestion or whether the company was already working on it. In either case, the man had every reason to be shook up.

Outside of the Sunday brunches and the plant, Doctor Dorothy sees as many women as men friends. And during the several weeks I was in the Boston area I met a good many of them. The Simons entertain frequently and informally. In fact, Doctor Dorothy's skill with a Martini—mixed with a chemist's precision in a ratio of four and a half to one—is better known to her friends than her skill with combustion, although there are some who swear the two are mutually related.

The Simon house, a contemporary one in a new Andover development, is set on a three-quarter-acre plot with a small stream. It has a vast living room with a cathedral ceiling and lots of glass. It also has four bedrooms, two of which have been turned into offices for Doctor Dorothy and Sidney. Why so large a house for a couple without children?

"It all started with a grand piano," explained Dorothy. "Sidney likes to play, and we needed a large room to accommodate the piano. And, of course, houses with a large living room are apt to have lots of bedrooms. We ended up, inevitably, with a big house."

The Simons have been living in Andover for three years, and a cross section of their friends includes not only scientists but also car dealers, contractors, merchants and all the other kinds of people that live in a typical American suburb.

Their impact on the community has been interesting. One housewife I talked to—Mrs. Rhoda Zussman, the mother of three small children—recalls how terrified she was when her husband first announced he was bringing the Simons over

"Must be even smaller than last year's car."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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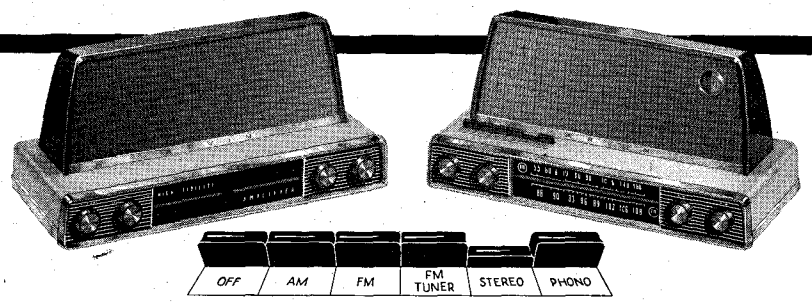

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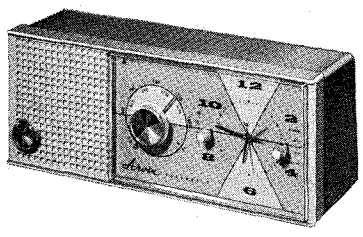

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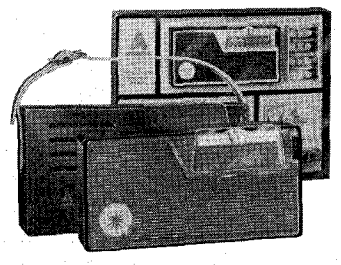

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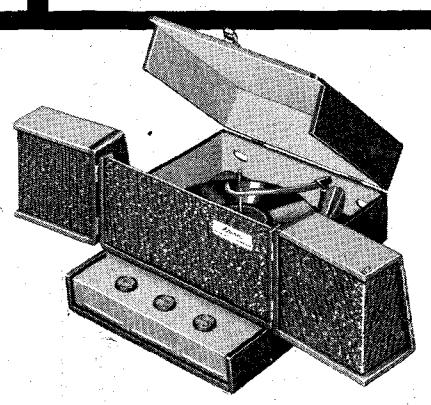

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for a visit. "My gosh, what'll I talk to her about?" she asked her husband a dozen times before they arrived.

"Quantum physics, my pet," he suggested.

"Don't be funny!" she snapped.

But there turned out to be no problem at all. As soon as Doctor Dorothy arrived, the two women found a mutual interest in gardening and soon became fast friends. Gardening, incidentally, is a new hobby with Doctor Dorothy, and an absorbing one. "It used to be I couldn't keep a potted plant alive for two weeks," she said, "but now I have success with all kinds of things." Tuberous begonias are her pets.

Doctor Dorothy is innately more shy and reserved than her big—six-foot-five—husband, but they are equally popular. "It just takes a little longer to get to know her," said a friend. Not long ago they were the prime movers in giving a surprise party to celebrate the twentieth wedding anniversary of their neighbors, the Axelrods. Although Doctor Dorothy works at the laboratory from eight A.M. to 5:30 P.M. every day except weekends and might be expected to have done a little less than some of the others involved in the party, she found time to do her share. She prepared large quantities of *lasagne*, garlic bread and salad for the supper, and spent several hours blowing up the balloons used in the decorations.

Doctor Dorothy is not only a good cook; she likes to eat. She's particularly fond of rich things, such as chocolate desserts, and is the despair of her weight-conscious women friends. She eats all she wants and never puts on additional pounds.

Her love for a wide variety of dishes was given a sudden check when she married Sidney in 1946. Right after the wedding he gave her a list of "a few little things" he was allergic to. She looked at it with astonishment. Every vegetable she'd ever heard of was on the list, except broccoli.

"And so we had broccoli every night for the first two weeks," she said. "At the end of that time we were both a little desperate. Finally he looked at me and said, 'You know, the doctor didn't test me for broccoli.' Thereupon, we both collapsed in laughter. After that we both ate everything, and Sidney forgot all about his allergies."

Friends of the Simons consider that one of Doctor Dorothy's greatest achievements is in making a success of a marriage in which both husband and wife are scientists and more or less in professional competition with each other. For, although she has subordinated her career to his—geographically at least, following him wherever his work took him and then getting a job, too—most people agree that her reputation in science has soared higher than his. Sidney, a warm, outgoing man, is the first to admit this. "I don't mind being the prince consort," he told me one evening when the three of us were having dinner in a restaurant. And there was a good deal of pride in his voice when he said it.

Obviously, to pull off a husband-and-wife relationship of this kind, a wife must have tact and a sense of humor, and Doctor Dorothy has both. On one occasion, when Sidney also was working for Avco—he has since transferred to R.C.A.—she had special need of these qualities. Sidney, a department head, had approved a certain scientist for hiring. Doctor Dorothy was consulted by the president in the matter and turned the man down. The scientist was not hired, and it was not until several days later that she learned the man had been approved by her husband. Both thought it was funny and couldn't wait to tell their friends about it.

In Andover their marriage is considered one of the most successful in the community. And no one who has seen them strolling over the hills on a Sunday afternoon or doing the week's shopping in the supermarket on Saturday morning—he wheeling the cart and she dropping the packages into it—can doubt that opinion.

"How could it fail?" asked one of their neighbors. "They're both in love with science *and* each other."

Dorothy's love affair with science, incidentally, began at an early age. Miss Martin—her maiden name—was eight years old, and it all started, appropriately, with a rocket. She lived in Springfield, Missouri, where her father was a chemistry professor at Southwest Missouri State College, and the whole family on this occasion was en route to the Ozarks for a Fourth of July weekend. Dorothy was looking forward to the camping and the fishing, but she was unhappy that there were no firecrackers. Finally her father gave her seventy-five cents and told her she could spend it all on fireworks in the next town. When it came time to make the purchase, Dorothy remembers that she didn't hesitate for an instant. She spent the whole seventy-five cents on a single item: a rocket.

When the Fourth dawned, Dorothy knew exactly how she'd launch it. She put it in an empty bottle, set it in the midst of a case of other bottles, and lit the fuse. Barricaded behind a tree, she watched the launching go off without a hitch. And at that exciting moment, her career was also launched. She was already in outer space.

From then on Dorothy was never much in doubt as to what she'd do. Her first encounter with geometry, at the age of thirteen, confirmed her in this. "I was intrigued by the beautiful logic of it, more so than by anything I'd ever studied," she said. There was a brief moment, however, at seventeen when she toyed with the idea of being a poet. "But my father convinced me it was very difficult to make a living as a poet," she said. Instead she solaced herself by translating part of Vergil into iambic pentameter.

Dorothy went through high school in three years and was a brilliant athlete. One year she won a medal for being on four first teams—basketball, hockey, archery and volleyball. In college, the same one where her father taught, she made a straight-A record. It was the first time this had ever been done, and the record is still unequaled.

By the time she was ready for graduate school—the University of Chicago—she knew she wanted to be a research chemist. "The desire to put bits of knowledge into a whole was too strong to resist."

"At Chicago," she said, "I met my first Nobel-prize winner, Professor James Franck. Although I never took any courses from him, he had considerable influence on my life. He taught me how to

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look at a problem. He believed you mustn't just read something in a book. You must *think* about it. The book, he insisted, could be wrong."

At the university she met her future husband, but at that time neither of them knew it. Possibly there was not enough time for them to become well acquainted. For almost immediately she transferred to the University of Illinois, where she'd been able to get a teaching fellowship.

Right after World War II, armed with her Ph.D. degree, she went to work for Du Pont in Buffalo. Here she learned something else of importance—a respect for industrial know-how. Those were the early days of synthetic fibers, and she did pioneering research on Orlon. "In school," she said, "all we'd done was study the fundamental, underlying principles. Now it was exciting to see how they could be applied for practical purposes."

She was pleased to learn, too, that she had a practical side to her nature. She'd never been much impressed with the absent-minded-professor type—the classic fellow who's supposed to be unable to remember his name, but can remember the equation for it and work it out on his slide rule.

She even discovered she was a mechanic. This ability came in handy when she was living in Buffalo, for example, and an electric fuse blew out every night for a week in the house where she was living. When she investigated, she found the fuse blew at just about the same time that her landlord, a Dane, was trying to fix the vacuum cleaner. She asked if she might check it, found a switching difficulty and corrected it. After that there were no more fuses blown, and the Danish landlord was so delighted that he dragged out a bottle of brandy he had been saving for twenty years. The Dane, his wife and Doctor Dorothy had a celebration.

During the Buffalo stay Doctor Dorothy went to an American Chemical Society meeting in Chicago, saw Sidney again, and this time "fell in love—hard." They were married and went to Oak Ridge, Tennessee, to live. Sidney had a job there, working on a nuclear-energy project.

Wherever she has gone with Sidney, she has never had any trouble getting a job. At Oak Ridge she did research on radiochemistry, and ended up isolating an isotope of calcium. The work was exciting, but one of the most vivid impressions she retains from Oak Ridge was the dresses she had to wear.

Doctor Dorothy loves clothes, and in those days it was necessary for workers in the laboratory to wear protective clothing. The only thing available for women was dreary state-prison uniforms—blue Mother Hubbards—which she wore with lead-toed shoes. These could be washed out every day and any bits of radioactive material removed. It was safe, but not exactly exhilarating for anyone who was fashion-conscious. "I did the best I could," said Doctor Dorothy. "I added a pink-and-tan belt."

In 1949 Sidney went to the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics in Cleveland, and Doctor Dorothy tagged along, too, of course. Here she discovered her real interest—combustion—particularly the chemistry of flames. During the next few years her work in this connection was so noteworthy that in 1953 she won the Rockefeller Public Service Award, with a $10,000 grant to go to England for almost a year and study turbulence theory. It was a wonderful opportunity, but it meant that she'd be separated from Sidney for the first time since they were married, and she hesitated. Finally she decided to go. During the ten months she was away, she came home once—to spend Christmas with him.

While in Europe Doctor Dorothy visited combustion laboratories in France, Holland and Belgium. She found herself well known in all the places she visited because of the papers she'd written on the subject. "It was funny," she said, "but, although I couldn't speak the language, I found I often had more in common with some professor in Belgium than with my next-door neighbor back home."

Back in America, she followed Sidney to Texas, where he took a job with Convair and she did work on subsurface combustion as a method for producing oil. It was there that both she and her husband were tapped for their jobs at Avco. In 1956 the latter company was gathering together a group of top scientists to solve the critical re-entry problem of intercontinental missiles. Avco was also planning to work on other projects. It all promised the kind of happy wedding of both pure and applied science that people like Doctor Dorothy dream of. And so, in a few months, she and Sidney found themselves in Andover with a big house, cathedral ceiling and a whole new group of friends.

Although Doctor Dorothy and her husband have fitted easily into most communities, Andover was the first place where they actually bought a house and settled down with the idea of becoming permanent residents. Perhaps for this reason they feel more at home there than anywhere else. (*Continued on Page 119*)

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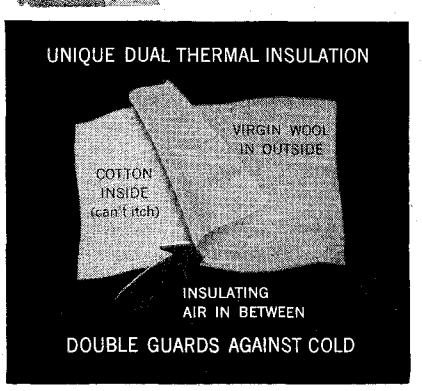
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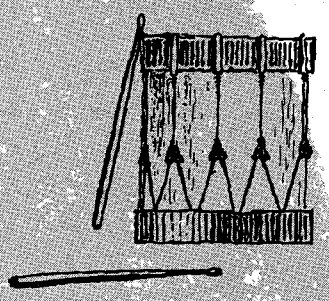

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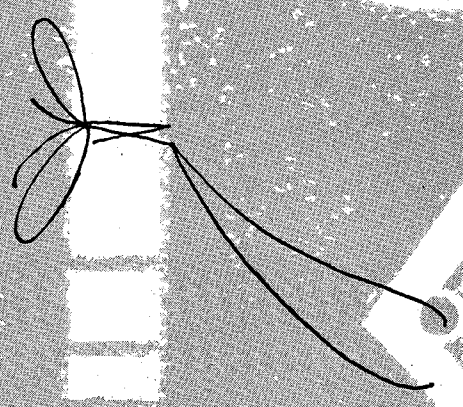

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(*Continued from Page 117*) In addition to science, which is both a job and a hobby for them, Sidney can pursue his music and Dorothy can cook, garden, set out bird-feeding stations and do all the other things that suburban housewives do. It is as normal a life as two Ph.D. scientists might lead except, of course, for having children. The Simons have not been blessed with these.

This does not mean, of course, that there are no children around. Youngsters are attracted to the Simons like filings to a magnet. They drop in at all hours. On Halloween fifty came by for trick-or-treat handouts, and Doctor Dorothy gave them all packages of candy she had wrapped herself. In recent months she has been besieged by armies of small boys—the result of a Boston television interview in which she discussed rockets and space travel. Fathers are apt to telephone her and say, "I didn't understand what you said on that television program, but my twelve-year-old son did. He has a few questions. May I bring him over?"

Rarely, of course, are any of these small-fry scientists girls. I asked Doctor Dorothy how she felt about girls entering science and doing what she had done.

Being a practical person, she is the first to admit that if a woman wants to become an independent scientist and something more than a teacher or mere technician, there are obstacles—social pressures, the scarcity of part-time science jobs so that women can also run their homes, and, of course, plain male prejudice.

"However, it can be done," she declares. "It just takes an enduring interest. And it's not worth the extra effort unless a girl really wants it. It all depends on her. I wanted to be a scientist, and so it was the right thing for me."

Her own achievement along these lines was dramatized last May when Avco's new $23,000,000 research and development center at Wilmington, Massachusetts—where she works—was dedicated. Here in the company of Nobel Prize winners, Congressmen, generals and other illustrious persons, Doctor Dorothy stood out—a slender, tailored figure—as the only woman scientist. On this occasion she also gave a speech—the shortest and perhaps the most interesting of the day. In a few words she outlined man's geophysical life down through the ages, showing how, throughout history, he had been leading a two-dimensional life. His whole existence, looked at from the point of view of the universe, she said, had taken place on the thin, circular line which marks the earth's circumference.

"In our time," she pointed out, "we have, with great technical effort, perfected airplanes to fly ten or twelve miles above the earth. This represents only an imperceptible thickening of the circular line. The human world has been, in effect, confined to the thin layer of air which clings to the earth. Now, for the first time, we propose to increase the thickness of this line to hundreds of miles and eventually to millions of miles. We propose nothing less than to make the world three-dimensional!"

As she spoke, it was obvious to those present that Doctor Dorothy would have a role in helping to push our world into a three-dimensional shape. It was also obvious—to some, at least—that she would also have a role in helping women gain a respected place in the highest circles of creative science. For, thanks to people like Dorothy Simon, space, man's last frontier, is also woman's last frontier.

As her boss, James R. Kerr, president of the Wilmington center, summed it up for me later, "It may well be that when the history of the twentieth century is written, the crux of Dorothy Simon's contribution will not be so much in helping people get into space and hop from planet to planet, important as that will be, as in proving that women can be as effective as men in a man's field *and still remain women.*"

The Jerry Giesler Story

(Continued from Page 25)

him fingerprinted, we got off the elevator and walked along a hallway to the room where the fingerprinting was done. The hall was filled with women who shouted insults and obscenities at Chaplin. And there was the snakelike sound of hissing which, of all massed human sounds, is the most frightening. It can chill a man's entrails. I know. Antagonism rolled over us like a solid slimy wave. The eyes glaring at us were filled with hatred.

Most of my cases have been conducted in an atmosphere of prejudice against my client so thick it was almost stifling. I accepted that as one of the hazards of being a defense lawyer. I defended one client, a widow, against a murder charge in the little town of San Luis Obispo, where feeling was so bitter that anyone who had anything to do with the defendant was subjected to explosive hatred. Once it was known that I was associated with her defense, the townspeople spat at my feet as I walked along the sidewalk.

At the opposite end of the spectrum is my defense of Miss Lili St. Cyr against a charge of "indecent exposure," while working at her job as a stripper. I can honestly say I succeeded in having Miss St. Cyr's case laughed into a "not guilty" verdict. The laughter was stentorian, rollicking and so uninhibited that tears ran from the eyes of many of the people in that court.

So there is a burden which rests upon a lawyer simply because he is a defense lawyer. I was lucky enough to wet my legal feet in the office of the great advocate, Earl Rogers. No man was ever more generously endowed with legal brains than Rogers. No man ever gave more of himself fighting for his clients. He gave so lavishly that in the end it burned him out and he died at an early age, a cinder of his former self. To paraphrase Vachel Lindsay, "His valor wore out his soul in the service of men." Yet the principal book written about him implies that he was something of a charlatan and that his chief vocation in life was cheating the gallows of its legitimate prey.

I suppose that vague character, "the man in the street," believes that about me, although he lacks the courage to say it to my face. I'm sure millions of people have thought it and said it about Fallon and Liebowitz, about Max Steuer and Ferdinand Pecora, about even Clarence Darrow; although in the years which have passed since Darrow's death it has become fashionable to think of him as having been pure of mind. I believed that before it became fashionable.

People ask me, "Do any of your clients ever admit that they're guilty?" My answer is, "With one exception, no." Once I decide my client is honest, my belief in him is so deeply ingrained in me, it's almost a compulsion. I don't see how a lawyer can put his head, his heart and his back into a case unless he believes in it.

Some years ago a young man who came to see me began by saying, "I've just killed a woman. I'm guilty as hell."

He had been traveling at a high rate of speed on a rainy highway. In trying to brake, he had skidded over a woman's body. When he pulled her from under his car, not only was she crushed to death but her blood splattered the underside of the car.

Almost hysterically the young man insisted upon pleading guilty. He was obsessed by a feeling of guilt which haunted him.

The dead woman had been an only passenger in a car her sister had been driving on a highway. The sister behind the steering wheel tried to pass a heavy truck loaded with asphalt. As she did, her car nicked the back of that truck. The door on the right-hand side of her auto flew open and her passenger fell out on the highway. Seconds afterward my client skidded over her. The sister who had been driving also believed that my client had killed her.

In that case my policy of digging for all the facts, not just some of them, paid off, for the facts didn't agree with my client's confession. He had been driving a relatively small car, yet the autopsy showed that the woman's body had been crushed to a width of twenty-two inches, including her head and the bones of her chest.

I suggested to my investigator, "Measure the width of the wheels of the truck the sister's car nicked." The owners of that truck refused to allow my investigator to examine it. However, we knew what kind of truck it was because its driver had stopped and had helped pick up the dead woman. So we took the measurements of a truck which duplicated the one we weren't allowed to measure. The width of one of its double heavy-duty tires was exactly twenty-two inches.

The dead woman had fallen out, and the back wheels of the truck had run over her. She was already crushed and dead when my client's car had skidded over her.

Let me repeat: that young man was absolutely convinced that he had killed that woman, yet the jury acquitted him. That case highlights the value of investigating details, no matter how hopeless it seems. On the face of it, the outcome of the one I've just described could only end in a dead-bang conviction.

That case also has a bearing on the question I am sometimes asked, "Do you represent clients who are guilty?" That young man insisted that he was guilty. He kept saying, "I've killed a woman," yet I represented him, and he hadn't killed her.

No man is the best judge of his own guilt or innocence. It takes special knowledge to know that—the kind of knowledge which recognizes mitigating circumstances of which the client may be ignorant.

I've run into people who've said, "How can you defend Cheryl Crane and Lana Turner when the stories they tell are so obviously untrue?" I'll have more to say about Cheryl and Lana later, but right now I'll say this: Anyone who reads this story may be in deep trouble any day, any hour, any minute. The more prominent you are in your community, the more successful you are, the more your fellow citizens will indict you in their minds even before you come to trial, if you get into a jam. There is a dash of sadism inside all of us which makes us all secretly relish it—and sometimes not so secretly—if someone else makes a mistake and gets into trouble. It is our belief that it will always be someone else who does that, not ourselves.

The late Errol Flynn, who died last month, also went to trial bearing a crushing burden of public opinion. If Los Angeles was ever in any danger of losing its franchise as a setting for sensational trials—and that has never been a threat—the Flynn trial, in 1942–43, would have restored the city to good standing.

Flynn's troubles began when he met Miss Betty Hansen at a friend's home in Bel Air. Miss Hansen was only seventeen,

"Don't you think your mother is spoiling him?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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but her youthfulness did not keep her from being ripe physically, a quality which Mr. Flynn somehow, if vaguely, noticed. Miss Hansen, in turn, was impressed by Mr. Flynn's charm and his stellar place in the Hollywood firmament. Before that evening was over she was the proud possessor of his unlisted telephone number, written on a slip of paper.

Betty Hansen had traveled west from Nebraska to visit her sister in Los Angeles. That her visit was not uneventful was proved when her sister reported to the police that Betty had not been home for some time and would they please run a fine-tooth comb over the city and see if they could discover her.

Los Angeles is a vast, sprawling city, but locating a pretty missing girl from Nebraska seemed no trick at all to the police. They found her registered in a Santa Monica hotel and brought her in for questioning. Their queries dredged up a story of amatory adventuring, and, although some of it may have been the product of the girl's imagination, she produced Flynn's unlisted telephone number to back up her story that she had not only met Flynn but that he had committed statutory rape upon her.

To bolster its case the D.A.'s office had its investigators snout around in search of further evidence against Mr. Flynn. In pursuit of their investigation they dug up the fact that the mother of a girl named Peggy Satterlee had once come to the sheriff's office to complain that her child, who she said was fifteen, had been twice violated by Mr. Flynn on his yacht during a pleasure cruise off Catalina Island.

The second alleged rape on board the yacht was said to have taken place when, according to Miss Satterlee, Flynn suggested that she leave the deck and visit his stateroom with him to see the moon come up through a porthole. As a result of her moon-gazing she had been violated.

The sheriff's office had investigated that charge, but didn't take it seriously. However, once more the police did their fine-tooth-comb trick. This time they discovered the same Peggy Satterlee now a full-bodied, eighteen-year-old dancer in a night club.

I studied the two complaining witnesses and I made up my mind that whether Mr. Flynn had known them slightly or well, the two busty ladies listed as complainants against him were not as unversed in the ways of the world as the D.A.'s office wished the public to believe they were.

One thing which struck me immediately was that although the two alleged offenses had occurred almost a year apart, the charges had been filed within a week of each other. That seemed overly coincidental. There was no doubt in my mind that the D.A.'s office was doing its best to "pile it on" Flynn, hoping to strengthen its first charge with a second one. Anyhow, when Betty Hansen and Peggy La Rue Satterlee were through testifying at a preliminary hearing before Los Angeles County Municipal Judge Walters, the judge held Flynn for trial on three counts of statutory rape, two involving Miss Satterlee and one involving Miss Hansen.

The popular concept of a successful criminal lawyer is that he gets his results by combining hocus-pocus and legerdemain. The truth is that the dull word "thoroughness" is responsible for most of the noteworthy victories won in any court. Not that there was anything outwardly dull about the Flynn trial. Long after it was over an account of the trial appeared in a French-language newspaper published in Canada. I was curious enough to have it translated, and I must admit I was intrigued. Here is a sample of that writer's work:

When the agitated Errol Flynn went to Giesler's sumptuous office to pour out the story of the rape charges alleged against him, Giesler's brow was unfurrowed. Then he went into action.

The playboy actor, Flynn, had been accused of statutory rape involving Peggy Lee Satterlee, a sixteen-year-old Hollywood showgirl; also blond, seventeen-year-old Betty Hansen.

When Flynn protested his innocence, Giesler went swiftly to work on the jury selection. He managed to get nine women on it. He believed that women would be more kindly disposed than men toward the boyishly errant screen lover and swashbuckler.

The girls who made the accusations were determined to make a good impression on the jury. Peggy Satterlee made a dainty picture with her jet-black hair in simple pigtails, coyly tied with blue ribbons. She also wore a simple schoolgirl skirt. Giesler soon drew from Peggy the fact that her present raiment was an unusual style for her. She admitted that barely two weeks previously she had danced in a night-club chorus, had freely posed for photographers, and that her dress then had been a scanty skin-tight costume with a deep, deep bodice. Giesler made it clear that Peggy was no newcomer to the art of revealing her shapely body.

At first Betty Hansen chose to appear in brown slacks and heavy make-up. Later she changed to a demure brown dress and wiped off nearly all her make-up. To complete her picture of innocence, she carried a schoolgirl's raincoat over her arm.

Under skillful probing, Giesler got Peggy to admit that some gentleman, unnamed, paid her rent. Questioned, she also revealed that the same man had given her the pet name of Strumpet. "That," Peggy explained, "means some kind of English muffin." (There was a certain amount of argument about the spelling and the meaning of that word. At one point the man involved explained that the word actually used was "grummet," a rope loop used to toss over a cleat on the deck of an ocean liner.)

The case involving the other girl, Betty Hansen, was equally spectacular, but no more effective for the prosecution. She said that Flynn had given her a drink of some liquor she could not name. "He said he would take me upstairs where I could lie down," she went on. According to her they were in the room for half an hour. To Giesler's question, "Did you resist Flynn in any way?" she said, "No."

Then he asked her if she had told the grand jury at an earlier hearing that she had been guilty of previous immoral acts. She replied, "I did."

According to the law, if Miss Satterlee and Miss Hansen were under the age of consent—eighteen in California—on the occasions in question, it made no difference whether they had co-operated in the alleged acts of intimacy or not. Consent is not a defense to statutory rape.

But especially in the case of Peggy Satterlee's complaint, a point of law I had established in a previous case, the Alexander Pantages trial, was a great help to me. The California Supreme Court decided that where the rape is alleged to have been committed by force, even though the girl is under the age of eighteen, evidence of her prior acts of unchastity is admissible for the purpose of showing the nonprobability of resistance on her part and, under certain circumstances, the probability that the crime was not committed at all.

This is very important. Let us assume that a girl under eighteen is testifying to improper relations forced upon her by a man, and during her testimony she is glibly describing lewd conduct on the attacker's part, using a vocabulary an innocent young girl is supposed to be unfamiliar with. The defense may well argue, "This girl couldn't possibly testify like this unless her experience in such matters is based upon a much wider experience than the single occasion she is testifying to."

If it can be brought out in cross-examination that she has had previous sexual adventures, a strong jury argument can be made that her testimony is unworthy of belief and that the rape never occurred.

When Miss Satterlee flung her charge at Flynn, she testified that one of the attacks upon her had occurred on Flynn's yacht, the *Sirocco*, under the moon-watching circumstances already described. Apparently it never occurred to her to wonder why the moon couldn't be seen from the deck. Obediently she scampered below to scan the heavens.

It was very important for the prosecution to prove that there had been a moon that night and that it could have been seen. If those two things weren't true, the reason Miss Satterlee gave for going below would seem even less believable than it did.

The prosecution summoned a professor of astronomy to the stand who was successful in establishing that the moon had actually been out that night. Not only that, but it had not been obscured by clouds. It did not require much intelligence on my part to foresee his testimony and to realize that it had to be coped with. I was prepared to cope with it. The reporters present wrote that "a sense of hushed expectancy pervaded the courtroom when the counselor for the defense rose from his seat, for The Great Mouthpiece was in a tough spot."

I hate to spoil the effect of their purple prose, but I was not in a tough spot. As part of my preparation for Mr. Flynn's defense I had delved into such heavenly matters as the position of the moon in relation to the yacht at the time when Miss Satterlee said she'd been rudely surprised while gazing at it. The tide and the way the vessel swung at its anchor had everything to do with whether she could have seen the moon from the porthole in that particular cabin at that particular moment.

I recalled a meteorologist who had appeared for questioning. "I will now draw you a map of the heavens," I told him. I walked to a blackboard I had had brought into the courtroom, picked up a piece of chalk and began to sketch the position of the celestial bodies on the night when Miss Satterlee said she had been polluted.

"This," I said, as I chalked in a star, "is Sirius."

A wryly cynical newspaperwoman who was covering the trial quoted one woman juror as whispering to another, "It certainly is. Too many people take these things too lightly."

I said I was very much interested in establishing the position of the moon in the skies that night, in relation to the *Sirocco's* portholes. I chalked in a few more celestial bodies and summoned a harbormaster and two sea captains to the stand. My questions and their answers demonstrated that in view of the position of the moon and the way in which the yacht had been anchored on the night in question, Miss Satterlee couldn't have seen the moon when she said Flynn was sullying her good name. For one thing, the moon was on the other side of the boat. To put it another way, if Miss Satterlee had obtained a glimpse of the moon while under "attack," she must have been able to see through steel bulkheads.

One of the few aspects of the Flynn trial—if not the only one—that were unknown to me was that my client had his own system of verbal shorthand. It consisted of initials strung together. Two of Flynn's abbreviations were J.B. and S.Q.Q. During my cross-examination of Miss Satterlee concerning her alleged ravishment by Flynn, I noticed that in quoting (*Continued on Page 122*)

The Perfect Squelch

Throughout her long and busy life, grandma had managed to live happily on a bare minimum and to do much good. She minced no words, however, in her opinions of certain people. One of these was the town's richest man, a tight-fisted bachelor whose rough-and-ready business tactics had hurt grandma, among others.

Some younger people, discussing the tightwad in grandma's presence, mentioned an out-of-character act of generosity by him. One added, "He's getting old. Maybe he realizes he can't take it with him."

"Oh," said another, "he'll find a way."

Looking up from her knitting, grandma asked mildly, "But if he does, won't it burn?"

Mrs. A. L. Mortensen

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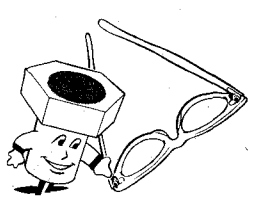

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(*Continued from Page 120*) portions of Flynn's conversation she used the initials J.B. and S.Q.Q.

When I asked her why she hadn't mentioned those initials in her original testimony before the grand jury, she replied that she hadn't thought them significant until a policewoman had asked her if she was aware of what her age meant legally when she boarded Flynn's yacht. She said that she had told the policewoman that she hadn't given it much thought, but she assumed Mr. Flynn must have thought it significant or he wouldn't have used the initials J.B. in referring to her.

"Do you know what J.B. means?" I asked her.

"It's slang," Miss Satterlee told me. "It means Jail Bait."

"What does that mean to you?" I asked.

"I think it means that it's against the law for a man to have an affair with a girl as young as I was," she replied.

"Did Mr. Flynn tell you what S.Q.Q. meant?" I persisted.

She said that Mr. Flynn had told her that those initials meant San Quentin Quail, and she remarked that if you thought of them in conjunction with J.B., she supposed that S.Q.Q. meant that if a man was intimate with a girl who was under a certain age, he would end up in San Quentin.

I found the next few sentences in my exchange with Miss Satterlee fascinating. "Then you thought if you had an affair with Mr. Flynn, he might go to San Quentin?" I asked.

"I didn't think much about it," she said, "but I understood that if I did have an affair with a man and after that I wanted him to go to San Quentin, he would go."

I don't think I'll ever forget Miss Satterlee's reply to my question, "Why didn't you scream when Flynn committed his alleged attack upon you?"

She said that she was too interested in fighting. The idea that a girl couldn't fight and scream, too, was a new one to me.

One move I make while preparing a major case is to make sure that all of my phones are open to take calls at all times. My secretaries and my switchboard operators have instructions to put through all calls to me, nutty or sensible—even anonymous—if they come while a noteworthy trial is in progress. My operators never ask, "Who's calling?" The chances are that such a question won't be answered and, even if it is, it won't be answered truthfully.

It was in this way that I learned some information about the Errol Flynn case which helped me defend him. A strange voice told me that if I would go to a certain funeral parlor and ask a certain attendant certain questions, I would find out things which would interest me. The strange voice was right. At that funeral parlor I dug up gruesome and damning knowledge, and it became terribly important for me to get my knowledge into the court records.

Peggy Satterlee had visited a funeral parlor with a Canadian air-pilot boy friend who worked as a technical adviser of Hollywood productions involving military flying. She had gone into the room where the cadavers were laid out on slabs and had frolicked about, pulling sheets from the naked bodies and peering at them. But while I was pantingly eager to take advantage of my knowledge, I was not sure I'd get the opportunity.

My trouble was I couldn't put the questions to the pilot I was eager to ask him unless the prosecution placed him on the stand of its own accord as a prosecution witness, thus making it possible for me to cross-examine him. In that way I could also show by implication what the probable relations had been between the flier and Miss Satterlee, for a mutual inspection of naked dead bodies didn't exactly fall into the classification of playing pat-a-cake.

I kept doggedly injecting the name of the Canadian flier into the proceedings. I asked whether anyone had seen him with Miss Satterlee, or whether any witness knew him. I hoped to make it appear that there was some mysterious connection between girl and flier, and I hoped the D.A. would put him on the stand to blow away the smog I threw up about Miss Satterlee's association with him.

To my almost gasping relief, just before the prosecution closed, the D.A. called that Canadian flier to the witness stand to prove that there had been nothing improper between him and Miss Satterlee. He didn't know it, but he had handed me my opportunity on a golden platter.

A man often talks about the one that got away. A woman, hardly ever.

LLEWELLYN MITSTIFER

I asked that flier if he knew where such-and-such an undertaking parlor was. Reluctantly he admitted he did. I asked him if he had ever been there. Finally I drew from him the admission that he had seen Miss Satterlee play among the dead. Obviously shaken by my line of questioning, he confessed that his young companion had lifted the sheets which covered the dead and had peered under them.

As the witness disclosed this, it was visible to all in that courtroom that the jury had made up its mind as to the quality of any "innocence" Miss Satterlee might have had which could have been damaged while she studied the moon through a porthole in Flynn's yacht. The jury's faces were a study, especially the faces of the women jurors. I saw them wince. I knew I had them.

Among other admissions I obtained from that Canadian flier were these: Miss Satterlee had been his companion on various journeys, she had dropped in to see him unchaperoned at his flat after dark, and for certain unspecified reasons he had bestowed money and gifts upon her. I cannot refrain from reporting the following colloquy between the pilot and myself. "Did she ever kiss you," I asked, "and did you ever kiss her?"

"Now and again," he replied, "but it was an immaterial sort of kiss."

When I asked him to describe the difference between "an immaterial sort of kiss and any other kind," the laymen in the courtroom guffawed so loudly that the Superior Court judge who was presiding threatened to clear the room unless the fuss subsided. I never did succeed in persuading that flier to make a distinction between the two kinds of osculations.

In my argument before the jury I did my best to analyze the two girls' motives in testifying against Flynn. I pointed out that Betty Hansen wanted to leave Juvenile Hall, a place where underage delinquents were detained, and that in exchange for appearing for the state in the Flynn case, she undoubtedly hoped not to be prosecuted for immoral acts she had admitted. I mentioned that Miss Satterlee had admitted under oath in court that she had consented to having an abortion performed upon her.

I tried to place my mind inside of her mind and to imagine what she was thinking. It seemed likely to me that she had told herself that, if her testimony pleased the authorities, no charge would be brought against the man who had caused the abortion and no penalty would be exacted of her for having submitted to one.

I also said that the whole setup emitted a strong smell of "fix." Here were girls who had everything to gain by playing ball with the law; it was to their benefit to point a finger at someone else instead of having a finger pointed at them.

There was a certain amount of scorn in my voice as I described Miss Satterlee's arising on the *Sirocco* on the morning after she had testified that she had been "forcibly raped" for the first time a few hours before. I asked the jury what was the first thing any decent girl would have done. Obviously she would have poured out her shameful story to the others on board, would have asked them for help and would have blistered the ears of the yacht's owner with her accusations.

"What did she actually do?" I asked. "She ate a peaceful breakfast with Flynn, and later that day she was willingly photographed with him."

Flynn was a good witness. He was the second-best witness I've ever had in any court. I'll tell about the best later. Flynn was good because he answered everything asked of him forthrightly. Nor did he change pace between his direct examination and his cross-examination. In too many cases a witness is alert, responsive and convincing on direct examination, but as soon as the cross-examination begins and he is asked, "Where do you live?" he begins to look evasive and shifty and says, "I didn't quite get the question." Flynn didn't do that.

In his charge the Presiding Judge of the Superior Court, Leslie E. Still, reminded the jury that there can be no mitigating circumstances in statutory rape involving minor girls. But he added, "You jurors, of course, are not required to believe anything as jurors that you would not believe in the ordinary walk of life. And I must insist that you have an abiding conviction before you reach any decision."

In taking up the first count of Miss Hansen's charge—that she had been seduced by Flynn at a home in Bel Air—the judge said, "Even if Miss Hansen consented, that is no extenuating circumstance in this case," but on behalf of the defense he added that the fact that there had been an opportunity for a criminal attack was legally not enough to insure the probability that such an attack had actually taken place.

He went on to add—and I was overjoyed to hear him say it—that the California law takes into consideration the fact that in such cases there is always a chance that a personal reason, such as vengeance and malice, has bred such a charge.

In the portion of his remarks touching upon Peggy Satterlee, the judge reminded the jury of testimony which was brought out during the trial that an abortion had been performed on her a year later. He also mentioned the fact that under California state law, abortion is a felony. Judge Still instructed the jury, "If you believe Miss Satterlee is guilty of such an act, then you have the right to take into consideration her state of mind while she was testifying in this court. Also, if you believe that Miss Hansen engaged in an illegal act with a man, you may consider the effect upon both her mind and her statements. You may consider that both girls were hoping for leniency." Pointing out that statutory rape is a charge easily made and difficult to disprove, he continued, "You must look upon the testimony of Peggy Satterlee and Betty Hansen with great care and deliberation. If you are not satisfied with the defendant's guilt beyond a reasonable doubt, you may acquit him."

Judge Still also reminded the jury that birth certificates do not conclusively prove that the girls were minors. "A birth certificate is not conclusive," he said. "It is only prima-facie evidence. If you entertain a reasonable doubt in your mind as to the ages of the witnesses, you should give the defendant the benefit of the doubt."

The Flynn case went to the jury at 11:19 on the morning of February 6, 1943. The jury retired to spend what seemed to me an interminable time debating my client's guilt before acquitting him. I still feel good when I remember that Judge Still told the jury, "I think you have arrived at a proper verdict," for Flynn had gone into that trial with a crushing burden of public prejudice upon him. The public-opinion dice were loaded against him, until facts favorable to the defense began to appear. Then a change began to take place.

The next case I want to tell about is a sharp change of pace from the Flynn trial. For one thing there is no sex angle. For another thing, while the Flynn case had its moments of boudoir humor—if that is a phrase I can use without lining myself up with the school of French playwrights—the humor in the Les Bruneman case has a Damon Runyon touch. It involved a kidnaped gambler who believed deeply that he was worth the $50,000 ransom the snatchers asked for him. Consequently, in a fit of generosity, he wrote out the checks himself.

My client in this case, Les Bruneman, who was well known in Los Angeles gambling circles, was indicted for taking part in the kidnaping of a man named Zeke Caress. Bruneman was not around to be arrested when the indictment was handed down, but six other snatchers who were unlucky enough to be within the state's jurisdiction were arrested. Five were tried and convicted of kidnaping; the sixth turned state's evidence and testified against the other defendants.

Bruneman wasn't in town for their trial. He wasn't even in the state. He was unfindable and couldn't be served, although he, too, was indicted. Later, when he decided to surrender, he got in touch with me, and I made arrangements for him to surrender. Before carrying out those arrangements, I familiarized myself with the evidence and the legal questions involved in the case. I sent an associate to bring me the decision of the people versus the defendants, as well as the decision of the District Court of Appeals which affirmed the five convictions.

A man named Zeke Caress, his wife and his Japanese chauffeur had been kidnaped, and the snatchers had demanded a ransom. Caress was a big wheel in local gambling circles, but apparently nobody thought Caress was worth a ransom of $50,000 except himself, and he didn't have that much cash, so he gave the snatchers checks for the amount. This confronted the kidnapers with a dilemma. They had slips of paper worth thousands of dollars burning their hands, but who was going to cash them? Caress couldn't be trusted to do it, for even with a couple of snatchers standing on either side of him, he might have blurted out his predicament to a bank teller.

Someone suggested that because Bruneman knew Tony Cornero Strala, who ran the gambling barges off the coast of Lower California, Les Bruneman might be a suitable go-between. The kidnapers got hold of Bruneman and, accompanied by three of them, he attempted to take their hot checks out to one of Strala's gambling boats for cashing. They were stopped by (*Continued on Page 125*)

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Ten Million Compliments to the Cook

How an Ohio mother taught her sons an appreciation of fine foods that inspired a fabulous business

High above Manhattan at Stouffer's Top of the Six's, sophisticated New York's exciting new restaurant

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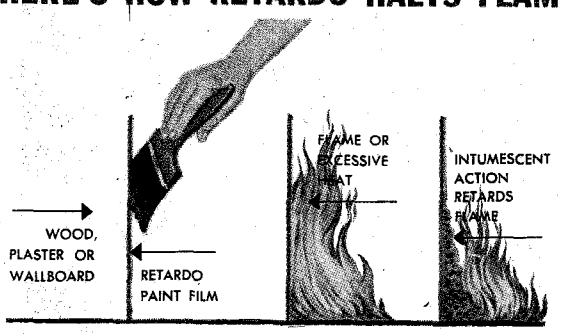

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(*Continued from Page 122*) Long Beach police, and in a gun battle Bruneman was captured and the ransom checks recovered.

The first time I defended Bruneman he was convicted. But I appealed his conviction and won him a new trial on the ground that the presence of the two alternate jurors in the jury room, even though they were admonished not to participate in the deliberations of the twelve regular jurors, constituted an invasion of the right to trial by jury. The empaneling of two extra jurors was new in California. The idea was that the extra jurors would listen to the testimony and be instructed by the judge in the same way as the twelve regular jurors so that they could serve as replacements in the event any of the jury became sick.

The judge was uncertain as to what should be done with the two alternates when the case was given to the jury. He finally decided to send them out with the jury, under instructions to observe only and not to take part in the deliberations. When the jury brought in a verdict against my client, I appealed. I argued fervently that having fourteen people in a jury room negated the age-old right to a trial by twelve of a man's fellow citizens, which is the keystone of both our law and the English common law, and that the fact that I did not object at the time made no difference. The District Court of Appeals agreed, reversed the conviction, and granted Bruneman a new trial. If anybody wants to look it up, the legal point made about the presence of alternate jurors in the jury room being prejudicial error is in the case of *People v. Bruneman*, 4 Cal. App. 2d 75 (Dist. Ct. App. 1935).

At Bruneman's second trial I got him off on another legal point. My client had been arrested and indicted for taking part in a kidnaping, although everyone, including the district attorney, admitted that the kidnaping had been completed before my client became involved. At the conclusion of the prosecution's evidence, I asked the court to dismiss the case, on the ground that the crime of kidnaping is completed when a snatch is made, and anything which happens after that is no part of the kidnaping.

Judge Fricke, who presided, agreed with me, and since a jury had been empaneled and sworn and testimony had been taken and presented before the court—which dismissed the case—because of the law of double jeopardy Bruneman couldn't be reindicted and retried.

People told me that my arguments in Bruneman's behalf represented bold and original thinking. I don't hold with that. I call it reasonable thinking, and reasonableness goes a lot farther in court than most people believe. However, if I hadn't got Bruneman off he might be alive today. For not long after that he was cut down by gangster machine-gun fire in a restaurant called The Roost.

Next week Mr. Giesler will tell about the troubles—some of them comical, but for the most part serious—which beset three of his other clients: Lili St. Cyr, Charlie Chaplin, and the man who tried to have himself sent to the death chamber—Norman Selby, who was also known as Kid McCoy, the former champion prize fighter —THE EDITORS

The Poland I Saw (Continued from Page 36)

which is worse than their broken shoes; their constant fear; the galling bitterness they express in two words—"our friends"—while never mentioning the Russians by name. I hope he saw a little of it and remembered it as I do.

I have been to Poland twice. The first trip was in 1932, with my Polish-born husband, John, a veteran of the United States Army in World War I, and our small daughter. I myself was born in Stettin (then in Germany), but came to the United States in 1920.

I shall not forget that first trip. Poland was like a little fairy country, John's home village so beautiful that I wanted to paint the old church on a hill, the houses scattered below it. The church organ still was played by a man who had been John's teacher. The village had only a single water well, but people sang as they carried big wooden buckets to it. In the evenings folk singers serenaded us because we were visitors; and now and again the church bells pealed in the cold air.

John had eight brothers and sisters still in Poland, five in America. His old father, Joseph, greeted me as a daughter. Because one relative was a navy officer, we were invited to an admiral's ball in Gdynia; and the admiral chose me as his partner for the first dance. Christmas was a joyful holiday, filled with celebrations and with all the food a bountiful country could provide. Open markets were in every town—live fowls in cages, produce spread on the ground, pickled fruits, cakes and huge Polish hams for sale. Our Christmas table included a goose and roasts of veal; and hot holiday breads came from the tile ovens in every house. My husband's people had trouble finding a dowry for their last daughter; but they were healthy, happy and thankful for their blessings. Of them all, Stefan was the most gay, proud of his Polish Air Force uniform, strong and confident.

Only once was there a jarring note: the radio blaring some announcement about Adolf Hitler. Then Stefan's face darkened and under his breath he said two words, "*Psia krew!*" (Dog's blood!) For a while they all were quiet; but then the laughter and singing began again.

This was the Poland I first knew: a quiet village, a gay port city, a happy family. Until 1939 I corresponded irregularly with Stefan, he testing his German, I trying a few words of Polish. Then there was no word during the war, only a brief relayed message shortly after the peace: if we could send medicines through the Red Cross, lives of two sisters might be saved. Then more silence. My husband died; but I did not know whether the family in Poland received the news, or whether there still was a family in Poland. My letters were not answered and not returned.

I don't know just when I decided that I must go there again. But I began saving a little each week from wages I earned in a department store, and traveled by tourist-class ship to West Germany in 1955, flying to Berlin. The East German Communist Government gave me a four-day pass; but at a border station within Berlin a female customs guard forced me to strip while all my clothes were examined. Streets beyond the border still were littered with rubble; beggars followed me everywhere, and I could not even find the station for a railroad which might have taken me to the part of Stettin still under German control and—I hoped—to Poland. Completely unnerved and frightened after only four hours, I retreated to West Berlin. In Witten and Aachen, West Germany, I found two of John's sisters. Both families had come to Germany after Poland's defeat in 1939, and the husbands had spent the rest of the war working in coal mines. But each sister had the same story, "We never hear from Poland. We don't know whether any of the family is still alive."

I was out of money and had failed completely. So I returned to the United States and my job. Two weeks later the first letter in more than fifteen years arrived from Poland. In it Stefan wrote: "Those of us still here are anxious to see you. We hear nothing. Is it possible that you still are alive? Will you ever again come to Europe? Why do you never write?"

I wrote to him—and again began saving my money, earning a little extra by doing housework for other people during my spare time. In three years I had enough—just barely. By 1958 restrictions on travel directly to Poland had been eased. I obtained a sixteen-day visa by sending the Polish consulate $120—$7.50 for each day I would be in the country. In return they sent me the necessary state-travel-agency coupons to be exchanged for zlotys in Poland or used for hotel bills. I took cheap transportation to Europe. From Amsterdam I wrote Stefan that I would be in Poland in two weeks. There was no answer, but I boarded a Dutch airliner anyhow. This landed me on the cold Warsaw airport on November fourth.

I expected another disrobing demand, as in East Berlin, but there was none. After forty-five minutes I was called into the customs office, where all my possessions were listed, to be checked against what I might take out later. Then I was directed to another room to have my Orbis coupons exchanged. Here hollow-eyed people in shabby dress were all around; but it was minutes before I recognized one sick-looking, old-looking man, hardly more than a skeleton, as Stefan, who had been so strong and so gay. When at last I was free of the officials, Stefan fell on his knees and kissed my hands, weeping. He had stood in the aisles of a train for eight hours in order to meet me. Slowly we walked out, trying in a few minutes to wipe out the strangeness of twenty-five years.

In a 1930-model taxi with flapping side curtains we bumped over rutted streets to a building where an American serviceman stood on guard, barring the way to Stefan although he admitted me. When I came out after completing papers in the United States embassy, Stefan still was staring at the American flag above the door. He whispered, "I have never been so close to American freedom before."

In the same weary taxi we rode to a railroad station. New recruits were being sent to army training camps—thin, underfed boys. Waiting, some sang sad, chanting folk tunes—and all around were the bitter faces of their families, ragged, hungry and dirty. I sat on my luggage while Stefan went to buy tickets for the Gdynia train; and the people stared at my clothes, my shoes, everything. The cold was intense, but the air was foul. I was sure I was having a nightmare.

Finally a train arrived. We pushed through the crowd to a first-class compartment; but sixteen people already

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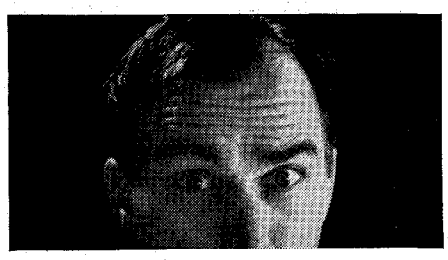

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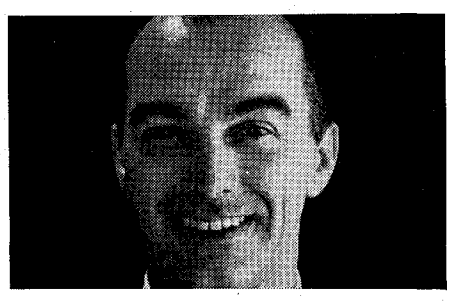

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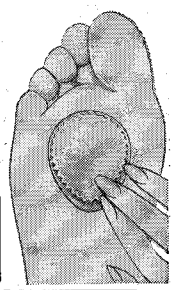

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were in it, with bundles and rotting suitcases filling the luggage racks. There were no seats for us until one young man gave me his place. I piled all the luggage I could hold on my lap, while Stefan continued to stand, holding other bags. Outside in the train corridor, the army recruits stood or sat on the floor. No one talked. There was no dining car, but I had a sack filled with white bread, butter, meat, cake, fruits and chocolate I had bought in Holland. After a long time I offered some of this food to Stefan.

In German he asked, "What about the others?"

I'd bought this food for the family, so I hesitated; but a murmur rose all around me: Food, food, food. Where did it come from? How much does it cost? Does everyone in America have this sort of food? Quite suddenly faces which had been wooden were animated and curious. I could not resist. As I passed bits of food to one after another, the compartment buzzed with more inquiries: What was happening in the West? How was the United States? The train swayed through flat country, stopping at windy stations, while I was battered with questions.

I tried to tell them how an American family lives—the food, the medicines, the freedom. Some things they had not heard about; some they did not believe. They changed places, so that each could sit next to me briefly and ask questions. My food bag presently was empty, but I did not care. The train stopped again to disgorge the recruits, and some people left the compartment—but kissed my hand. One old man—he looked eighty, but I could not judge these people with their pinched faces and rotted teeth—whispered a parting question, "Does anyone care about us?"

For this I had no answer.

Only three of us now remained. Stefan collapsed beside me. Across the aisle the one other man watched us thoughtfully. Middle-aged and Russian, he was better off than most Poles in that he did have an overcoat, although his clothing and his briefcase were shabby. He said he was from Moscow, going to a conference in Poznan. "All those things you told the Poles about life in America," he asked suddenly. "Were they really true? I can hardly believe ——"

I said I was a working woman and that I had no reason to lie. Oddly, he appeared convinced by these simple statements. He noticed that I was shivering with cold and fatigue and he said, "Come over to this bench and lie down. I will sit with the man." I did so, and he spread his heavy overcoat over me. After eight hours we struggled off the train at Gdynia. I shook hands with the Russian, but neither of us said anything. He was a gentleman, and he believed me.

My nephew, Boleslaw, was waiting. A tall, very thin boy of twenty, he had dark circles under his shy eyes, and horrible boils on his face and hands. My surprise must have showed, because he spoke immediately in English, "Yes, Auntie, Boleslaw hungry, sick, tired, not want to live. Mother and father give me their piece of bread and extra potato, but Boleslaw always hungry."

Stefan's apartment was one of four—with a single set of plumbing—on the third floor of a walk-up apartment house. Janina, my sister-in-law, stood on the landing, shouting, "You made it! You made it! God be praised that he let you come so far. Come in, please, and let us realize that it is not a dream!"

I climbed to a dark hallway. On one side was a kitchen, on the other a room where the three slept—and beside this, another very small room where one more man stayed, keeping a violoncello beside him. In time I learned that he was a Hungarian refugee, once well-to-do, now destitute, with nothing but the clothes on his back and the cello which he had dragged, somehow, when he fled Hungary. What this man ate I never learned. He must have represented great danger to Stefan; but they did not ask him to leave nor ever explain, entirely, why he was there. To me he said one thing of importance, "Go back to America and tell someone. Tell them how we live; tell them about these Russians. They are glad if we just die."

Stefan suggested that the three members of his family could sleep in one bed and I could have the other in their bedroom. But I chose chairs and a bench drawn together in the kitchen, with a feather bed to serve both as mattress and cover.

Quickly the family story was told. By 1939 Stefan was only a reserve officer and he never had reached his air-force unit during the brief and confused Polish resistance to Germany. When the Germans came to Gdynia, he had refused to swear allegiance and had been sent to a concentration camp in Pomerania, along with a younger relative. Miraculously both had survived, but Stefan never would discuss the terrible scars on his legs.

World War II had been even worse for others. The naval officer in the family had been killed. The admiral with whom I danced had gone down in a submarine. One sister-in-law, seeking to save her children by sending them away, had watched while their ship pulled out of the harbor, only to strike a mine and go down with all hands. John's mother had died early in the war; but Joseph, the old father, had survived, only to die of food poisoning in the early peace, when no one could afford to worry about whether food was entirely fresh. The two sisters, for whom we had sent medicines, nevertheless had succumbed to tuberculosis.

While Stefan told me these things, Boleslaw stood by the door, watching down the hall. Stefan explained, "You never know who may be coming." He said the city had been full of Russians immediately after the war, and Janina had worn a pillow inside her dress to feign pregnancy and avoid rape. Gradually the Russians had restored discipline; and many had departed. But since protest demonstrations in Poznan and the Hungarian revolution, Gdynia again was filled with Russian soldiers—big, well-fed men, their fine boots and uniforms contrasting sharply with the shoddy equipment of the Polish soldiers, who looked only like sick men expecting to be slaughtered.

A woman member of the People's Police had been quartered on the ground floor of the apartment house, beginning just before my arrival—for what reason, no one appeared to know. When I presented my passport to her, as required, she spoke perfect English, but did not bother to ask me any questions—only kept the passport overnight. Possibly she knew the answers in advance.

Before each apartment door was a small pile of bricks and mortar. Janina explained, "It is an order. We are to put the bricks into each firebox of our stoves, to make it smaller by half. But Stefan managed to have the installing delayed until after you leave." The family had a cooking range in the kitchen and a ceiling-high tile heating stove in the bedroom; but they were allowed to buy only one small bucket of coal daily and had to haul that up the stairs. This barely heated the food, and tiles of the bedroom stove seldom were even warm in near-zero weather. Sadly used to this, the Poles wore most of the clothes they owned—ragged sweaters over ragged shirts, two pairs of trousers, the lucky few with overcoats on top of everything.

Gdynia, incidentally, is a coal-shipping port; and many of the ninety cranes on the water front are used to load it. Stefan was assigned to dock work, although by civilian trade he had been a cabinetmaker. He told me that while the city shivered, Russians were storing tons and tons of coal underwater in artificial lakes; and that Russian ships had made off with American wheat sent to Gdynia for the relief of Poland. Russians, he said, substituted weevily wheat of their own in the relief supplies, then told the Poles it was the best America could produce.

Both Boleslaw and Stefan worked, but brought home only about 2400 zlotys a month—the equivalent of about twenty-four dollars at the black market rate of exchange. This had to cover rent, coal, transportation and meals, which ordinarily consisted of bread, potatoes and tea or coffee substitute, with fish perhaps once a week. Real coffee was sixteen dollars a pound, and the famous open markets offered nothing appetizing. One which I visited contained only a handful of peddlers offering live fish, chunks of pork meat set out in the open, soggy bread, undersized potatoes and a few onions. Butter was absent, milk unpasteurized and soap missing. At twenty Boleslaw could not remember tasting an orange or a banana. Stubbornly I hunted a lemon for days but never found one.

After one frustrating visit to a market Stefan said, "Why bother? Let's just buy a herring and eat it raw."

Butter, some meat and Polish money, however, could be obtained on the black market. Although twenty-four to one was the legal monetary exchange rate, 100 or even 120 zlotys could be obtained for American dollars in large denominations. Traders sometimes were shoemakers, sometimes tailors or seamen, operating on the street or on the water front. The same man never appeared twice, and the rendezvous always was changed—but always there was someone ready to sell Polish money.

Vodka and beer, however, were cheaper than bread and were sold from stands on the street, where unwashed salespeople poured out purchases, then recapped the bottles. I saw twelve-year-old children buy vodka, then sit beside a wall sipping it. But Stefan was not disturbed. "What difference does it make?" he demanded. "For a little while they're warm and don't think about food. Let them enjoy it if they can."

I was required to report to the town police as well as to the woman in the apartment building, and this rapidly turned into another nightmare. Dark halls of the police station were lined with benches, the benches filled with silent people. When I knocked on the door of the proper office, a woman's harsh voice told me to come in—alone. She looked as rough as her voice; and when I started to sit down, she barked, "I'll tell you when to sit down!"

My papers appeared to enrage her. "Why do you come here and to whom?" she demanded—and then insisted on my entire family history. She told me to wait, but after a full hour admitted that someone else would have to check my papers. I spent another two hours in the corridor with my frightened relatives before she called me into the room again and threw the passport at me.

A few minutes later four of us were standing on a downtown sidewalk when two Russian soldiers suddenly pushed between us and ordered, "Move on!" Quickly my family pulled me away as the Russians looked back at us suspiciously. I noticed afterward that no sidewalk group ever contained four Poles: it was too conspicuous. The only large groups were Russian soldiers, moving as if on patrol with pistols slapping their legs.

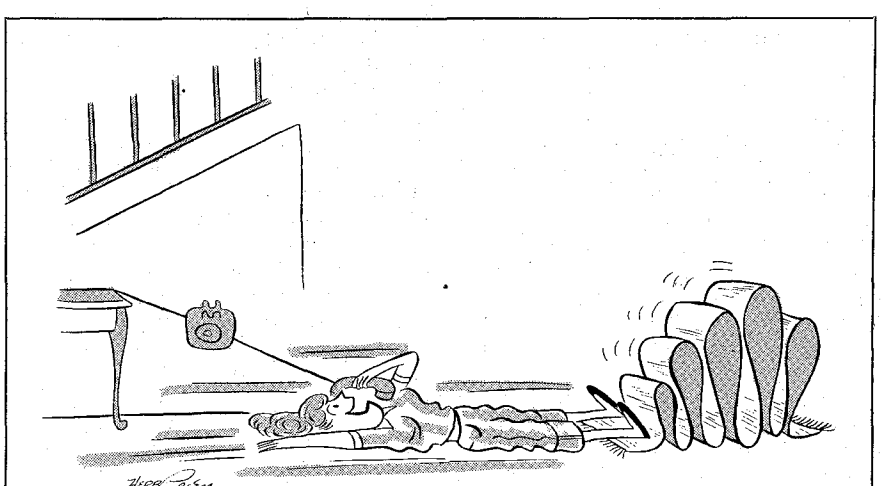
There were, however, many people on the streets. Dozens merely sat on the sidewalks with their backs against buildings or stone walls, not moving and not talking. Many had small bundles beside them. Stefan explained, "They're people from other towns. They have come here looking for something or someone, but they have no place to go."

Once while I was watching, a police patrol passed, followed by a horse drawing a high-sided cart. A patrolman looked hard at each of the sitting people and now and then touched one with his foot. If the sitter moved, the patrol passed on. But one policeman touched an outstretched foot and received no answering movement. The men muttered to one another, and two of them picked up a small body—a young girl or a child—still stiff in the sitting position. Without ceremony they heaved her into the cart.

Stefan said, "The girl is dead. Just come along."

I was shaken and weary. We waited for a bus, but when the ancient vehicle arrived, it was jammed with people. A young woman with a face like a ghost's collected fares and called stops to the driver, who sometimes heard her. Once as we started up again a child tried to hang on in the doorway, but fell off. People screamed, but the driver kept going. I could not tell whether the child had been struck; but as the noise lessened, a woman said softly, "One less mouth to feed." That was all.

I wanted something to take home to my grandchildren and for days tried to find a record of the Polish national hymn or a small statue of the Madonna. But all I found were a few pieces of jewelry set with amber (*Continued on Page 128*)



"Speaking . . . . . !!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Your promise of love

RECALLED IN A LOVELY STAR

On your hand, a shining symbol brings him near, you see his smile, and hear his earnest pledge. And in this sweet engagement time, you join your dreams to his. Now and always, your engagement diamond, wrought in earth to hold your first, fresh visions of the future, will shine with deep assurance of the love you share. Your ring-stone may be modest in size, but it should be chosen with care, for it will be treasured always, by you and endless generations.

Woodland reverie...painted for the De Beers Collection by Colleen Browning

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

25 points (¼ carat)—$80 to $320

50 points (½ carat)—$175 to $615

1 carat (100 points)—$495 to $1590

2 carats (200 points)—$1150 to $3865

HOW TO BUY A DIAMOND First, and most important, consult a trusted jeweler. Ask about color, clarity and cutting—for these determine a diamond's quality, contribute to its beauty and value. Choose a fine stone, and you'll always be proud of it, no matter what its size. Diamond sizes are measured by weight, in points and carats—100 points to the carat. (Exact weights shown are seldom found.) For your guidance, the price ranges, left, are based on quotations by jewelers throughout the country in July, 1959. Note that prices vary widely according to qualities offered. Tax is additional.

A diamond is forever

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(*Continued from Page 126*) and a small girl's costume vest in velvet. As we came into the street from one shopping foray, however, half a dozen young Russian soldiers strolled ahead of us, and ahead of them an old Polish man propelled himself in a wheel chair. The Russians—I can't say whether they were drunk—chattered to one another, then ran up and dumped the old man into the street. While he cried piteously, they played a game with the chair—two sitting in it and making honking sounds, two others pushing and yelling, "*Aftomobil! Aftomobil!*" At high speed they disappeared around a corner.

Dozens of Poles were nearby, but nobody said anything. I turned on Stefan. "Aren't you going to do anything? Stop them! That man could be your father." But Stefan walked away.

I hurried after him, finding him on another corner, his hands in his pockets. He said, "Do you think I want a bullet in the back? Nothing can be done. It is better to leave when 'our friends' are involved. You must do nothing to 'our friends.'" I wish I could convey the bitterness of those two words.

The days passed slowly. Boleslaw wondered aloud whether I told the truth about the outside world—perhaps the whole world lived as they did. In evidence, he showed me a newspaper clipping declaring that Americans ate grass and tree bark to keep from starving. I told him the clipping erred only slightly—we used the grass for chlorophyll, the bark for medicines. I had told Stefan I'd like to go to church, and he admitted one evening that we could. But Boleslaw would not go.

Certainly it was like nothing I had experienced before. In secrecy and in the dark we crossed a rough field. Stefan warned, "If anything happens, you both go back. Don't wait for me or try to find out anything." At last we came to a building, but I could see only dark walls, no lights. Stefan stooped, and we followed him through what must have been a window and into a semicellar. All was dark except for a tiny light on an altar. We fumbled for room, with people kneeling all around. Next to me I could see a young woman with a baby nursing. Tears ran down her face as she fingered a rosary and muttered without clear words. Only such murmurs could be heard. If there was a real service, I could not see it. So we only knelt until Stefan touched my arm, then went back the way we had come, alone and in the dark.

Thus one church operated. In John's home village, however, both the Catholic and Lutheran churches were deserted—the Lutheran boarded up.

These people no longer worried about cleanliness. When I tried to show Boleslaw how young Americans wash, he only laughed—and Stefan shrugged. "What's the use?" he said. "I don't care any more. There is no soap, there is nothing." But both men were interested in a small razor I carried to shave my legs. I gave it to them, but had to show them how to keep my only two blades sharp by rotating them in a water glass. Previously they had trimmed their beards with the same old shears they used to cut each other's hair.

In the bedroom they had a small, weak radio which somehow had survived the looters; but the Polish programs were hours apart, many of them political talks. They all knew when the Voice of Free Europe broadcasts were scheduled; but each time howls and squeaks—the deliberate Communist jamming—would drown out the station after a few words of Polish.

One Saturday evening we went to a navy officers' club. One relative still had a navy job, although another young man had resigned his commission and now was a common sailor on a merchant ship. His wife expected that he would jump ship at the first opportunity in a free port; but she said, "It will be all right, if only he can be free."

Perhaps 250 persons jammed the club, including seventy-five Russian men. Their tables had great platters of food, but the Poles could order only vodka or thick Turkish coffee from a lone, madly running waiter. Because the Polish women would not dance with the Russians, the Poles in their shoddy uniforms did all the dancing. The women were dressed much alike, with flat shoes and no make-up or jewelry; but Stefan had said, "Wear your American clothes. We'll show them how Americans look." So I sat in this somber throng in a new black suit, high heels, crystal earrings, costume jewelry and ordinary cosmetics. Certainly I attracted enough attention, and we decided not to dance. But a Russian officer, perhaps twenty years younger than I, pushed into the middle of our Polish group. In perfect English he courteously asked me to dance. I hesitated, looking at the people in our party. Immediately the Russian, using English—which my family does not understand—demanded, "Do you have to ask these Polish swine for permission?"

I said, "Perhaps I am Polish swine too."

But he would not go away. To avoid a scene I arose and talked to him at a little distance from my family, while they sat as if frozen. The Russian kept asking personal questions, so I finally told him I was married and had ten children—and that my husband had stayed home to care for them.

"Don't lie," he said. "I don't believe you even have a husband. From now on, I command you to dance with me."

I told him I was a citizen of a free country, and his command meant nothing to me. But he then insisted that I come to his table and eat some of the heaped-up food. Instead I complimented him on his American-accented English. Immediately he swelled with pride and said he was glad about the accent because he could use it when he came to America. But, he added, "seven years is too long to wait."

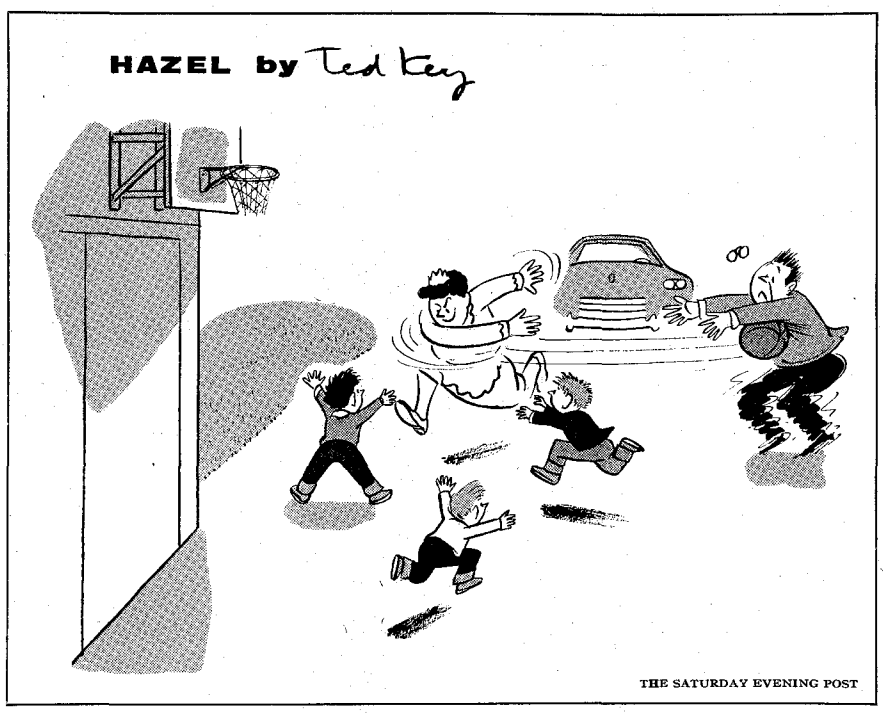
I didn't know what he meant—whether he expected to make a visit or whether someone had told him the Russians would be in America in seven years—but I said, "Well, that's all right. We expect you. You just come on. We're always ready for guests, invited or not."

"I don't understand why you're talking to me at all," he said. "Don't the Americans hate us?"

"I do not see your uniform," I told him; "only another human being."

This could have gone on and on, but I felt like a traitor to my family. I returned to our table, but now we were a center of attention. Stefan wished to leave, although the dance was to continue for hours. But at least fifty Russians followed us to the club lobby, demanding that we stay. I told the young officer that we would come back the next night, but that did not satisfy them. Finally they stopped the music and told everybody else to go home, just because we were going.

Quickly and close together my alarmed family and I hurried home through dark streets. As he did every night, Stefan piled furniture against the doors before we went to bed and put old glass jars on top so that the slightest movement would cause them to fall and break. But nothing happened.



The only people who did visit us at night were two strange men and a woman who arrived several nights later. One man handed me two pictures of the Madonna and Child, asking me to give them to some Polish people in the United States. The second had a very large, handmade book filled mostly with snapshots about the life of Polish people since World War II—scenes of misery and poverty. He insisted that I take this with me, so people in the West could know what life was in Poland. He was sure I could get it through customs, perhaps under my clothing; but when I repeatedly refused, he said he would get it to me somehow, perhaps via Sweden; and I agreed to show it to as many people as possible. But in the months since my return, the book has not arrived.

The woman had a different plea: would I buy the heavy and expensive Persian-lamb coat she had wrapped in a bundle? It had survived burial, like most things the Poles still had. Now she did not dare to wear it, but needed food and medicines for her family. I paid her twenty dollars in United States currency—all I possibly could afford. The three strangers blessed me as they went out into the dark. Janina and I took a label out of a coat I had brought with me and sewed it into the lamb, and I gave the second coat to her.

After twelve days I became ill, suffering chills and fever. The apartment building had no telephone, and no civilian doctor was available—these people had not even been able to see a dentist in a decade—but Stefan ran in the night to another relative, who induced a navy doctor to walk to see me. But he said, "I know what you need, but I do not have such medicines. Just brew strong tea and drink that." This was the extent of my medication, except for a few sulfa tablets. I lost pounds daily, and my visa was running out. So I gave many of my belongings to the family and packed the rest. On a frigid morning Janina held me close. "You pray for us," she said, "and I will pray for you. Thanks so much for rekindling our hopes."

Stefan and Boleslaw went with me to the airport, where a single-engined airplane waited on an unpaved runway. There was delay after delay, and the tension finally was too much for Boleslaw, who turned away in tears and left. I could say only, "God give him strength."

Stefan stayed, however, and when I finally was told to board the plane, he reached into his pocket. Carefully he dropped a handful of beans into my palm. "Take these," he said. "I will never leave here, but perhaps these Polish beans may grow in free soil."

I knew of nothing to say to him.

On the airplane five men and I sat on wooden benches in the unheated cabin, without safety belts—and the plane took off after another hour's delay. This was the last day in Poland allowed by my visa. At customs in Warsaw, officers confiscated my last 150 zlotys—then took from my baggage all my nylon clothing, a small camera, family pictures, soap and toilet articles. If I could pay a luxury tax, they blandly informed me, I could have them back, although they were things I had brought to Poland. Finally an exit seal was entered on my passport, and I was sent to another building to await a Dutch international airliner. But no plane appeared. Finally I found an official who said the plane to Amsterdam would not stop at Warsaw that day.

I was in despair, alone, sick, cold, my Polish money gone. I begged a Polish policeman to telephone the American embassy; but he said, "Come with me quickly, before the Russian police wonder what all the trouble is." I thought, is there no one in this poor country not living under a shadow of fear?

An embassy chauffeur took me to a hotel, although I had only my handbag. My tiny third-floor room was equipped with a chair and a bed—the blankets dirty, the sheets indescribable. There was no water for washing nor any warmth in the radiator—but there was a chamber pot. Hours later a young man from the embassy brought me 100 zlotys for food, but warned me not even to leave the room. In the hallway, a sleepy maid shook her head at the Polish money, but produced tea and bread when I showed her an American dollar.

I could not stomach the bed, so spent the night in the chair—the longest, coldest night I remember. In the morning another dollar produced more bread and tea, and at eleven A.M. the embassy man came back to take me to the airport. He could not locate my confiscated possessions, but did get me onto a plane for Amsterdam. The last thing I saw in Poland was a Polish officer handing up my passport; and I thought I read in his eyes a wish that he, too, could be going away.

Four men on the plane must have thought I looked like a refugee, because one gave me an orange and another handed me a cooky in a cellophane bag. The stewardess offered the first real coffee I'd tasted in two weeks.

I began to cry and could not stop. I still was crying as the plane lifted off the soil of Poland. THE END

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Be Sociable, Have a Pepsi

Refresh without filling

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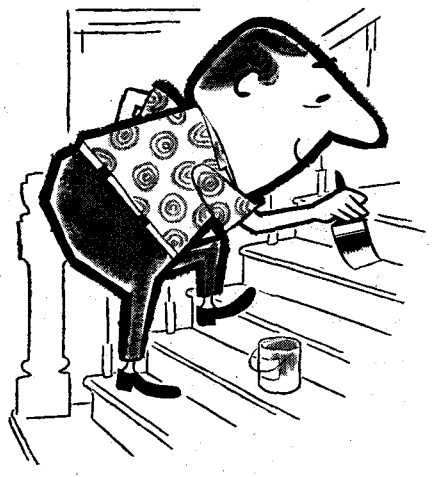
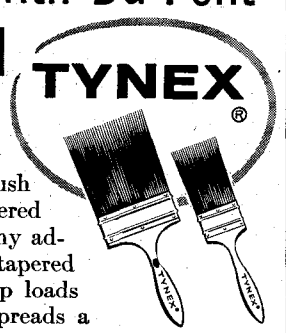
PAINTING THE STAIRS



TOUCHING-UP CHAIRS

For easier cleanup, use brushes made with Du Pont tapered TYNEX®



A well-made brush containing tapered TYNEX has many advantages. For tapered TYNEX picks up loads of paint and spreads a smo-o-oth, even coat on any surface. Works well with any finish, too, including the new water-base paints. But, best of all, when the job is done, it cleans in a jiffy. Remember, good results require a good brush. Ask your dealer for an assortment of quality brushes with the trademark TYNEX on their handles.

FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET: Tells you how to select the proper brush—paint like an expert and achieve decorator effects. Write TYNEX, Room 3712, Du Pont Building, Wilmington 98, Delaware.

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...*THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

Keeping Posted

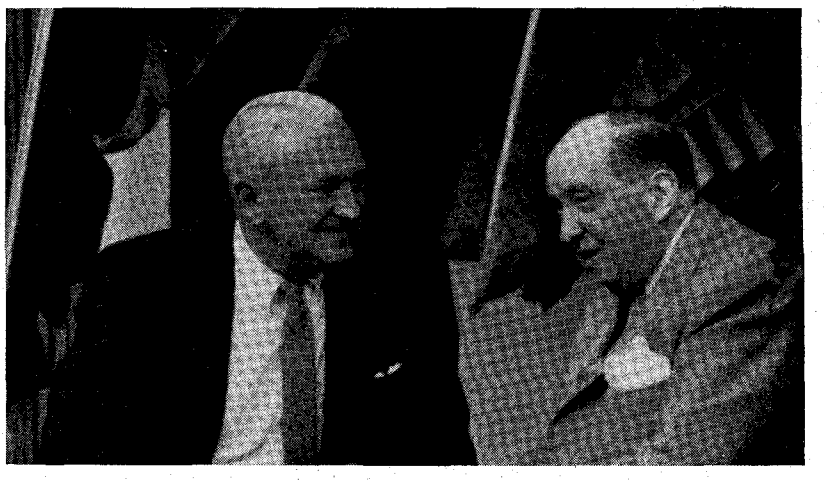
Finally, Here it Is

People have written about **Jerry Giesler** and his famous Hollywood cases, but a man's story is really told only when he tells it himself. Eight years ago **Pete Martin** first urged Giesler to do this for *The Post*, but not until August of last year was the lawyer ready to start work on the fascinating reminiscences that begin on page 23.

Giesler gave long thought to whether he should wait until after he retired—he thinks now he will never retire—and he was hesitant about being able to do his story without violating professional ethics. There came a time when Giesler addressed a group of attorneys in Philadelphia and found that references to his cases were warmly received; he conferred again with *Post* editors, and the abeyant writing project was restimulated. You might enjoy knowing that when it came time to draw up a contract, the famous lawyer hired a lawyer to represent him. Once when the Giesler and *Post* attorneys were going over the complex contract by transcontinental phone, they had quite a puzzling time until they discovered that one was reading from a third revision of the original, the other from a fourth.

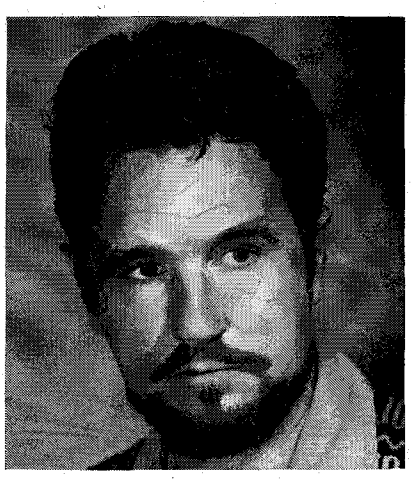
Giesler and Martin put in many weeks talking in the former's office. Other helpful information sources included Giesler's wife, his associates, veteran crime reporters, librarians of the Los Angeles newspapers and the lawyer's own great file of scrapbooks. In Giesler's office was a heap of bundles of his trial transcripts, and he was just going to throw them out when Martin, showing up for the first interview, rescued them.

Jerry Giesler is not the hard-bitten, rough, tough type one might imagine in his field of law practice. Rather, he is a courtly gentleman, soft-spoken, mild and gracious of manner. "He has the quiet poise of a church elder," Martin reflects, "and with his clients—and with me—an inexhaustible patience."

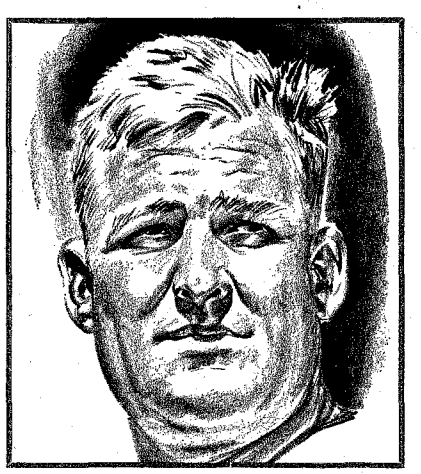


Pete Martin and Jerry Giesler chat on the patio of the Hollywood lawyer's home.

Tales of the Authors



Fictionist Will Stanton.



Bobby Layne — sketch by Olderman.

Will Stanton, who writes about a baby sitter on page 40, once had philosophical ideas about how to raise children, which proved to be nonsense. "The only way to raise them is with respect, understanding and affection, plus occasional bribes, threats and rearside whacks." The author, a resident of Chagrin Falls, Ohio, says his wife Betty does his typing, bread baking, shirtmaking, piano playing, gardening and, in her free time, is a registered nurse. "I'm trying to get her to take up a hobby."

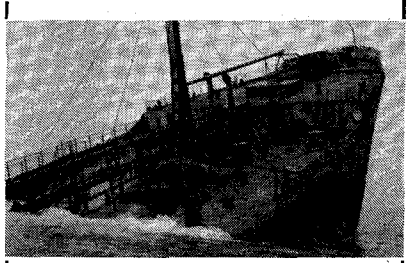
Although **Murray Olderman** spent three days in Lubbock, Texas, visiting **Bobby Layne,** Pittsburgh Steelers quarterback, he has yet to see the town. Although Layne (page 32) had a hotel reservation for his guest, Murray has yet to see the hotel. Credit this to Texas hospitality; the out-of-towner commuted between Layne's pleasant ranch house and the country club. Olderman both writes and sketches for NEA Service; hence that pencil portrait.

Bianca Bradbury, who tells you about small-town school-board problems on page 42, has published thirteen children's books, one novel and hundreds of poems, including a number in *The Post;* she's the mother of two college-age sons, runs an eleven-room house, grows vegetables and flowers, raises Siamese cats, works in an exchange shop and spends "an awful lot of time with Board of Education affairs." Her husband practices law—New Milford, Connecticut—is probate judge and town counsel and directs Civil Defense. Recently, feeling in need of a breather, they dropped everything and took a trip to Europe.

It pleases *Post* editors when contributors say, "This is my first sale anywhere!" It pleases contributors too. **Duvan Polk,** aged twenty-nine, reports that he, his wife and their son enjoyed "a tumultuous heaven-on-earth at our house" in Breckenridge, Texas. Polk, part owner of a local store, lauds a former English teacher, Mrs. August Venturi, for recently lecturing him severely on the evils of laziness. He's on page 37.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"We Salvaged the African Queen"



How men gambled their lives on a $1,000,000 salvage venture.

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